AY 11 1949 Cls 191325

june 15c

modern screen

• A DELL MAGAZINE • DELL • A DELL MAGAZINE •

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL DIVISION
PER.
MAY

SPECIAL ISSUE

Salute to Youth



Elizabeth Taylor

Love Life



Quietly, at the water's edge, she thrills to the expectation of love: Love Life more beautiful than her sweetest dreams. Lilacs, roses and gardenias surround her—for she knows that flower scents are a lure no man can resist. For you, Lander's Flower-Fresh Talcs cast a spell of romance with a cluster of garden fragrances. Tantalizing... delicious... truly the talc that tempts...

Lilac and Roses
Spicy Apple Blossom
Sweet Pea
Gardenia and Sweet Pea

10¢ each
higher in the west

feel summer sweet all year 'round with

LANDER'S
Lilac and Roses Talc

1 lb. family size Lilac and Roses 25¢ *(plus tax)*
higher in the west

AVAILABLE AT YOUR
FAVORITE FIVE AND DIME
AND VARIETY STORE

THE LANDER COMPANY • FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

Mum's the Word for Summer Charm!



Don't take chances— start with Mum today!

Safer for charm . . .
Safer for skin . . .
Safer for clothes . . .



Product of Bristol-Myers



You'll love its delightful new floral odor— its creamy texture!

Make today YOUR Mumday and you'll use soft, dreamy-smooth Mum forever after. Millions trust their charm only to this dependable cream deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Get large size Mum now!

Send for sample today!

Mum stays smooth, effective— doesn't dry out!



See for yourself how surely today's Mum stops underarm perspiration odor. Mail coupon for generous sample. Enclose 3¢ stamp to cover postage.

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. D-69
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

Advertisement

M-G-M Star on the Cover



★ Though still in her teens, Elizabeth Taylor possesses in striking degree those three attributes necessary for stardom—talent, beauty and personality.

★ Born in London, England, the daughter of Francis Taylor, art dealer, and the former Sara Sothern, American actress, Elizabeth attended school at Byron House in London. At a very early age, she began taking ballet and riding lessons.

★ When war clouds gathered over Europe, Elizabeth's father sent his family to stay with Mrs. Taylor's father in Pasadena. Later, he joined them and since then they have made their home in Beverly Hills.

★ When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was having difficulty finding a little English girl to team with Roddy McDowall in "Lassie Come Home," a family friend who had seen Elizabeth when visiting the Taylor home, suggested she try for the role. Her screen test won her a long-term contract. Her second role was in "The White Cliffs of Dover" in which she also appeared with Roddy. Another studio then borrowed her for a role in "Jane Eyre." Then came "National Velvet" at M-G-M which rocketed her into the Hollywood and public spotlight.

★ Elizabeth followed this triumph with "Courage of Lassie," "Life With Father," "Cynthia," and then in "A Date With Judy," and "Julia Misbehaves." Her remarkable portrayal of Amy, the blonde sister, in "Little Women" won her a coveted co-starring part with Robert Taylor in "The Conspirator." In this picture she reveals a new, startling and lovely maturity. You'll see her in a romantic and dramatic role that takes real trouping. And you'll admire her more than ever as she meets the greatest challenge of her career with colors flying!

Watch for her next M·G·M film hits

"LITTLE WOMEN" in Technicolor

and

☆ **"THE CONSPIRATOR"** ☆

JUNE, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

stories

ROCK-A-BYE BOGEY (Humphrey Bogart) ..... by John Harkins 22
WINNER TAKE ALL? (Jane Wyman) ..... by Janet Franklin 24
MEET THE '49ERS (Doris Day, Montgomery Clift, Gigi Perreau, etc.) ..... by Louis Pollock 30
SHE NEVER LEFT HOME (Jean Peters) ..... by Mrs. Mary E. Peters as told to Robert Peer 34
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOLLYWOOD (Janet Leigh) 36
BABY FACE (Robert Arthur) ..... by Carl Schroeder 39
NOT BY BREAKS ALONE (Guy Madison) ..... by Helen Ainsworth 40
MY LONELY YEARS ..... by Vera-Ellen 42
HAPPY HUNTING (Mona Freeman, Terry Moore, Jerome Courtland, etc.) 44
PETER AND THE WOLF (Peter Lawford) ..... by Sheilah Graham 48
TIME OF THEIR LIVES (Shirley Temple, John Agar) 50
THIS LOVE OF OURS ..... by Wanda Hendrix 52
MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH (Jeanne Crain, Kirk Douglas, Pat Neal, etc.) ..... by Hedda Hopper 54
STAIRWAY TO THE STARS (Lois Butler) ..... by Jack Wade 56
PAST PERFECT (Elizabeth Taylor) ..... by Beverly Ott 58

features

THE INSIDE STORY 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS 6
EDITORIAL: Salute To Youth 29
WHO'S NEW 62

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS ..... by Christopher Kane 16
YOUR LETTERS 26
MUSIC: Sweet and Hot ..... by Leonard Feather 27
FASHION 64
BEAUTY: Clean as a Kitten ..... by Carol Carter 80
FAN FARE 86
THE FANS ..... by Gloria Lampert 92
ALSO SHOWING (Films Previously Reviewed) 108

ON THE COVER: Color Portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by Nickolas Muray

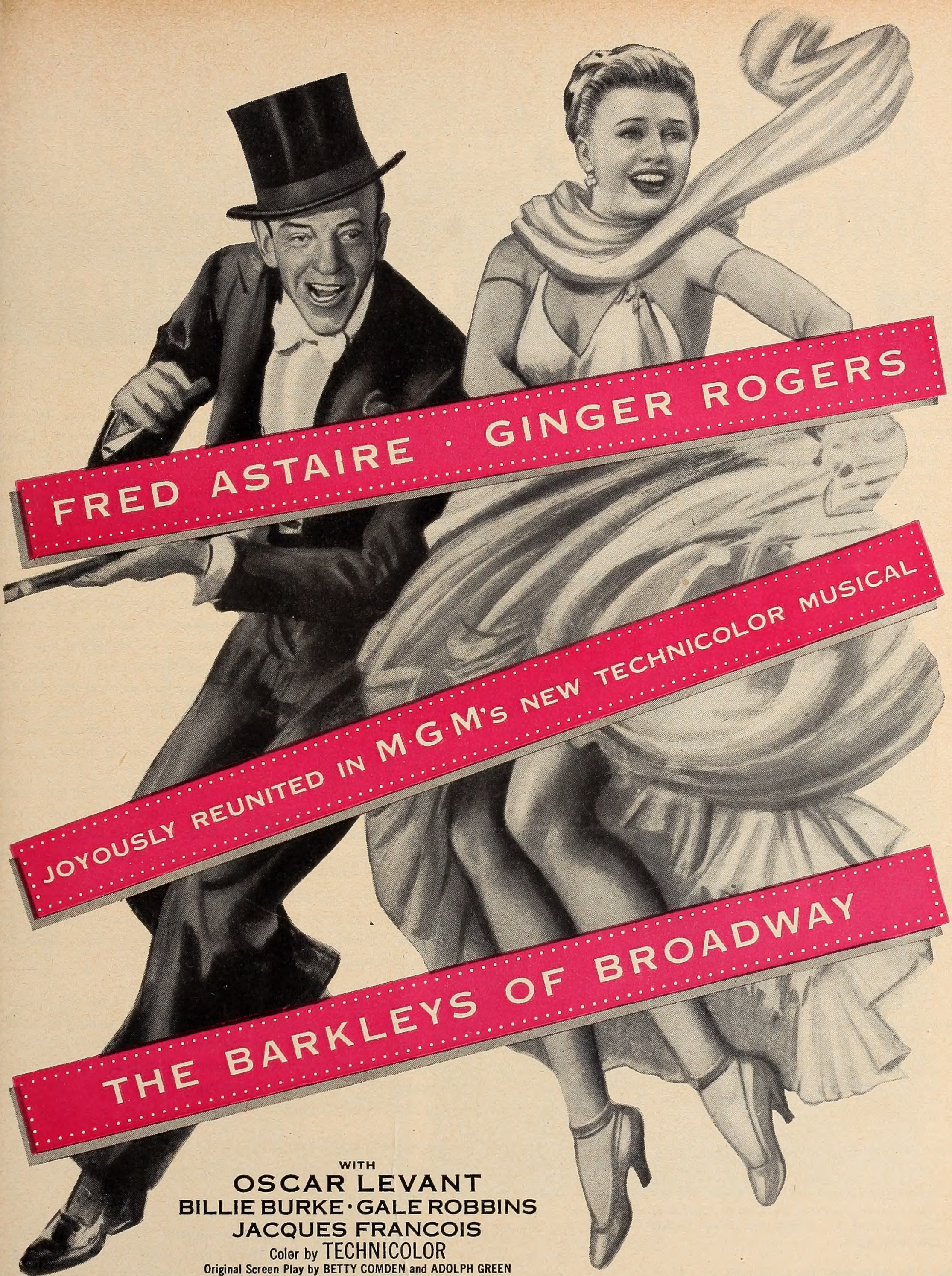
Other picture credits, page 21

WADE H. NICHOLS, editor

WILLIAM HARTLEY, managing editor
WILLIAM JEFFERS, story editor
FLORENCE EPSTEIN, associate editor
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
CONSTANCE BARTEL, fashion editor
MAXINE FIRESTONE, assistant fashion editor
CHRISTOPHER KANE, movie reviewer
CAROL CARTER, beauty editor
TOM CARLILE, western manager
ROMA BURTON, western editor
VIOLA MOORE, associate editor
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
BERT PARRY, staff photographer
GLORIA LAMPERT, assistant editor
BEVERLY OTT, assistant editor
IRENE TURNER, research editor
NANCY WOOD, food editor

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York

Vol. 39, No. 1, June, 1949. Copyright, 1949, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Chicago Advertising office, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Single copy price, 15c in U.S. and Canada. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Canada $1.80 a year; elsewhere $2.80 a year. Entered as second class matter Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.



WITH

OSCAR LEVANT

BILLIE BURKE · GALE ROBBINS

JACQUES FRANCOIS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Original Screen Play by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN

Music by HARRY WARREN • Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON

Directed by CHARLES WALTERS • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by

VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

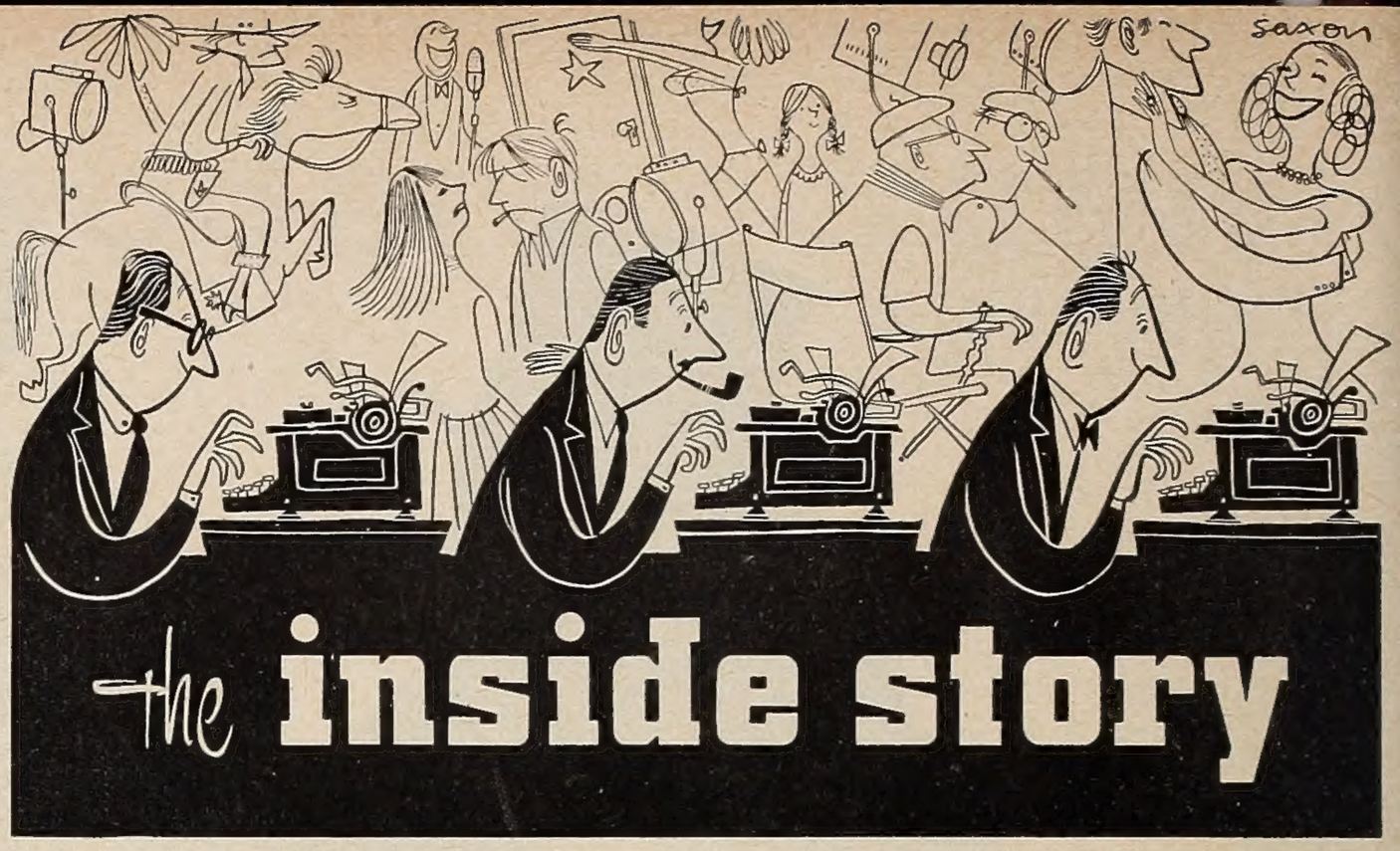
Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



A MEDIUM-SIZED AND strongly opinionated young lady broke into our premises during working hours a few weeks ago and snarled demurely, "Lissen, knucklehead, why don't you ever give us kids a break in the magazine?" We smiled, reaching over to pat the cherub on her head, as she continued: "You think from George Arliss it gives a swoon or somethin'?" Thoroughly charmed, we said, "But—" Our little darling interrupted with a forefinger prodding our left clavicle. "No buts!" she said, and then flung over her shoulder a parting gibe: "*Editors,* you claim to be! *Ha!*" Well, we called off our usual mid-morning snack of aspirins and bicarb right away. We hadn't published anything on George Arliss in years, late great actor though he was, but our finger-jabbing friend had set us thinking. We went into a kind of introspective seance with ourself. Seventy-two hours later—feverish, hungry and haggard—we staggered out of the editorial sanctum overflowing with nothing less than an Inspiration. "Lissen," we said brightly, unable to confine our own delight, "why don't we ever give the kids a break in the magazine?" And that's the way it all began. It all got finished some time later and became MODERN SCREEN's great, big, wonderful Salute to Youth, which begins on page 29. Deucedly clever of us, if we do say so, too!

PEOPLE USED TO feel that if you were young the only other thing you needed in Hollywood was blonde hair or free access to a jug of peroxide. Now it takes more: talent, personality, perseverance. Lou Pollock describes some youngsters with plenty of same in "Meet the '49ers" (page 30). Have you seen your agent lately?

BUT YOUTH, IT SEEMS, really is taking over. Hedda Hopper's on their side. "You'd better make way," Hedda warns the older stars (on page 54), "because if you don't these kids'll just walk right over you."

A GUY WHO never waited for anyone to make way is Peter Lawford. Spot an ermine cape in Ciro's, and who's standing next to it? Try to shake the hand of a movie queen, and who's holding it? Peter Lawford (both times). Call him a wolf if you want, but for every 393 times his name appears in a gossip column, his boss seems to add another year to his contract. You want to know why? Turn to "Peter and the Wolf," page 48.

HUMPHREY BOGART USED to be afraid of children. Then he started talking to a few—and he was terrified. Everything's okay now, though. The fuller explanation appears on page 22.

NEXT MONTH WE expect to shatter a few dream worlds with Hedda Hopper's article, "Myths the Stars Believe About Themselves." We also expect to have stories about Ingrid Bergman, Barbara Stanwyck, Ty Power, Burt Lancaster, Ava Gardner and a few more of your favorites. We're telling you all this so you won't think you have to come in and corner us to get the stories you want.



Not since the ever famous "Kitty" has Paramount brought you Paulette Goddard in a picture as spectacular as this adventure-filled story of the strangest bridal night in history.

"Bride of Vengeance"

A Paramount Picture Starring

Paulette Goddard · John Lund · Macdonald Carey

A Mitchell Leisen produc

with Albert Dekker · Jo

Produced by Richard Ma

Screenplay by Cyril Hume and Michael Hog



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

■ Only his wife and those with official business were allowed to visit Robert Mitchum at Castiac, the Los Angeles County prison farm —from which, as you know, he was released after serving 50 days of his 60-day sentence, getting 10 days off for good behavior.

But a friend of mine, who was on the "approved" list, drove down to see Bob on a Sunday afternoon, and—but let me repeat what he said in his own words:

"Visitors are permitted on Sundays and holidays for two hours—and there are no private huddles. I mean, I met Bob in the Army-camp-like mess hall with about 700 other prisoners milling around among lawyers and relatives.

"Gee, he looked wonderful—sun-tanned the color of a hickory nut and 10 pounds thinner. He was wearing the regulation blue jeans and he was so glad to see me ing me on the back and What's new?'

down to see him right back.

of our life down here,' he laughed. But he wasn't knocking it. He told me he'd never been in better physical or mental shape in his life. And I believed him. I know that guy well—and I can swear that he was taking this as the best disciplinary thing that has ever happened to him. All the kinks he used to suffer from are ironed out—and you can take that straight.

"Don't let anybody kid you that he hasn't been scared! He's so grateful to get another chance with his wife and his career that he'll never get off the straight and narrow again.

" 'I'm working in the toy shop now,' he said almost sheepishly after we'd found ourselves a more or less quiet spot.

"I guess I must have looked my surprise at that reference to a toy shop, because Bob explained: 'Toys are sent down here from orphanages and various children's charity homes for repair. Some of them are so shot we almost have to make them over. Wait until I get out and my kids find out I can repair *their* toys and make them as good as new. That'll set me up with them; won't it?' He was almost pitiful in his eagerness.

"I found out that he was very proud and happy that the director of his picture, *The Big Steal*, had been down to visit him and had posted him on what was going on with the picture that Bob had had to abandon when his jail sentence came up. 'That was mighty nice of him,' he kept saying.

"Before I left, I handed him a laugh by telling him that the press agent of the Cement Bloc Industry had asked if they could use a picture of him in their advertisements as 'Mr. Cement Bloc.'

" 'Oh, *no!*' Bob laughed. 'Oh, *no!*' And as I drove away, I could still hear that big lug laughing as though he couldn't stand it. . . . Don't worry about Mitchum. That guy'll be all right!"

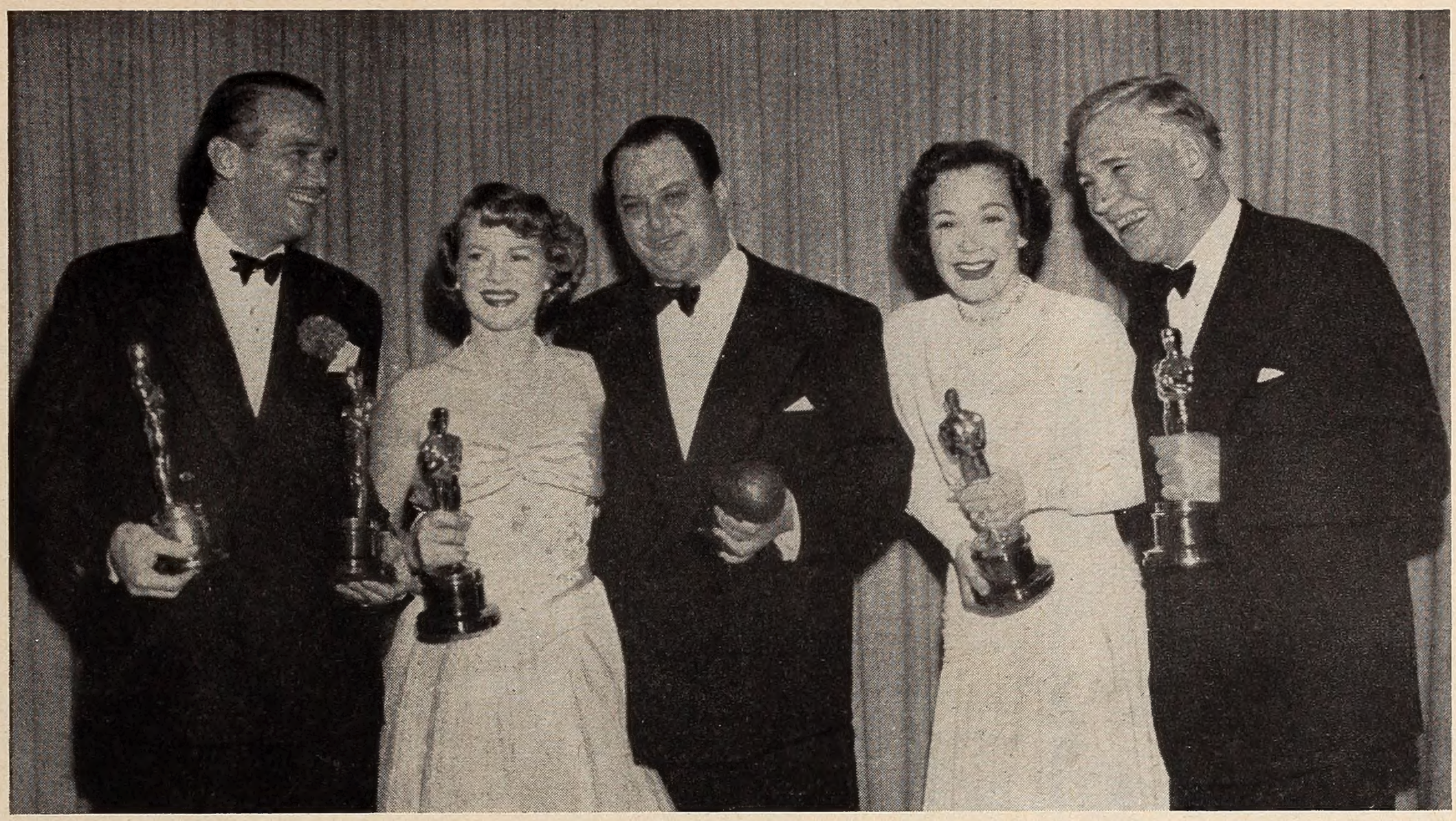
* * *

When Ladies Meet: It was the week before the Academy Awards and Loretta Young, Rosalind Russell, Jane Wyman and Joan Fontaine, in their loveliest evening gowns, were in my bedroom discussing the Oscar situation.

It was that time, during a party evening,

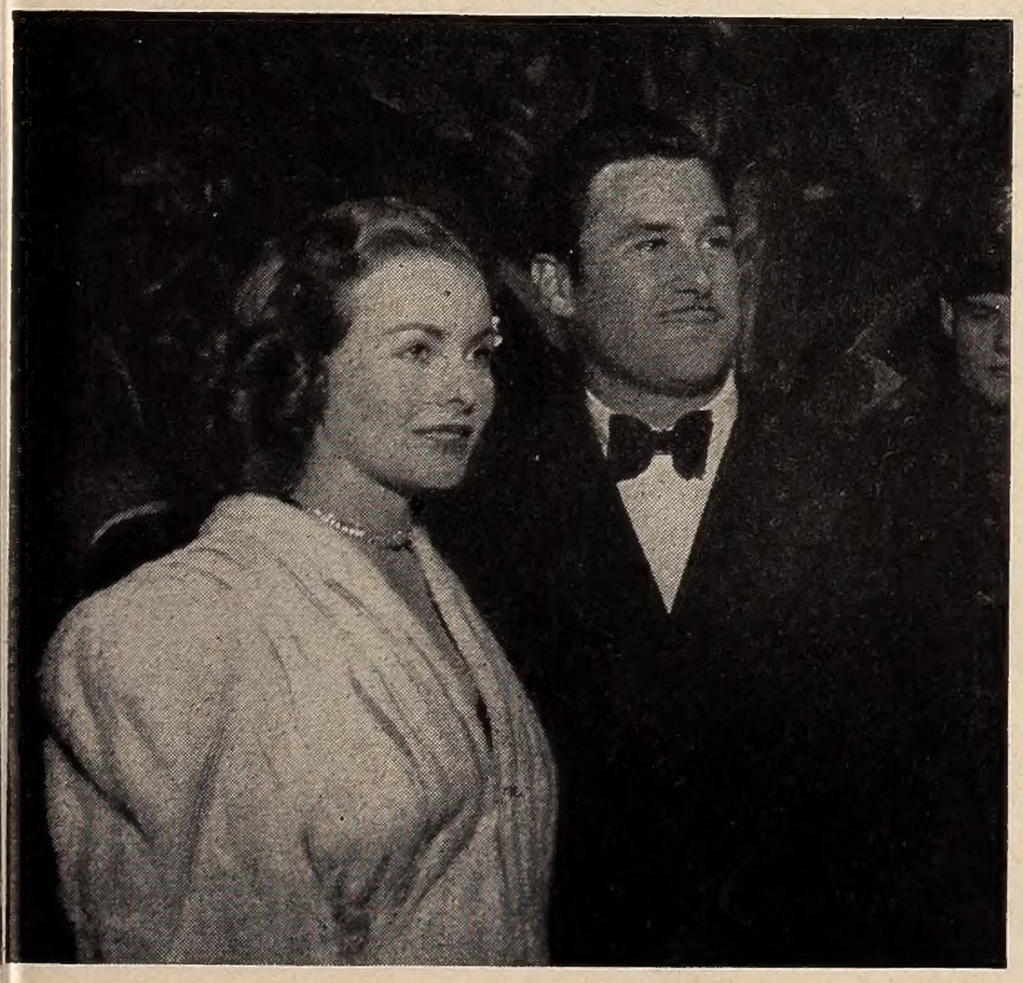


th Taylor, escorted by Lieut. Glenn Davis, was an early arrival. ore an off-the-shoulder gown of white crinoline and between ds chatted with another well-known admirer, Ronald Colman.



Doug Fairbanks emceed Academy Award ceremonies, held before 900 industry members, and accepted an Oscar for Laurence Olivier. Claire Trevor, Jerry Wald, Jane Wyman and Walter Huston were among winners.

ACADEMY AWARD NIGHT IS STILL THE MOST ANTICIPATED PROFESSIONAL EVENT OF THE GLITTERING HOLLYWOOD SCENE.



Jeanne Crain, who came—naturally—with husband Paul Brinkman needed that fur jacket—there were chilly gusts of wind and a few snow flurries. Underneath, she wore a black lace gown.



Howard Duff and Ava Gardner arrived at the theater together and seemed very affectionate. The 3,000 fans outside the theater greeted Ava's new hair-do (short-cropped and blonde) with surprised, pleased shrieks.





Gregory Peck, who gives his all to any role, goes overboard on the "Suspense" air show. He's in Italy now for the filming of *Quo Vadis.*



Lana and Bob Topping proudly show the 52-pound sailfish (Bob's catch) that didn't get away, during their recent cruise to the Bahamas.

when the gals retire to powder their noses, repair the lipstick and let down their hair.

I really picked up my ears when Joan, Roz and Loretta all started giving Jane advice on what to do if she won—or did *not* win—the coveted statuette.

"Don't get your heart set on it—look at me," sniffed Roz, "I practically had it in my hand when they handed it to my pal here."

Loretta laughed.

"And if you win," put in Joan Fontaine, Oscar alumna, "don't cry with happiness. It makes your mascara run and you'll look like you've got a black eye in the pictures."

Poor Janie—so nervous and still trying to be so calm and collected. I wonder how much of that fine advice she remembered on the big night.

* * *

Close Up of Montgomery Clift: He eats radishes like peanuts and he's an ice-box raider. . . . The Gene Kellys swear he likes kitchens so much he enters their home through the back door so he can get there sooner. . . . The only girl in Hollywood he has really wanted to date is Jane Wyman and he called her number once. Then he lost his nerve and hung up. . . . The Stork Club is his favorite night club in the world, providing no one recognizes him. . . . He wakes up cross. Doesn't want to talk before he's had a couple of cups of coffee. . . . The quickest way to bore him is to analyze his character or give him advice. . . . He's a moderately good dresser and has a secret liking for loud Hawaiian shirts but he's scared to wear them. . . . He hates people who arrive after the curtain has gone up in a theater. In fact, the theater is kind of a church with him. He respects all its traditions. . . . He likes to travel with married couples, which is discouraging to belles who have their caps set for him. . . . He is truly modest. Not long ago, I forgot an interview appointment with him which had been made long in advance, and I was an hour late. Monty said, "I can understand anyone forgetting an interview with me. I don't say anything." . . . His work is the only thing in his life (so far) that really holds him and he would accept a "bit" he loved, for nothing, rather than play a star role he hated. . . . When he turned down the male lead in *Sunset Boulevard* for Brackett and Wilder, he told those two gentlemen, apologetically, "It's too good for me"—which is the height of tact if you ask me. . . . He's a guy nobody knows—but everybody likes.

* * *

It's going to be a great blow if that Great Lady star gets herself involved in a messy international romance. Rumors are already beginning to leak out that she and her husband are practically at the breaking point.

I believe this divorce would be Hollywood's worst black eye since the Mitchum affair. So many people have this actress on a high, high pedestal.

* * *

Betty Hutton says there's not a word of truth in the gossip that she's feudin' with Joan Caulfield.

"We have never been up for the same role, we have never been interested in the same man, we have never bought the same dress—so what the heck is there to feud about?" asks the dynamic Betty.

* * *

The way Errol Flynn raves about Greer Garson must keep her ears burning all the time!

It's no secret that Clark Gable and Greer didn't particularly jibe when they were co-starred. But I've never heard Errol carry on about any actress he has worked with, the way he does over Miss G.

The Redhead and the Hothead, both Irish, moody, but with a wonderful sense of humor, understand each other perfectly.

Greer was at his home for dinner one evening recently and the only other guests were Flynn's little girls, Rory and Diedre. And Greer and Errol dined together the night before he left for England.

But don't get the idea it's a romance. In spite of rumors to the contrary, I believe Buddy Fogelson is still head man in Greer's life and that Errol is torching for Nora Eddington.

JOIN US IN OUR SPECIAL SALUTE TO YOUTH—BEGINNING ON PAGE 29.

'MILDRED PIERCE' DOES IT AGAIN...*and everybody tells!*

JOAN CRAWFORD



"See you on Flamingo Road"

FLAMINGO ROAD

ALSO STARRING
ZACHARY SCOTT · SYDNEY GREENSTREET
DAVID BRIAN

SCREEN PLAY BY
ROBERT WILDER
ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE
BY EDMUND H. NORTH
BASED ON A PLAY BY
ROBERT AND SALLY WILDER



DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ
PRODUCED BY
JERRY WALD



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Speaking of Nora, she told me, "I'm going to marry Dick Haymes as soon as it is possible."

But this may not be as soon as they'd hoped. Joanne Dru had been reported as being willing to give Dick the quick divorce he had requested and had announced plans to go to Las Vegas, where a divorce can be granted in six weeks.

But now, it is said, Joanne has gone back to her original plan of filing for divorce in California—and that takes a year.

(When I asked Joanne if she were going to marry John Ireland, who has been very attentive to her, Joanne replied, "I'm not going to marry anybody—at least, not yet.")

Nora told me tearfully that Errol had refused to let her take Rory, who is legally in his custody, to Las Vegas with her when she and Diedre go there while Errol is off on his European trip.

I suggested that Errol's refusal was based on the fact that Dick Haymes had accompanied Nora to Las Vegas when she went there the first time.

"But I won't see Dick this time until my six-weeks residence there is over," Nora said. She was still hoping Errol would change his mind—but he didn't.

Rory is being taken care of at the Flynn home by Mrs. Eddington, Nora's stepmother, and Errol's sister, Mrs. Rosemary Warner. And, later on, Errol's parents will arrive from Jamaica. So certainly little Rory is being well looked after.

Nora and Dick Haymes have been very "touchy" about their romance, apparently believing everyone has been watching them and talking about them everywhere.

The other night at Jay's café, a very small place at the beach, Nora and Dick were seated next to a group of four people. One of the men was named Earl and his name came up frequently in the conversation.

Nora must have thought they were saying her ex-husband's name, because she turned to the surprised group and snapped, "Errol! Errol! Errol! All right, we hear you!"

The poor innocent foursome almost swooned with surprise.

* * *

The telephone rang in the middle of the night. Alan Ladd sleepily answered it.

"This is the Sheriff's office in Reno," boomed a voice from the other end. "Did you write a letter to a girl telling her to come to Hollywood for a job in the movies?"

"*What?*" yelled Alan, now wide awake.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Come one! Come all! But come fast, because we have only 500 free subscriptions to give away and they're going to the first 500 people to send back this questionnaire. We liked all the stories in this issue, but we're *really* interested in the ones you liked (as well as the ones you didn't). Don't forget! The July, August and September issues are yours for free if you're among the first 500.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our JUNE issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

Rock-a-bye Bogey (Humphrey Bogart) ..... ☐

Winner Take All? (Jane Wyman) ..... ☐

Meet the '49ers (Clift, Day, Greer, Perreau, etc.) ..... ☐

She Never Left Home (Jean Peters) ..... ☐

There's No Place Like Hollywood (Janet Leigh) ..... ☐

Baby Face (Bob Arthur) ..... ☐

Not By Breaks Alone (Guy Madison) ..... ☐

My Lonely Years by Vera-Ellen ☐

Happy Hunting (Freeman, Lindsay, Courtland, Williams) ..... ☐

Peter and the Wolf (Peter Lawford) ..... ☐

Time of Their Lives (Shirley Temple-John Agar) ..... ☐

This Love of Ours (Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy) ..... ☐

Make Way for Youth (Jeanne Crain, Kirk Douglas, Pat Neal, etc.) by Hedda Hopper ..... ☐

Stairway to the Stars (Lois Butler) ..... ☐

Past Perfect (Elizabeth Taylor) ☐

Who's New (48 new stars) ..... ☐

Louella Parsons' Good News ..... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least? .....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is .....

My address is .....

City..... Zone.... State..... I am ..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

"...whenever I hear people singing, I'll hear your voice. Whenever I see joy in their faces, I'll see you."



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

JENNIFER JONES · JOHN GARFIELD
PEDRO ARMENDARIZ in JOHN HUSTON'S

WE WERE STRANGERS

with

Gilbert Roland · Ramon Novarro · Wally Cassell · David Bond · Screen Play by PETER VIERTEL and JOHN HUSTON

from Robert Sylvester's novel, 'ROUGH SKETCH' · AN HORIZON PRODUCTION · Directed by JOHN HUSTON · Produced by S. P. EAGLE

New!

THE Beauty Discovery you've waited for...



Nestle

COLORINSE

with LURIUM

GIVES YOUR HAIR MORE COLOR

- Absolutely harmless
- Washes out easily

Now, from the famous Nestle Hair Laboratories comes LURIUM—an amazing new ingredient added to Nestle Colorinse to give your hair more glorious COLOR-BEAUTY, sparkling highlights and silken lustre than ever before.

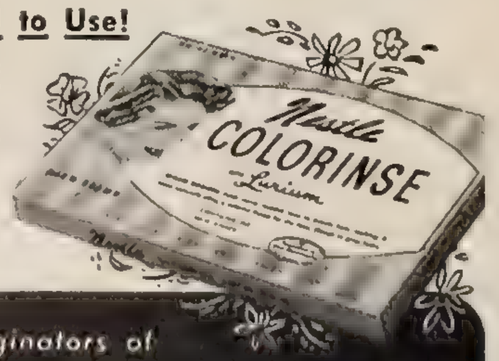
And — *Nestle Colorinse with Lurium* eliminates tangles — makes hair easier to comb, easier to manage—comes in 10 flattering shades.

FREE! Full size package of Nestle Colorinse. Just write the color of your hair on a postcard and mail it to The Nestle Co., 50 Baker Ave., South Meriden, Conn.

So Economical to Use!

2 rinses 10¢

6 rinses 25¢



NESTLE - originators of permanent waving — Meriden, Conn.



A smiling Margaret O'Brien left for Europe aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* with her mother and new stepfather, bandleader Don Sylvio.



Bob Mitchum is home again with wife Dorothy after serving a 50-day prison sentence. Says he'll build a "wall of privacy" around his life.

The startling question was repeated. "This girl has planked herself down at the airport gate and won't budge until she gets on a plane 'cause she says you wrote her to come on for your next picture."

And that's the way poor Alan got his name in headlines the next day! What had happened was that Alan had written a regular, routine letter, a nice habit of his, thanking the gal—Linda Carlson was her name—for her interest in his pictures. He didn't know her from Adam until she started waving the letter at everyone who came near her.

She certainly got a lot of publicity for herself—but a lot of good it did her. If she expected an offer from a studio on the strength of her antics, she had a sad awakening.

Since then, no one has heard a peep out of her. Probably went back home when she saw her publicity stunt wouldn't work. But it seems a shame to have dragged one of the nicer guys in our town in on her scheme that backfired.

* * *

Norman Rockwell, who does those wonderful covers on the Saturday Evening Post, says Elizabeth Taylor will be the greatest beauty of her day when she reaches 30!

I met the interesting Mr. Rockwell at a square dance. As you know, he goes in for folksy, everyday people and not glamor girls. So I was surprised at how hep he was to Hollywood.

"The little Taylor girl, with her brown hair, blue-green eyes and full brows, is a beauty now," he said. "But when she adds the maturity of expression to her almost-perfect features, I believe she'll be our greatest national beauty since Maxine Elliott."

(In case you're too young to know—Maxine was Lillian Russell's greatest rival, and many people thought her brunette beauty more striking than Lillian's blonde lushness.)

I was interested to learn that Mr. Rockwell believes there aren't many real beauties in Hollywood! "Interesting personalities and faces—yes," he said. "But few real beauties."

"You mean there aren't any you would care to paint?" I asked. Being a nice, tactful man, he didn't answer.

* * *

Joan Evans has made me change my mind about her. I had her wrong.

My first impression dated from a cocktail party given in honor of the 14-year-old who was rating plenty of publicity as the novice being given the star treatment in her first picture, *Roseanna McCoy*. (Why a cocktail party should be given for any 14-year-old, I couldn't see.)

The enormous-eyed child with the poise of a woman three times her age was milling among the guests with a soft drink in her hand when an old friend of her mother's went up to her and said: "I knew you before you were born. Fact is, I took booties to your baby shower."

To which Joan replied, "If anyone else says that to me, I think I shall just *dieeeee!* Just about everybody tells me they knew me when Katherine was pregnant!"

That did it. I put her down as a precocious youngster who was too sophisticated for her britches.

But the way she has taken the woes and ails that have beset the filming of the anything-but-rosy *Roseanna*, makes me realize this little girl has the stuff it takes.

It was a rough blow when Sam Goldwyn called her into his office and told her a whole month's shooting would have to be done over—not because he was not satisfied with her, but because of script trouble. This would have been a blow to an experienced actress.

Farley Granger told me, "The kid was wonderful. She'd played some tough emotional scenes in which she had given her all. Now she would have to do it all over with a new script and new actors. But she didn't go to pieces. Instead, she pitched in and worked with even more enthusiasm. I take

OUR SPECIAL SALUTE-TO-YOUTH SECTION BEGINS ON PAGE 29.


BLOW BY BLOW...KISS BY KISS...HE WAS THE CHAMPION
Screen Plays Corp. presents
KIRK DOUGLAS
in Ring Lardner's
"CHAMPION"
Co-starring
MARILYN MAXWELL • ARTHUR KENNEDY
with PAUL STEWART • RUTH ROMAN • LOLA ALBRIGHT
Produced by STANLEY KRAMER
Associate Producer Robert Stillman • Directed by Mark Robson
Screenplay by Carl Foreman • Released thru United Artists

Choose the creme shampoo beauticians use most ... For glowing hair, mist-soft ... dazzling clean, obedient ... dandruff-free, film-free



Helene Curtis

creme shampoo

rich in emulsified lanolin



Why pay a dollar for 4 ounces?

Get this giant 8 ounce jar!

twice as much for ... $1

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

(Large Reg. Size, 60c)

AT BEAUTY SALONS, DRUG, DEPT. STORES



Portland Mason (named for Mrs. Fred Allen) makes her camera debut with parents Pam Kellino and James Mason. She's their first child.

Strolling in the spring sunshine in Victoria Gardens, London, Ty Power and his bride, Linda, are unnoticed by a man interested only in his newspaper.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



my hat off to her. She's a real trouper."

I certainly agree.

* * *

Joan Bennett, four times a mother, was as nervous as a jitterbug on a Pogo-stick pacing the hospital corridor awaiting the birth of her first grandchild, Amanda Anderson.

Hours went by and by and by—and still beautiful Diana had not had her baby. Joan's teeth were chattering and she couldn't sit down. Walter Wanger says he bets she paced 10 miles.

Finally, she turned and said, "I w-wouldn't be a f-f-father for anything!"

* * *

Betsy Drake called up in tears over the story that broke out of Chicago in which she was quoted as saying she would marry Cary Grant in two months.

"When I passed through Chicago on my way back to Hollywood, I met this reporter briefly and admitted that Cary and I were just as good friends as ever," Betsy sniffled. "But I never said we would be married soon or gave any definite date.

"Cary is so sick now, and on a boat coming home via the Panama Canal. I wouldn't do anything in the world to upset him or have him think I had taken advantage of his being such a gentleman, by announcing our 'engagement.' What will he think of me?"

I told her Cary probably wouldn't be in the least upset. He's more used to the fortunes and misfortunes of being in the public prints than is Betsy.

* * *

Personal to Jack Beutel: Come on, boy—pull yourself together and don't do it the hard way, as Robert Walker has had to do.

When you were arrested for drunken driving recently, I was told that you'd been brooding for a long time over your career—that you felt you had not kept pace with Jane Russell, your co-star in *The Outlaw*.

Well, I can tell you that the cure you took for your sorrows never helped anything. It is the surest way I know to the bottom.

Careers are not made in a day or in one picture. You are young and a good actor.

Look at Dan Dailey. He knocked around in minor roles for several years before he clicked big. I firmly believe that if you keep pitching, you will get your chance, too.

* * *

It's cute that Edmond O'Brien and Olga San Juan want to preserve the Irish-Spanish ancestry angle in picking out a name for their expected baby. BUT—

If it's a boy, they'll name him Sean Juan O'Brien, which sounds so much like Don Juan O'Brien that it plumb fractures me!

* * *

Hollywood in Shorts: Peter Lawford is enrolling in the night class in English "lit" at UCLA and cahn't see any reason at all why it should cause any commotion! Oh, now rehlly, Pete. . . . There are fewer requests for interviews with Linda Darnell than any other top-flight star in the business. "I just never do anything," Linda explains. . . . Anne Baxter chews gum constantly. Keeps her from smoking too much and it also strengthens the chin muscles. . . . Just as Spencer Tracy and Valentina Cortesa went into their first love scene for *Malaya*, she doubled up with pain and collapsed. She's been lying down with an ice pack on her side, between scenes, in a gallant effort to ward off an appendectomy until after the picture is finished. . . . Gloria De Haven has been dating Howard Duff since she separated from John Payne and he hit a snag with Ava Gardner. . . . How come Dan Dailey never asks anyone to dance at a night club or a private party? It's discouraging to the belles who would like to take a flip around the floor with an expert. . . .

That's all for now—see you next month!

THE END

WOODBURY PRESENTS **NEW MIRACLE DISCOVERY** FOR LOVELIER SKIN

Penaten in Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream Cleanses Skin Cleaner

In Penaten, Woodbury introduces a modern-miracle...a *penetrating* ingredient newly developed.

Almost unbelievable! Penaten means Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream penetrates *deeper into pore openings!* Cleanses deeper and cleaner. Seeks out grime and make-up. *Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle.* Your skin looks *clearer* because it's *cleaner!*

Twin miracle! Penaten helps Woodbury's rich skin softeners penetrate deeper. Seep deeper into pore openings. Skin is smoother, softer—glorious as never before!

Today, get this new, new magic—Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream with Penaten. See the difference—*the lovely, lovely difference*—in your skin!

Jars with pink-and-gold labels. Trial size, 20¢ to largest luxury sizes, $1.39. Plus tax.

Your cleansing tissue proves it!



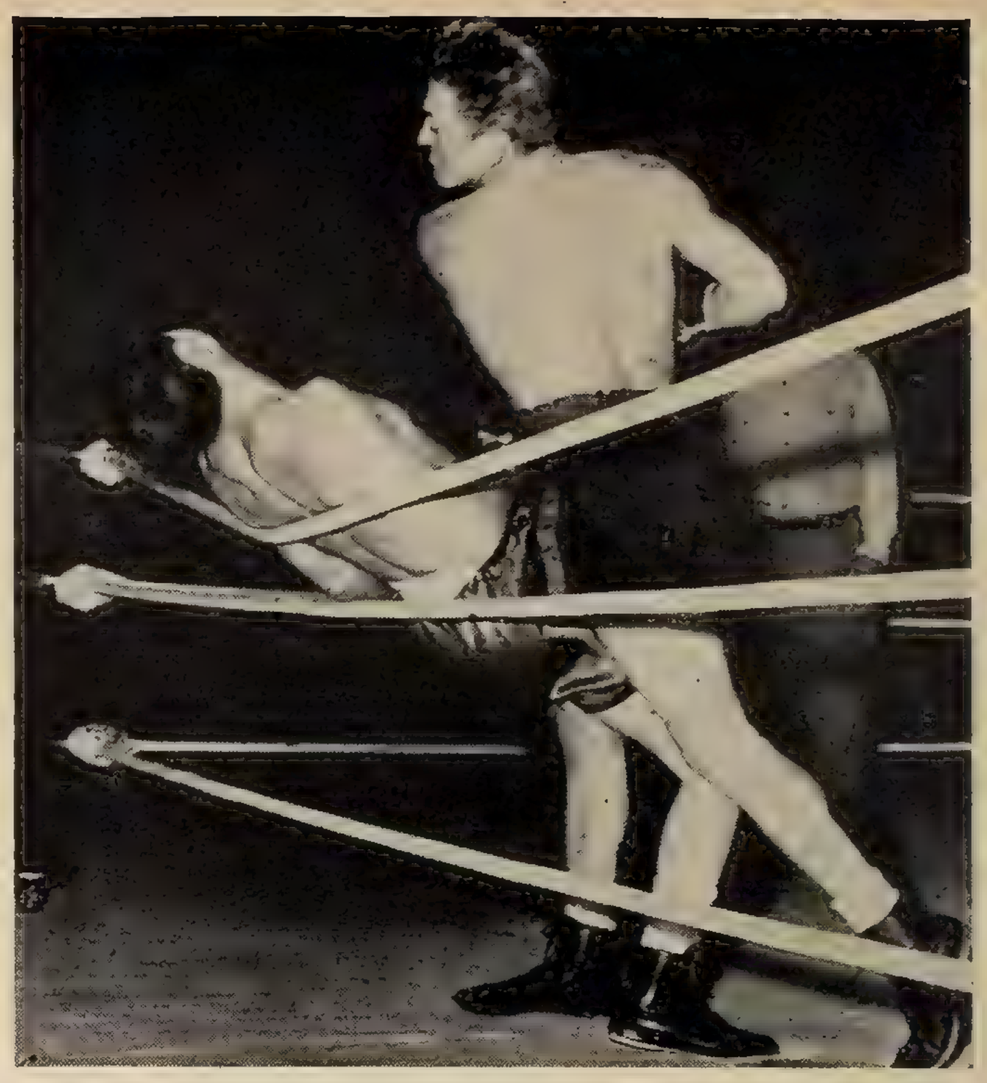
If your skin's dry . . . New, Deeper Softening with PENATEN in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream



A marvel, too! . . . the velvet beauty that comes to dry skin . . . through deeper, richer softening! Penaten, in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream, helps rich, smoothing emollients penetrate into pore openings. Lanolin's softening benefits go deeper, softening tiny lines . . . smoothing flaky roughness to fresher, younger-looking beauty.



In *Champion,* a brilliantly realistic drama of the fight racket, Kirk Douglas makes love to Ruth Roman, daughter of the owner of the lunchroom where he works, and is forced to marry her. He deserts her, hits the road and becomes a prizefighter.



His savage natural skill and the handling of a clever, cynical manager—plus ruthless double-crossing—make him champion. He's hailed by the public as a splendid, clean-cut athlete.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



Yet all the time, we know him for a conscienceless rat. After messing up a number of lives, he climaxes things by slugging his crippled brother (Arthur Kennedy). Then he gets his.

CHAMPION

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Marilyn Maxwell, Arthur Kennedy, Paul Stewart, Ruth Roman, Lola Albright.
United Artists.

In Ring Lardner's original story, Midge Kelly was an unmitigated rat. He beat his crippled brother, he beat his old mother, he spent his money on women, and he lived a happy, prosperous life. Our movie Midge (Kirk Douglas) is a trifle less ruthless—he supports his old mother, and has a certain affection for his crippled brother (Arthur Kennedy). He comes to a much more hideous end, and it's easier to feel some sympathy for him, since you're shown that social forces, and not inborn cussedness alone, have played their part in shaping him. We see Midge as a poor boy, knocked around, looked down on, cheated, until in rebellion at the world, he resolves to be rich and do a little looking down, himself. Trouble is, he takes too kindly to it. First he deserts the girl (Ruth Roman) he's been pressured into marrying, and goes off to become a prizefighter. Right away, he goes back on an agreement he makes to take a dive in one fight, and instead beats the blazes out of a fighter (John Day) who's befriended him. This nets him the fighter's girl friend (Marilyn Maxwell). She's an expensive lady to keep, and she has no time for has-beens. Neither has Midge. He fires his loyal manager (Paul Stewart) in order to cinch a deal with a big promoter, finds he likes the promoter's wife (Lola Albright), and is all ready to make off with her when the promoter gives him a mess of money to forget the affair. Midge's memory is obligingly short. He becomes world champion, idol of the crowds and touted by the press as a clean-living American boy. His mother dies. He gets home too late to see her, but not too late to mess up crippled brother Connie's life. Connie's always loved Midge's deserted wife. He's found her, has her on the point of marrying him, when Midge appears and makes a couple of passes. Midge gets his, of course, in a scene so horrible you'll never forget it, but by then he's already crucified everybody who's ever come near him. There are fight scenes in this picture to sicken strong men. There are pieces of acting without flaw. (Notably Douglas', Stewart's, and the girl, Ruth Roman's.) While it's not lighthearted, it's quite a perfect production.

TULSA

Cast: Susan Hayward, Robert Preston, Pedro Armendariz, Lloyd Gough.
Eagle-Lion.

Back in the early days when Tulsa was a boom town, Susan Hayward's pappy, a cattle man, gets annoyed because the oil from a well on the next ranch is polluting his stream and killing his herd. He goes over to tell the oil people about it, and is promptly blown up. (Nitroglycerin explosion. Accidental.) Susan complains to oil bigshot Bruce Tanner (Lloyd Gough), and then she meets up with an old soak who insists on giving her some oil leases. (That means you can drill on the property.) The old soak is killed, and there she is, an heiress. Tanner now comes forward. He'll buy the leases. Drilling for oil's a gamble. Play safe, little girl. Sneering widely, Susan turns Tanner down. Then, with the aid of Jim Redbird (Pedro Armendariz), an Indian who's in love with her, and Brad Brady (Robert Preston), the old soak's son, she starts operations. Suffice it to say her oil well comes in. Soon she's the richest girl in Oklahoma, with lots and lots of wells. Gets greedy, too. Joins forces with Tanner. Up till here, she's gone along with Jim Redbird's plea that she leave some green space for cattle—at least on *his* property. The land will be there long after the oil is gone, but it will be ruined forever if oil-crazy operators don't stop sinking derricks every two feet or so. Still, Susan's so set on being Tanner's partner that if Jim Redbird didn't go almost mad, do you hear, mad, and start a raging fire, why she'd most likely never have come to her senses. But that's all she needs. To quote a studio release: "Now . . . she is exactly the girl he (Brad) has dreamed she could be. Together they face the future, ready to build another oil empire. . . ." Anyhow, the picture has exciting Technicolored moments. (The fire, especially, is a tensely spectacular sight to see.) And the background of oilfield operations is not only interesting but moderately educational—at least, it shows you that life in the oilfields can be awful messy. . . . Another interesting feature is Chill Wills carrying on like a carbon copy of Hoagy Carmichael.



Tulsa: Susan Hayward gets richer and richer in the oil business, involving Pedro Armendariz and Bob Preston in considerable excitement.



Will he see you at your ***BEST*** *tonight?*



Don't just miss because of

TOBACCO MOUTH

[OFF-COLOR BREATH
OFF-COLOR TEETH]

The yellow film of "tobacco mouth" is a *little* thing—but it can disfigure your smile like a missing tooth!

And the odor of "tobacco mouth" . . . oh—oh! Lady, it's just not like you. Why offend a friend? Why annoy a neighbor—even in all innocence? It's so easy to be completely sure of yourself if you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

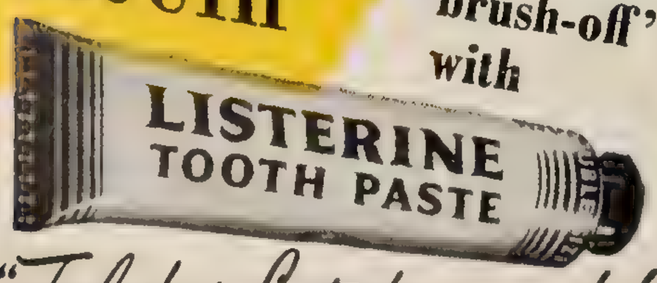
It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



TOBACCO MOUTH

...give it the "brush-off" with



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"



Take Me Out To The Ball Game: Esther Williams, Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Edward Arnold frolic through a tale of baseball. Need we say there's much dancing and singing?

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

Cast: Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams, Gene Kelly, Betty Garrett, Edward Arnold, Jules Munshin.

MGM.

Here we have Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly as baseball stars (Teddy Roosevelt era) in a movie that's fun. (The boys do a vaudeville act during baseball's off-seasons, which gives you some idea. Lots of song and dance numbers.) When Frank isn't singing, dancing or playing ball, he's attempting to beat up some brawny character or other. (Thinks he has muscles.) Once Kelly says desperately, "Why don't you ever pick on somebody your own size?" to which Frankie can only answer, "There ain't nobody my size." Both Gene and Frank fall for Esther Williams (she owns their ball-club) but Frank is being diligently pursued by Betty Garrett. (Betty gets her first real movie break here, and makes the most of it. She's funny, and a little bit sad, and quite wonderful.) There's a scene in which Betty tries to separate Frank from Esther, and Gene says, "But she owns him. She owns me, too." Betty looks at Esther in sheer wonder. "Gosh, can you do that?" she says. If you get a kick out of sprightly carryings-on. and breezy dialogue, here they are. Kelly's never danced better, there's never been brighter Technicolor, Frankie's more appealing than he's been in ages, and there's even a pool scene for Esther. There's a kind of a plot, too, but it doesn't interfere much with anything.

IMPACT

Cast: Brian Donlevy, Ella Raines, Charles Coburn, Helen Walker, Anna May Wong.

United Artists.

This is a rambling affair, lousy with anti-climaxes. Millionaire Brian Donlevy loves his wife, Helen Walker. She, the fool, has been carrying on with an unpleasant young man (Tony Barrett) to whom she gives monogrammed shirts. She even permits this young man to attempt murder on her spouse. Spouse, whose head is harder than the jack it gets bashed with, wakes up in a ditch one night. Young man, in spouse's car, rushing to meet Helen Walker, comes to worse end. Crashes car into gasoline truck. Burns. When the car is found with unidentifiable body, wife thinks Donlevy's dead, as per schedule. It worries her that boy-friend hasn't shown up, but she's got time. Donlevy, to whom the whole dreadful plot has become apparent, takes his aching head off to the country to sulk. A smart policeman (Charles Coburn) eventually brings wife to trial for Donlevy's murder, while Donlevy sits tight in the country, and falls in love with a girl (Ella Raines) who owns a garage. But once honest Ella hears his story, she insists that he go back, tell all. He goes back. The minute his wife sees him alive and kicking, she knows her true love is dead, and she accuses Brian of the murder. Now Ella feels bad. See what she's brought Brian to? What to do! Everything turns out swell for Brian and Ella, but the only person I worried about in the whole picture was the poor slob driving that gasoline truck. Nobody gave him a thought.

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC

Cast: John Mills, Harold Warrender, Derek Bond, Reginald Beckwith, James Robertson Justice, Kenneth More.

Eagle-Lion.

This is the story, based on documented facts, of the British Captain Robert Scott who attempted to conquer the South Pole, in the year 1910. His was to be a different kind of expedition from any which had gone before.

YOU'LL FIND OUR SALUTE-TO-YOUTH SECTION BEGINNING ON PAGE 29.

"We'll take dogs," he said. "But we'll also take horses and machines." A Norwegian, who'd been adviser to the noted explorer, Amundsen, told Scott he was wrong. "Take dogs," he said. "And dogs, and dogs." Scott, however, stuck to his own ideas. If you've ever read the history of his last expedition, you know it was tragic. Brave men fighting a thousand miles of barren ice and hostile wind, being beaten to the Pole (Amundsen got there first, after all), having their animals die, their food supply diminish, and, in the end, themselves perishing. Scott's diary contained these last words: "Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood and courage of my companions . . ." That the picture is engrossing is due largely to the excellent cast, headed by John Mills, as Scott. That the picture is not quite as moving as you'd expect may have something to do with the fact that we live in an age when many men have died gallantly, though the ways of their death were not ways of their own choosing. This soon after a world war, the idea that once men who could have stayed peacefully at home, preferred to risk death by chasing adventure, is still a trifle surprising. You're desperately sorry for the Scott expedition, but you know that the Antarctic is just a great icy waste. And you wonder why these men threw their lives away when there wasn't any need to.

FLAMINGO ROAD

Cast: Joan Crawford, Zachary Scott, Sydney Greenstreet, David Brian, Gladys George.
Warners.

A complicated, absorbing drama about ambition and politics. Joan Crawford's a carnival dancer adrift in the small town of Boldon. She meets Deputy Sheriff Zachary Scott. He's nice to her, but Sheriff Sydney Greenstreet, who has big plans for Zach, breaks up the attachment. Sydney succeeds in marrying weakling Zach to a rich, influential lady, but he doesn't succeed in driving Joan out of Boldon, even though he has her arrested and sent to jail, on a trumped-up charge. When she gets out of the clink she hot-foots it for a roadhouse run by Gladys George, who's in solid with the state political machine bigshots. Sydney won't dare touch her there. At the roadhouse, Joan meets David Brian, head of the machine. He marries her, buys her minks and a new house. Sydney dislikes David Brian, and he dislikes this turn of events. (Brian's not as



Flamingo Road: Sydney Greenstreet, sheriff with political ambitions, brews a storm in teacups for Joan Crawford and David Brian.

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



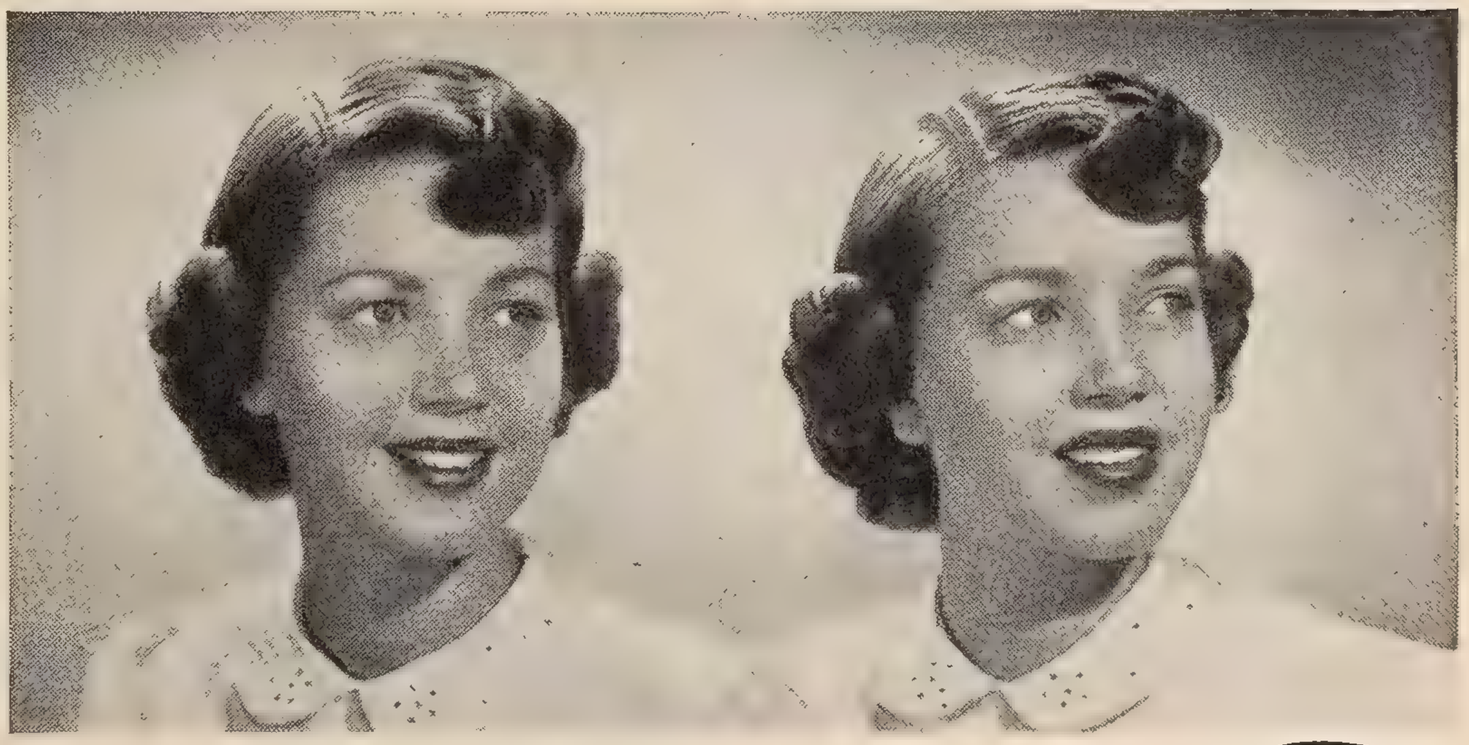
LATHER . . . WAS KATHERINE'S PROBLEM.

"My shampoo simply would not lather right", complained Katherine Ring. "I'd rub and rub but still my hair never had much glint to it!" And no wonder! Katherine was using a soap shampoo, and soaps not only fail to lather as well in hard water—they actually leave a film on hair that dulls natural lustre! So your hair lacks highlights, looks drab and lifeless!

BUT KATHLEENE GOT HEAPS OF IT!

"Look at all this lather", smiled her twin, Kathleene. "I discovered that Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing even in *hard* water! I never saw such suds! Never saw my hair so shining clean before, either!" That's what Toni's Soft-Water Shampooing means. Even in hard water it means billows of rich, whipped-cream suds that leave your hair shimmering clean!





NOW IT'S TONI CREME SHAMPOO FOR TWO!

Yes, it's Toni and only Toni for both the Ring twins from now on. Because Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! That creamy-thick lather rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Leaves your hair fragrantly clean, gloriously soft! And Toni Creme Shampoo helps your permanent to "take" better—look lovelier longer. Get a jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. See it work the magic of Soft-Water Shampooing on *your* hair!



Enriched with Lanolin



crooked as Sydney, and he won't let Sydney have his own way about putting hand-picked men into choice state jobs. For a while, Sydney wants to make Zach governor, only he finally decides he'd rather be governor himself, and when this doesn't appeal to Brian, Sydney frames Brian neatly. Before he's done, Zach's killed himself, Sydney's connected the suicide with Joan to get her run out of town, Brian's on his way to jail, and Sidney's set to be governor. Sydney doesn't make it, though, and he doesn't make it in a spectacular way. This picture moves so fast it leaves you breathless, and newcomer David Brian is sensational. He's a big blond guy (in looks, kind of a cross between Sonny Tufts and Dan Duryea). No kid (late 30's, probably), he's got charm, a warm presence, great ability. He's got, in fact, more than one man deserves. Joan's hard to take as a carnival dancer (she sounds too cultured) but the minute she slings a mink across her shoulder, you're right back with the Crawford you know and understand.

ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE

Cast: Robert Young, Shirley Temple, John Agar, Albert Sharpe, Josephine Hutchinson. *RKO.*

Cute's the word for *Adventure in Baltimore.* It's young, gay and good-natured. Shirley Temple, minister Robert Young's older daughter, is expelled from school in the year 1905. She thinks three petticoats are enough, and she wants to paint pictures from life, so the school authorities consider her a fallen woman. At home, Shirley turns her eyes on John Agar, the boy next door. Alas, he loves another. Shirley is heartbroken, but she manages to keep busy. Gets into scrapes like the one after which John has to come to jail and bail her out with his last $50. As a peace offering, she writes John a speech. He's supposed to address a group of townspeople (at school) and he hasn't had time to prepare for the event. Big night arrives. Speech is handed to John by Shirley two seconds before he's due to read it. It turns out to be an impassioned plea for woman suffrage, to the hysterical amusement of his audience. Before he's lived that down, Shirley's involved him in still a worse scandal. She enters a painting (of a more or less unclothed blacksmith) in a "Spirit of Labor" contest, and the painted figure is topped off by John's head. Elsewhere along the line, Shirley's father is elected Bishop of Maryland, Shirley's little brother clutches a guppy till it gasps its last, and then hastily returns it to the fishbowl, and Shirley's mother (Josephine Hutchinson), a very dignified lady, has her eye blacked in a suffragette parade. Most amazing highlight of the film, however, is John Agar's performance. He may be inexperienced, but he's good. To see him making that women's rights speech, with the sweat standing forth on his brow, and his nervous voice-breaking, is worth the whole picture. (Shirley gets him in the end. Didn't want you to worry.)

TOO LATE FOR TEARS

Cast: Lizabeth Scott, Don De Fore, Dan Duryea, Arthur Kennedy, Kristine Miller. *United Artists.*

Lizabeth Scott is a female who's already driven one husband to suicide, and who murders second husband Arthur Kennedy when he and she get their mitts on a satchel of money intended for blackmailer Dan Duryea. You see, Arthur wants to turn it over to the police. He's checked it at the Union Station, and hidden the claim check. So goodbye, Arthur. Duryea, who wants his money back, becomes Liz's partner in crime and they try to find the claim check. But their efforts are thwarted by Kristine Miller, the dead man's sister, and Don De Fore, who claims to have been overseas with the dead man, but who's really a brother of Liz's first husband. Kristine and Don find the claim check before Liz and Duryea do, but Liz has a gun, so she ends up with the claim check. She gets the money, kills Duryea, and she comes to no good end. Arthur Kennedy's talent is wasted here, while the beautiful Miss Scott's acting is—well—inadequate. Duryea's very good. As for Kristine Miller and Don De Fore, they're both so big and healthy-looking, everybody else in the picture seems dwarfed.



Adventure in Baltimore: Suffragette Shirley Temple's advanced ideas (for 1905) give the boy next door (John Agar) some hard times.



Too Late For Tears: As a beautiful murderess, Lizabeth Scott craftily outdoes her partner-in-crime, Dan Duryea, in the villainy department.



The Younger Brothers: Geraldine Brooks, Wayne Morris and Bob Hutton take time out for smiles in this exciting epic of the big, bad West.

THE YOUNGER BROTHERS

Cast: Wayne Morris, Janis Paige, Bruce Bennett, Geraldine Brooks, Robert Hutton, Alan Hale.

Warners.

The Younger brothers, Wayne Morris, James Brown and Bruce Bennett, are outlaws waiting for a Minnesota parole. They want to go home to Missouri and farm life. (Circumstances forced them to be outlaws in the first place. Their hearts are pure.) A man named Ryckman (Fred Clark) doesn't want the boys paroled. He's a crippled ex-detective, and he hates the Youngers because he got his bad leg by falling off a horse one time when he was chasing them. Janis Paige doesn't hate the Youngers (she goes for Wayne, in fact) but she doesn't want Wayne and his brothers to turn straight, either. She, herself, is an outlaw chief, and honest folk bore her silly. Fortunately for Ryckman and Janis, a fourth Younger brother shows up in town. He's Bob Hutton and he's come from Missouri to see his brothers paroled. Ryckman frames it so Hutton kills a man, and as if that weren't enough, Janis has Hutton kidnapped, and then Wayne goes to rescue him, and Janis has the men tie him up, too. She's planning to rob a bank, and leave the Youngers there as security, so to speak. With no horses, and no guns, they'll simply have to sit and wait for the cops to

(Continued on page 106)

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6 Modern Screen staff—8 *Lt.*, Wide World, *Rt.*, Floyd J. Hopkins—12 *Lt.*, Acme Photo, *Rt.*, Wide World—14 Wide World—30 *T.*, Bert Parry, *Bot. Lt.*, RKO, *Bot. Rt.*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—31 Harry Warnecke—32 RKO—33 *T. Lt.*, RKO., *T. Rt.*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, *Cen. Lt.*, Gus Gale, *Cen. Rt.*, Floyd McCarty, *Bot. Lt.*, Goldwyn, *Bot. Rt.*, Eagle-Lion—34 Bob Beerman—35 20th Century-Fox *Exc. Rt.*, Bert Parry—36-39 Bert Parry—40 *T.*, Bert Parry, *Bot.*, Walt Davis—41 Bob Beerman—42-47 Bob Beerman—50-53 Bert Parry—54 *T.*, Paramount, *Cen.*, Bob Beerman; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, *Bot.*, Columbia; Warners—55 *T.*, Fox; Frank Powolny, *Cen.*, United Artists; Warners, *Bot.*, Jack Woods; Bob Beerman—56 Bert Parry—57 *T.*, Bert Parry, *Bot.*, Eagle-Lion—58-59 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer — 60 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer *Exc. T. Rt.*, Bert Parry, *Bot.*, Wide World—61 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—65-70 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top



Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? **Your deodorant can be the difference . . .** and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use...Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. **Prove this to yourself** with the free jar of creamy, smooth FRESH we will send you.

Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.



"WHY THIS FUSS ABOUT HAVING BABIES?" GROWLED BOGART. THEN HE BECAME A DADDY HIMSELF . . .

ROCK-A-BYE BOGEY



By JOHN HARKINS

■ One day a few months ago, a friend dropped by for a quiet drink with the Humphrey Bogarts. It was that peaceful, easy last hour of the afternoon. Lauren—or, as she's known to intimates, Betty—had gone to her room to change before going out to dinner. Fred, the Negro houseman with the Oxford accent, had lighted the logs in the fireplace, inquired, "Will there be anything more, M'lord?" (a form of address that is an endless jest between him and Bogey) and vanished noiselessly.

For a while, Bogey and his guest talked aimlessly while they watched the shadows from the kindling fire dance over the deep chairs, the grand piano in the corner and the copper pieces around the room. Then, "What do you think of approaching fatherhood?" the caller asked.

"What do I think of it?" Bogey replied. He paused for a few seconds—and then (*Continued on page 104*)



SCOOP: Born on January 6, Stephen poses here with ma Lauren Bacall and pa Humphrey Bogart for his very first picture.

He'll say "Kiss me... Kiss me!" when you use Tangee



A Kiss Coming Up in a Tender Love Scene Starring

LON McCALLISTER

AND

PEGGY ANN GARNER

IN

"THE BIG CAT"

AN EAGLE LIONS FILM RELEASE
IN TECHNICOLOR

Tangee KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

Tangee KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—The pink of perfection ...makes lips exciting—inviting—irresistible to men.

TANGEE RED-RED—The reddest red of them all. Just what you need "to get your man."

TANGEE RED MAJESTY—No. 1 shade for brunettes! Sure to make your lips his "target for tonight."

TANGEE MEDIUM RED—Not too dark...not too light...but just right to tempt—and tease.

WINNER TAKE ALL?



Jane Wyman was at odds with Ronald Reagan when she and Lew Ayres (above) were attracted making *Johnny Belinda*.



Jane's Academy Award came to her after a year of great emotional strains in her private life. During this period, Lew Ayres reportedly gave her much understanding counsel. She and Reagan, now divorced, are still friendly and keep in close touch.

Jane Wyman has gained an actress' highest triumph. But what of the personal happiness she so deserves?

By JANET FRANKLIN

■ As Jane Wyman stood on the Academy Theater stage amid the tumult of applause and flashing camera bulbs, her tear-starred face was one of the most dramatic ever photographed. A slender figure in a round-necked, white crepe gown, her dark hair brushed back simply, her enormous brown eyes glowing, she was silent for a moment, clutching her gold Oscar tightly in both hands. Then she bent forward and said shakily, "I accept this award very gratefully—for keeping my mouth shut once. I think I'll do it again."

And with this, probably the shortest Academy Award speech on record, she walked off the platform and into the arms of the friends who'd crowded backstage. Walter Huston, Jerry Wald, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jean Hersholt hugged her joyfully. And a little to one side, smiling quietly, Lew Ayres waited for her patiently. . . .

Still holding her Oscar as though she could never put it down, Jane gave breathless answers to the barrage of questions. "I've never been so frightened in my life," she said. "When Ronald Colman called my name and I walked up to that stage, I was scared to death." She posed (*Continued on page 76*)

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

Always creamy and smooth . . . lovely to use!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

Even on shampoo day



Rayve Creme Shampoo
makes hair behave
so beautifully!

Yet Rayve costs no more than ordinary Shampoos

See the miracle in your own mirror! Even on shampoo day, your hair *behaves* . . . when you use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo! Rayve leaves your hair silky soft, clean, and shimmering with highlights . . . yet so easy to manage!

Here's the secret! Your hair has a natural body that helps keep it in place. The pure lanolin in Rayve is specially blended with other important ingredients to help preserve the natural body of your hair. That's why Rayve makes hair behave *beautifully*—even right after it's shampooed!

Rayve is not a soap so it can't leave dulling soap film! Rayve billows into rich, active lather that cleans—*rinses* quickly. No flaky dandruff remains. Always use Rayve—the perfect shampoo before and after home permanents.

Your Hair Needs Special Summer Care! *Look for the display of summer hair care needs featured now at drug and cosmetic counters.*

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF PEPSODENT

Rayve Bargain!
2 TUBES for 33¢
REGULAR 50¢ VALUE!
Limited time only-hurry!

Your letters . . .

ABOUT COLLEEN TOWNSEND

Dear Editor: I was very much impressed with your article concerning Colleen Townsend. I think that any star with such devotion and determination could not help but find success and happiness in the happiness she brings to others.

BILL GREGORY, U. S. M. C., GUAM

(*The article entitled "Soldier of God" appeared in the March Modern Screen, and traced Miss Townsend's religious awakening.—Ed.*)

Dear Editor: As far as I know, the article about Colleen Townsend in your March issue is a lie. Her story reveals nothing more than the time-honored attempt of selfish people to rise to the top at the expense of minority groups, in this case, the Mormons. Colleen was probably never ostracized for being from Hollywood. Other students will attest that Colleen was well-liked on the campus and no one "shied away" from her. I'm afraid Miss Townsend has made it hard for future Brigham Young University students from Hollywood, however, who will be required to live down your little story.

CLIFFORD M. MCALL, PROVO, UTAH

(*Mr. McAll's letter, referring to the article's statement that Miss Townsend started at Brigham Young University "with two strikes on her," was forwarded to the actress and brought the following reply.—Ed.*)

Dear Editor: I'm terribly sorry that Mr. Clifford McAll was offended by certain references to my life at Brigham Young University as reported in Modern Screen. It is true that I told Mr. Louis Pollock that it took me a long while to feel I belonged there. However, I attribute this to the fact that not only was I from Hollywood, but that my picture was on the covers of several national magazines just at the time I entered B. Y. U. I know that I was being over-sensitive in my attempt to be just an average new girl at school, and would not feel the same today. I was probably wrong in sensing a slight skepticism about my earnestness in attending B. Y. U., but I couldn't help noticing that while many of my freshman friends were receiving invitations to join social units, I was not, and did not. At the time this hurt a little. Later, I realized that happiness at B. Y. U. did not depend on one's membership in a unit, because the school as a whole was a warm and friendly place. Anything in Mr. Pollock's article suggesting that B. Y. U. is not a friendly school was certainly not meant to sound that way. After all, I spent tremendously happy times there. I made some of my best friends there whom I still see often. I have a fat scrap book of my college days. I would like Clifford McAll and his friends to know that I am still a fan of my "Alma Mammy," and I never meant to imply anything different.

COLLEEN TOWNSEND, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

PROOF POSITIVE

Dear Editor: I want to say to Joan Furst and any other readers who may have the same idea that the Questionnaire Box is *not* a "put-up job," as she charged. Just the other day I received my first free copy of Modern Screen—and that was because I was among the first 500 to mail back the questionnaire.

SADIE E. PRINTZ, LURAY, VIRGINIA

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY—album featuring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers* (MGM).
Some brand new hits by Harry Warren and Ira Gershwin, plus a revival of *They Can't Take That Away From Me,* the same George Gershwin ballad they introduced in *Shall We Dance?* twelve years ago. One of his new novelties here, *Shoes With Wings On,* fits Fred's style as perfectly as the wings fit his shoes.

CONNECTICUT YANKEE—album featuring Bing Crosby with Rhonda Fleming, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, William Bendix, Murvin Vye** (Decca).
For a reluctant budget—single releases: *Once and For Always* by Tony Martin* (Victor); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Jo Stafford (Capitol); Art Mooney (MGM); Vic Damone (Mercury).
If You Stub Your Toe on the Moon by Frank Sinatra* (Columbia); King Cole* (Capitol); Tony Martin (Victor); John Laurenz (Mercury).
When is Sometime by Perry Como* (Victor); Jack Fina (MGM); Vic Damone (Mercury).
Busy Doing Nothing by Jack Smith (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Modernaires (Columbia); Jack Edwards (MGM).

ROADHOUSE—"Again" by Mel Torme* (Capitol); Gordon Jenkins* (Decca)

SORROWFUL JONES—"Having a Wonderful Wish (Time You Were Here)" by Dinah Shore* (Columbia).

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME—title song, and "Yes Indeedy!" both by Gene Kelly and Betty Garrett* (MGM).

WORDS AND MUSIC—"Blue Moon" by Mel Torme** (Capitol).
A fine record, with credit due to the accompaniment by Pete Rugolo's orchestra.

"BOPULAR"

GEORGIE AULD—"They Didn't Believe Me"* (Discovery).

MILES DAVIS—"Move"* (Capitol).
Strange and interesting new bop band including a tuba and a French horn.

DIZZY GILLESPIE—"Lover Come Back To Me"* (Victor).

BENNY GOODMAN—"Undercurrent Blues"* (Capitol).
Yes, Benny's band has switched to bop, and successfully! Thanks mainly to arranger Chico O'Farrill, a bop expert from Havana.

METRONOME ALL STARS—"Overtime"** (Victor).
Terrific all-star cast in a great record.

GEORGE SHEARING—"So Rare"* (Savoy); "I Only Have Eyes For You"* (London); "Moon Over Miami"** (Discovery).
The sensational blind bop pianist from Britain has a trio on the first two discs; the last record, more recent, features his present quintet, with Margie Hyams' vibes.

Beauty is my business—



SAYS
LEONA FREDERICKS,
ALLURING COVER GIRL:

AND SWEETHEART BEAUTY CARE MAKES MY SKIN LOOK SPRINGTIME FRESH AND YOUNG! IT FEELS SOFTER AND SMOOTHER, TOO!

• "It's true that my face is my fortune! So I can't afford to take chances. I put aside casual skin care and decided to use only SweetHeart Soap for daily complexion care. In just one week my skin felt far softer and smoother. It looked radiantly young and fresh as spring flowers."

Take a tip from pretty Leona! Change to SweetHeart Beauty Care. Each night and morning, massage your face with SweetHeart lather. Rinse with warm—then cold water. In seven days *see* the difference!

For the gentle Floating Lift of SweetHeart's soft, billowing lather is a remarkable beauty action. Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings. *Lift off—float away*—dirt and rough skin flakes. In one week your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger.

Beauty is my business, too!

• Posing in a sun suit and a SweetHeart complexion all over, Karen is already a model at 7 months. Her mother, a smart New York housewife, has always bathed her with pure, mild, fragrant SweetHeart Soap.

For baby's bath—for your family's tubs and showers—you can now also get the new, large bath size SweetHeart Soap.



SWEETHEART
The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

Now! There's Something *Thrillingly New!*

in Palmolive's Famous "Beauty Lather"



New Fragrance!
New Charm!
New Allure!

And Doctors Prove
Palmolive Can Bring You
A Lovelier Complexion—
Regardless of Age,
Skin Type,
or Previous Beauty Care!

Millions of women will prefer this "Beauty Lather" Palmolive over all other leading toilet soaps . . . the minute they try it!

And small wonder! For Palmolive's famous "Beauty Lather" has a new, clean, flower-fresh fragrance for new allure, new charm.

And using Palmolive Soap, the way doctors advised, is so effective that *all types of skin* —young, older, oily—respond to it quickly.

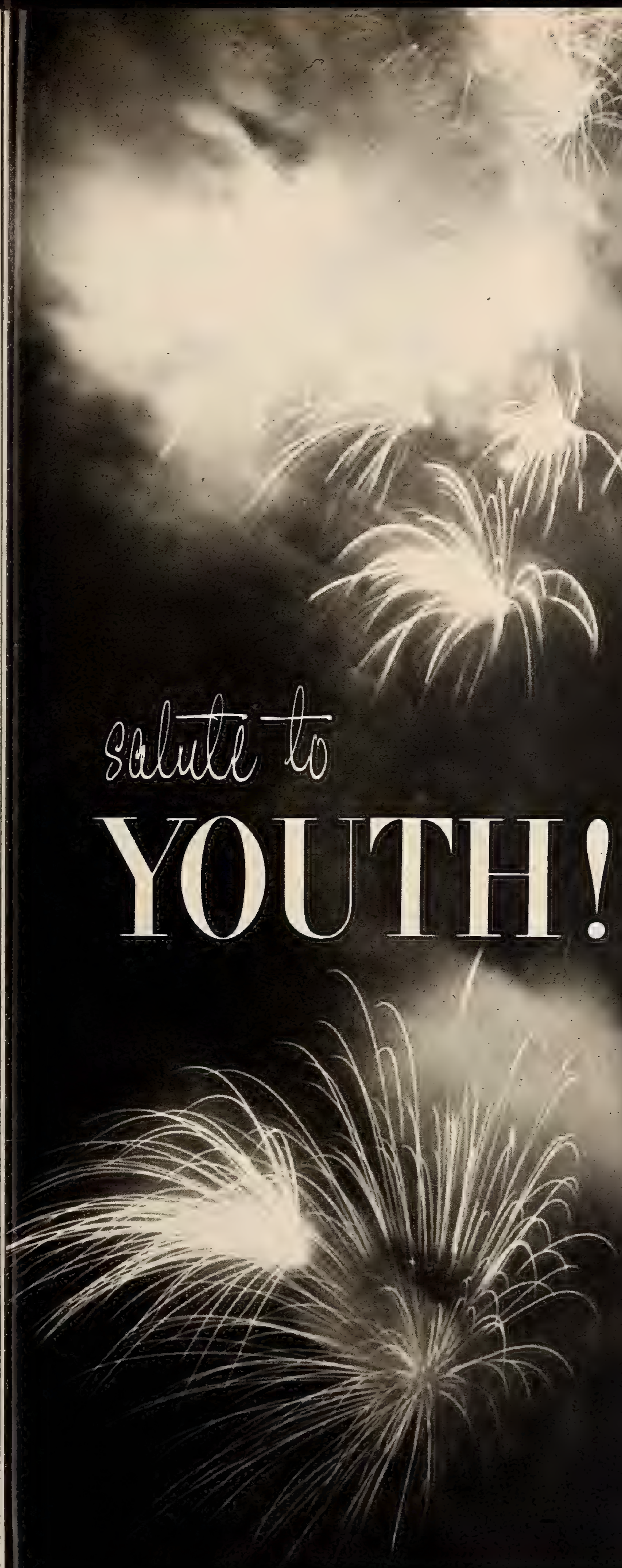
Dull, drab skin appears fresher and brighter . . . coarse-looking skin finer. Even tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads—disappear or improve.

So do as Doctors advised. Stop improper cleansing! Instead, wash your face with Palmolive Soap three times each day, massaging Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather" onto your skin, for sixty seconds each time, to get its full beautifying effect. Then rinse! That's all

But 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—advised this way for 1285 women, and *proved* Palmolive can bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 in just 14 days. Get Palmolive Soap and start today!

Get Bath Size Palmolive, too!

Use it regularly in tub or shower. It's big! Long-lasting! Economical! Gives you Palmolive's proved complexion care *all over!*



salute to YOUTH!

■ What're all the fireworks for?

Well, we're shooting them off to celebrate Independence Day—and we don't mean July Fourth. We mean Youth's Day of Coming-Forth. For, praise be, the day has finally dawned in Hollywood when young players are getting the breaks they should. In the new atmosphere of filmdom, youth has been freed from the bonds of an ancient and revered and preposterous tradition. This held that the public would stay away in droves if new personalities were prominently featured in the playhouses. Suddenly Hollywood awoke to the fact that its policy was way behind the parade. And today an eager horde of fine young performers is swiftly getting important notice. Of course, for every one who makes his place in the Hollywood sun, hundreds must fail even to get a screen test. But many more than ever before are gaining the rugged heights.

In observance of this wholesome development in the movie world, we dedicate this issue of MODERN SCREEN as a Salute to Youth. On the following pages you'll find a coverage of the personalities, problems and promise of typical youngsters who either have arrived in the Hollywood heavens or who will in the near and rosy future. Elizabeth Taylor . . . Montgomery Clift . . . Vera-Ellen . . . Jeanne Crain . . . Bob Arthur . . . Jean Peters . . . Peter Lawford . . . and dozens of others.

All the luck in the world kids! We—and our readers—feel mighty lucky in having you up there to entertain us.

Wallace Nichols

EDITOR

The next 34 pages tell the dramatic story of Hollywood youth today.

MEET THE '49ERS

by Louis Pollock



DORIS DAY was a solid juke-box favorite before she finally signed up with Warners—to become a musical film star almost overnight.



JANE GREER; whose facial mobility resulted from exercises to cure paralysis, got her contract after appearing on a magazine cover.



ARLENE DAHL, like Jane Greer, gets starlet treatment by being photographed against a background emphasizing her lush beauty.

These bright young stars are finding there's gold in them thar skills.

■ One afternoon a few weeks ago, a slim, blonde girl and a portly, grey-haired man chanced to meet at the entrance of the commissary at the MGM studios. The girl smiled but the man did not. Instead, he seemed to be studying her. Then he said something that stopped her dead in her tracks. Her faced flushed and her eyes filled with tears.

The man was Louis B. Mayer. What he said was, "Arlene, you've made it."

Arlene Dahl doesn't remember how she got to her table, or that she sat there, alone, her eyes unashamedly wet. She only remembers that *that* was how she found out she was entering stardom.

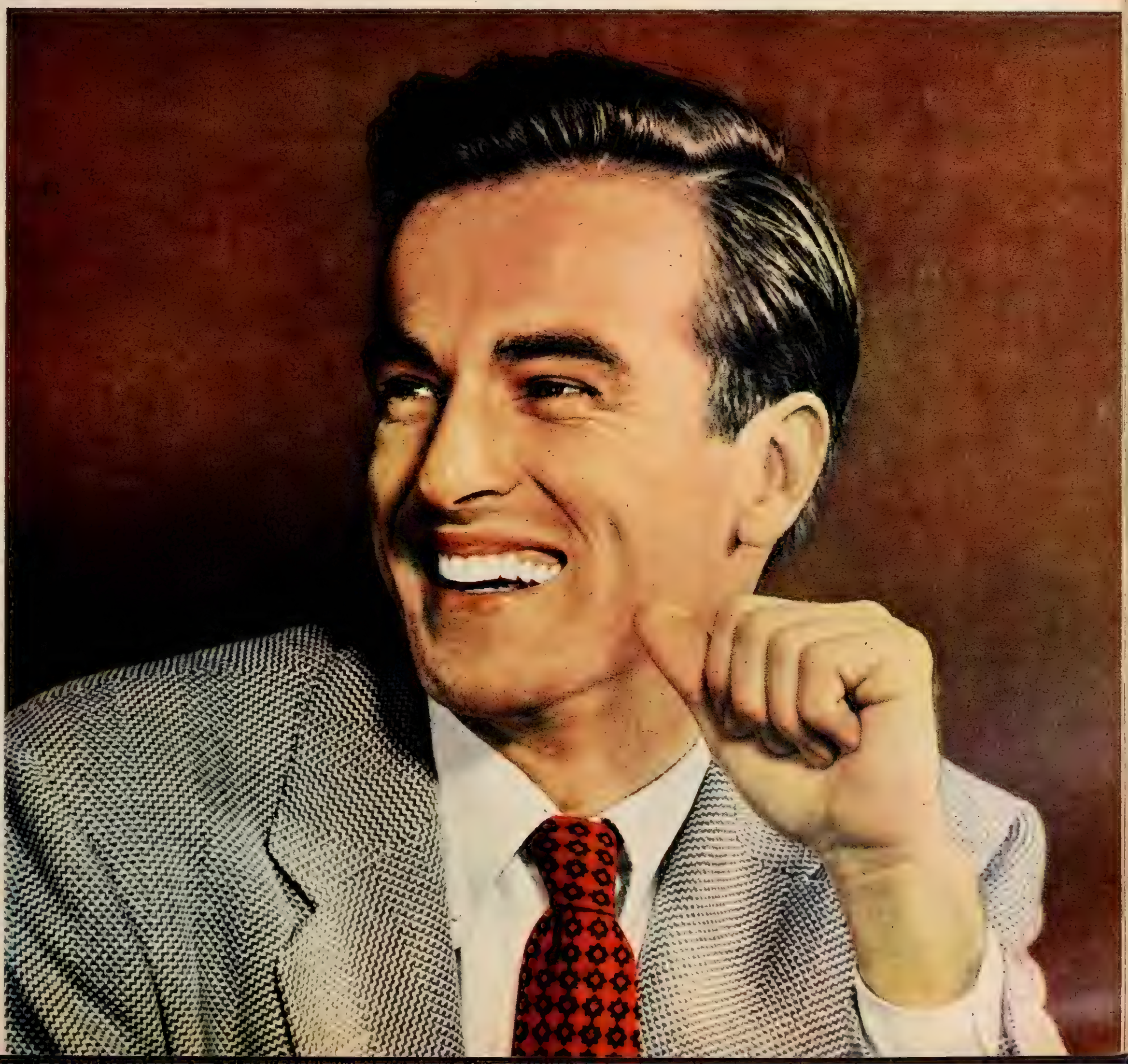
She'd been notified—and, obviously, very officially notified.

Hollywood is pretty sure that, besides the 24-year-old Arlene, 16 young men and women and one child will be notified in 1949 that they've achieved solid cinematic importance.

Elsewhere in this issue of MODERN SCREEN, you'll find feature stories on five of these '49ers—Lois Butler, Wanda Hendrix, Janet Leigh, Jean Peters and Robert Arthur. The others, whose backgrounds and possibilities we propose to examine briefly here, are Betsy Drake, Doris Day, Joanne Dru, Joan Evans, Jane Greer, Pat Neal, Scott Brady, Montgomery Clift, Gordon MacRae, Kirk Douglas, Ricardo Montalban and eight-year-old Gigi Perreau.

While each member of this glittering group is plainly an

MONTGOMERY CLIFT, after making two hit movies, became a star important enough to write his own ticket at any major studio



MEET THE '49ERS



GIGI PERREAU is the youngest of the group of talented '49ers. She first appeared in *Madame Curie* and now, at the age of eight is a veteran of 18 movies, including *Enchantment* and *Family Honeymoon*. She writes and distributes her own little "newspaper."

This Year's Crop of Stars Is Young and Versatile

individual personality, all have four things in common: Youth, ambition, good looks and magnetism. And then there's a fifth thing they share—something that, in past years, seems to have been considered scarcely essential in Hollywood if the performer were blessed with those other four attributes. The fifth element is hard, reliable, professional competence. In brief, these kids can act.

The brightest new name in pictures today is that of a 28-year-old, dark-haired gentleman who, at this writing, is living in Manhattan in a tiny, sixth floor, walk-up apartment, busily reading—and rejecting—proffered scripts. Since he is reported to own only one business suit, he most likely will be wearing slacks and a sports jacket. No studio head has ever said to this young man with the brilliant technique, "You've made it." The reason is that he's not interested in studios—only in good roles. Here's what he said to the last production topper who practically offered him a half-interest in Los Angeles if he would sign a contract:

"Sorry—I can think only in terms of story and part. I couldn't do justice to a part if I didn't feel it, and if I were on steady salary I'd be obligated to take it anyway."

The name he refused to put down on the dotted line was Montgomery Clift, of course. It happened after he'd made *Red River* and *The Search*, and had accepted a co-starring role with Olivia De Havilland in *The Heiress*. After making that statement, he drove his second-hand 1940 Chrysler to his one-room apartment with a pull-down bed. (There he started in again to try to finish Norman Mailer's novel, "The Naked and the Dead," before he was due back on the Paramount set for rehearsals.)

Next to acting, says Monty, his greatest love is living a normal life. That, to him, does not include blooming out in an Adolphe Menjou wardrobe, nor buying a Bel Air manor-house with water reservoir attached to swim in, although he could easily afford to do so. (*Continued on page 81*)



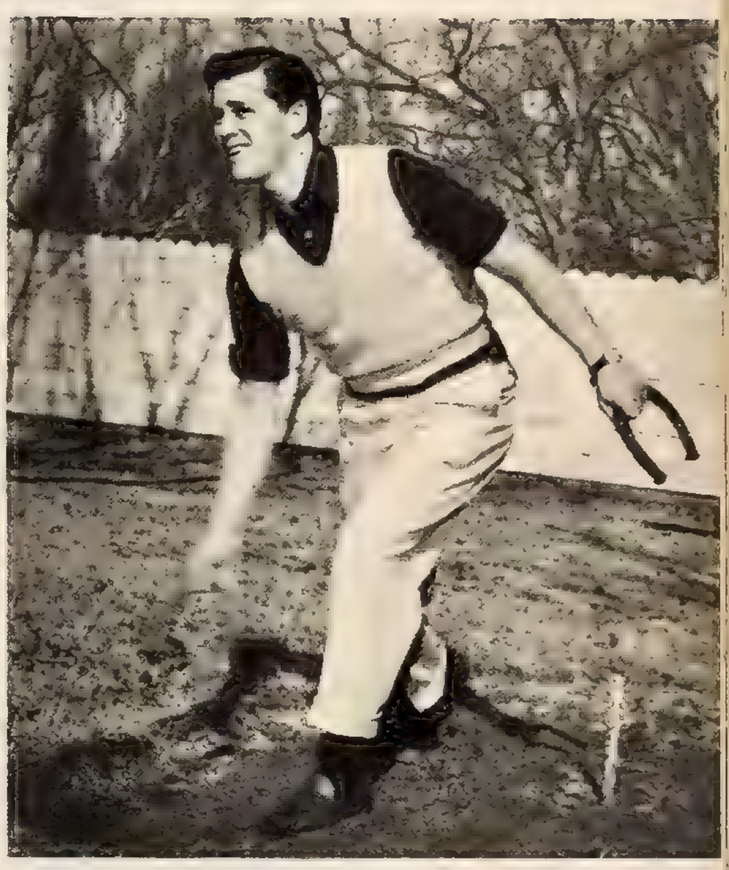
BETSY DRAKE, the Cary Grant discovery, had training in the theater to equip her for the top roles in which she's begun her film career.



RICARDO MONTALBAN came to Hollywood as a dancer but is eager to turn his talents to dramatic roles.



JOANNE DRU came out of housewifely retirement to appear in *Red River*. Public responded so well, she's starring in *All the King's Men*.



GORDON MACRAE, already a radio singing star seems certain of even greater success as a movie luminary.



JOAN EVANS had had no dramatic experience when discovered by producer Sam Goldwyn and signed to a role in *Roseanna McCoy*.



SCOTT BRADY, Lawrence Tierney's brother, was a champion amateur boxer before Hollywood welcomed him.



Do girls go wrong in Hollywood? Listen to Jean Peters' mother . . .

She never left home

by Mary E. Peters

As told to Robert Peer

Back in 1945, Jean Peters was 19 and a junior at Ohio State University when a friend entered Jean's picture in the Miss Ohio State contest. Jean won, and received as a prize a trip to Hollywood and a 20th Century-Fox screen test. In this frank story, her mother tells how her home-town friends and neighbors were convinced no good would come to Jean in "wild" Hollywood—and how false this notion turned out to be—THE EDITORS.

■ I didn't cry that cold morning in January 1946 when my daughter Jean got into the car and we started to pull out of the wide farm yard, heading for the railroad station. I had promised myself I wouldn't shed any tears when I watched her go away from East Canton, away from home to start a career of her own in far-off Hollywood.

I remember how slowly I walked back into the house afterward, put on my apron, and busied myself with the breakfast dishes. "Everything's going to work out all right," I tried to reassure myself. "You don't have to worry. You know your daughter Jean. . . ."

But the shocked expressions of so many of my friends and neighbors, when they'd first heard about Jean's Hollywood contract, kept creeping into my mind. Whenever I'd pick up the telephone receiver—we still have a 12-party line on our farm—I could hear people expressing their opinion that it would be just a matter of time, a very short time, until I'd be sorry I had let my Jean go out to that legendary place.

East Canton, Ohio, is a small town. And its distance from Hollywood can be measured in more than just miles. Really, they're two different worlds. But all East Canton now suddenly became Hollywood-conscious. Gossip about neighbors and neighborly affairs was suddenly supplanted by the latest Hollywood gossip.

According to popular conception, my Jean would have little choice but to get involved shortly after her arrival in the film capital in some sort of love triangle, or wild party, or some other unfortunate happening that would make sensational headlines. Yet my belief in my daughter and her (*Continued on page 100*)



At 14, Jean Peters was an imaginative, self-reliant youngster who'd already decided on a career—she'd become a doctor.



Jean's low-cut blouse in *Captain From Castile* shocked some of her hometown neighbors. They felt she must have changed.



On a visit to Hollywood, Jean's mother found her daughter had remained the wholesome, unaffected girl she had always been.

there's no place like HOLLYWOOD

Young players find Hollywood life strange.

■ While Janet Leigh was attending the College of the Pacific in Stockton, California, a close friend and sorority sister was Marge Hiers. Janet, as everybody knows, left the school in her second year for the more broadly educational field of MGM stardom. Marge stayed on and will be graduated this June.

Thus it was that, while Janet was studying hard in the new, strange wonderland of Hollywood to master two accents at once (she's been working in two films at the same time, in one as a Russian ballet dancer, in the other as an English socialite), Marge was wrinkling *her* pretty brows over mid-term exams. While Janet had fun with her screen sisters on the set of *Little Women,* Marge and her sorority sisters at the Alpha Theta Tau house merrily stuck a classmate under a shower to stop her giggling during a pledge party. Janet wrote Marge that she'd had a wonderful time in a Santa Claus outfit at the Press Photographers' ball—"which you might call Hollywood's answer to the COP Mardi Gras ball." Marge wrote back to report she was stumped about what she'd wear to that school shindig. Janet, at 22 working in her seventh movie in two years, was still amazed about it all. "It's been said before—but there's simply no place like Hollywood. At least, there's no place I can think of where such miracles can happen overnight!" Marge was still undecided about what she'd do after graduation. Maybe she'd teach . . . maybe she'd marry. "I'm too busy to think about it much."

On these pages, MODERN SCREEN presents a photographic comparison of the activities of the two friends.

The huge sound stages at MGM still fill Janet Leigh with awe when she comes on the lot each morning. Yet everyone she meets is friendly and likes to chat.

anet Leigh's activities contrast sharply with those of a college chum.





Lately, Janet (left) has been posing, in clothes based on the costumes of Little Women, *for fashion photographs taken by MGM's famous Clarence Bull. Had she remained at the College of the Pacific, she might have worked with her sorority sister, Marge Hiers, and Bob McMahon (above) when they organized the winter formal and the spring Mardi Gras, two of the biggest annual events on the campus.*





Acting in her seventh picture in two years, Janet has a heavy load. For the past few weeks, she's been studying ballet every morning for her role as a Russian dancer in The Red Danube. *The exercises, she says, get steadily harder. Meanwhile, at college, Marge is happy over the fact that she went to summer school and thus has less cramming to do for mid-term exams than her friends.*

Janet and Marge both enjoy themselves in widely different situations.





Janet pays a noontime visit to Greg Peck in his dressing room on the set of Great Sinner. *"He's even nicer than you've heard," she wrote to Marge. Later in the afternoon, Janet reported for costume fittings and attended a special rehearsal class with other young studio players. During her free time at college, Marge (left, above) is often found chatting and sipping cokes with one of her friends in a cozy booth at the Student Union Building.*





Friday night means dating for Janet and Marge, who can sleep late the next day. Janet and her escort, Arthur Lowe, Jr. (left), dine in the Beverly Wilshire's Mayfair Room to the strains of a rhumba orchestra. Bob Delaney, the head waiter, stops by their ringside table to make sure they're enjoying the filet mignon. For Marge, Friday night often brings a seat at the College's basketball game. She's usually squired by Mike Monnick, a student.



Bob Arthur once sported a mustache to add years to his face. The beard he raised for *Yellow Sky* helped him into older roles.

Baby Face

YOUTH, BOB ARTHUR FOUND, CAN BE ITS OWN HANDICAP. • By CARL SCHROEDER

■ Robert Arthur was disgusted. His best girl had just stood him up for the second time in favor of that tall basketball player, a muscle-man with a leathery face like Gary Cooper's.

He slammed the receiver down on its hook, slid out of the phone booth in the Aberdeen, Washington, drugstore and lounged over to the tobacco counter.

"Gimme a package of cigarettes." Bob tossed down a quarter.

"Give *you* a package of cigarettes?" The clerk with the lean, sardonic face and voice to match grinned in derision. "I'll tell you what I'll do, sonny. You come back in about five years and I'll sell you a whole carton. How'd you like that?"

This was murder. It happened all the time. Though Bob Arthur—or, as he was named then, Bob Arthaud—was old *(Continued on page 93)*



Bob, bearded for *Yellow Sky* role.

Can young actors rise in Hollywood by dumb luck? Ask Madison's agent—who knows her Guy. by Helen Ainsworth

Not by breaks alone...



Guy Madison and agent Helen Ainsworth have frequent talks about his career problems. For most young actors, experienced advice is essential.



Helen Ainsworth first saw Guy on the cover of a naval training station magazine and brought him to the attention of Selznick's Henry Willson.

■ I dunno, maybe my client, Guy Madison, *is* a hard one to figure. People are always coming up to me and demanding the real low-down on him. I look at them in some amazement.

"Why," I begin, he's a great big wonderful American boy who—"

But they never let me finish. "We've heard all that stuff," they interrupt impatiently. "That's the *outside* story. But you're his agent. You found him. You're really close to him. So give with the straight goods. Of course we know the poor boy is absolutely naïve and hasn't the slightest idea what's happening to him."

This is typical of the sort of problem Guy Madison faces. He looks naïve. Sometimes his actions seem naïve. But I'm more than just a wee bit tired of that line. Guy isn't an up-country galoot lost in the fast company of Hollywood. Take it from his agent and oldest Hollywood friend, he's actually a darned bright lad!

I'll admit to Guy's critics that he's absent-minded. Not long ago, for example, he had to go to Dallas for the opening of *Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven.*

After racing for the train, he discovered he'd left his wallet, with all his identification papers and money, at home.

Was he fazed? Was he troubled? Did this keep him from grabbing that train to Dallas? Not Guy.

He simply called my office—I'd preceded him to Texas for the opening—and my secretary told him to go ahead and get on the train. She'd call Edward Golden, the producer of the picture, who'd wire the money to Guy. (It's an agent's job to make arrangements of this sort.)

So Guy boarded the train without money or papers. At the first stop, Guy strolled to the telegraph booth to pick up the money which was supposed to be wired. But it hadn't come. The lad was not so much miffed as hungry. He hadn't eaten since he'd boarded the train.

So, money or no money, he decided to go into the diner and get himself some victuals. He had a pleasant meal. And when the check—something like two-bucks-fifty—was delivered—

"Thanks so much," Guy said, returning it to the waiter. "I'll take care of this later." (*Continued on page 73*)





Glamor is the final reward, but for some newcomers loneliness begins it all . . . by Vera Ellen

The other girls in the stage revival of *A Connecticut Yankee* gathered round to bid me farewell. The Technicolored lightning had struck—I'd just signed a movie contract with Sam Goldwyn.

"Hollywood—where every convertible comes equipped with boy!" That, with variations, was what Imogene kept saying.

"Coming up! Another pair of bare shoulders for Ciro's—with stars in her eyes and a great, big, live star to hold her hand!" That was Mimi talking.

"Don't forget to write how it feels to stall off Van Johnson so you can go out with Ty Power, and stall Ty the next night so you can go out with Cary Grant!" That from Lydia.

"Can you forget you know how to swim, Vera? Or *aren't* you going to let those hunks of men at the big beach and swimming pool parties teach you all over again?" This from Roberta—wistfully . . .

So, that night four years ago, we all kissed and cried and I ran for my train. The girls who'd painted such a gay prospect knew I was married to Bob Hightower—but they knew, too, that the marriage had hit the rocks and that he and I were separated. As they blithely interpreted the prevailing Hollywood code, it would be quite all right for a divorce-bound gal to take full advantage of movieland's attractions and go stepping—and they figured I would.

Well, I hadn't given it much thought, myself, but now it was time to decide. And when I got off the Chief at Pasadena, I'd made up my mind—not too willingly. Whatever the practice in Hollywood, in my family (Lutherans, and strict Cincinnati Lutherans at that) a married woman was a married woman no matter what the technicalities might be. So, I'd decided, I'd behave like one.

This was my high resolve when I reported into the studio the first morning—and I was determined that nothing should break it. (*Continued on page 78*)



Dancing at Ciro's with Rocky Hudson, a Selznick discovery. Vera-Ellen catches up on some of the stardust she missed as a newcomer to Hollywood.



Vera and her dad, Martin Rowe. Both parents came West with her—they still live happily together in a modest house.

MY LONELY YEARS



All work and no play makes jack—but young players need fun, too!

HAPPY HUNTING

by Viola Moore



Scavenger hunters choose teams at Mona Freeman's.

At Earl Carroll's, Bill Williams diverts chorines while teammates A. C. Lyles, Marilyn Maxwell and Barbara Hale swipe plumes.



■ Mona Freeman says she doesn't remember just who thought up the great idea. It was either her husband, Pat Nerney, or her best friend, Diana Lynn. Anyway, they were having dinner at Lucey's one night and brooding over ideas for their next party, when *somebody* got brilliant and suggested a scavenger hunt. The other three agreed it was a fine notion, and before they'd finished their coffee, they had drawn up a guest list and decided on an evening the following week.

Just a simple scavenger hunt. Just a few people. Sounded like fun. But that particular party turned out to be a major upheaval in Hollywood, with surprised citizens from Beverly Hills to San Fernando doing double-takes as they observed some of Hollywood's most promising talent fiercely intent on fey doings. Here's what went on:

When Terry Moore and Jerome Courtland climbed the stone steps to Mona's apartment on the appointed night, they found the rest of the gang already in a huddle on the living-room floor, studying the list of "props" to be brought in before the stroke of midnight.

It was, to say the least, a brightly varied list: "One of Hedda Hopper's hats. A trout from the Sportsman's Lodge trout stream. A feather from an Earl Carroll Girl's costume. A doghouse. Raindrops from the rain-on-the-roof at the Seven Seas night club. A movie star's portrait from the Brown Derby. A beach concession prize (must be won). A turkey egg autographed by three orchestra leaders. A live lobster. A potted palm. A hobby horse. A live kid—a baby goat, that is! A plaster animal from someone's lawn."

Now, by drawing matches, they chose three teams of four scavengers. Terry and Jerome found themselves teamed with Mary Hatcher and Tony Curtis; Marilyn Maxwell and A. C. Lyles with Barbara and Bill Williams; Mona and Pat Nerney with Diana Lynn and her husband John Lindsay.

Then Pat dramatically gave the signal to be off—and everyone dashed downstairs to the cars. They all had one idea in mind. To get out to Oleson's egg ranch in Universal City where turkey eggs are sold.

Equipped with their eggs, the three teams headed in different directions, intent on scavenging up orchestra leaders to sign them—all, that is, except the bright little redhead on Team 3. "Listen," said Mary Hatcher solemnly. "Let me take the egg home and boil it first. That way we'll be sure not to get it broken when it's signed. It won't take more than a few minutes—and there's nothing worse than a drippy egg." So while Mary and Tony Curtis sped off to boil the egg, Terry and Jerome headed for Hedda Hopper's house to get one of her bonnets—having agreed they'd all meet afterward at the Seven Seas night club on Hollywood Boulevard and catch some raindrops from the artificial hurricane which brews up nightly on that palm-thatched roof.

Meanwhile, Team 2, headed by Marilyn Maxwell, was already buzzing back to town, egg in hand. They decided that next on the agenda would be borrowing a portrait off the wall of the Brown Derby. So while Bill and Barbara Williams engaged headwaiter Bill



Scavenger hunt list included a Hedda Hopper hat. Hedda (above) having obligingly dragged all her miracles out, John Lindsay, Diana Lynn, Pat Nerney and Mona Freeman look over the assortment.



Mary Hatcher dangles a trout; teammate Tony Curtis carries a stone duck, Terry Moore and Jerry Courtland wrestle with a doghouse. Below: The Lindsays and Nerneys clutch their varied loot.





Scavenger hunting in the dark isn't made easier if your object is a black kid. The Williams' are catching one only because he sticks close to his white mother.



Mary Hatcher and Tony Curtis have a moist time getting raindrops at the Seven Seas restaurant, where there are artificial rainstorms on the roof every night.

Chelios in talk over a menu, Marilyn and A. C. sneaked the caricature off the wall. Then Barbara spotted Phil Harris and his writers at a table, digging into their roast beef. She hurried over with her turkey egg and asked him to autograph it.

"Do *what*?" asked Phil.

"Please—I'm in an awful hurry." Barbara begged. "I've just *got* to have your signature. And please don't press down too hard. It hasn't been boiled, and it might break."

"Look," said Phil. "What do you want my name on an *egg* for? Do you feel all right?"

"He's stalling," said one of Mr. Harris' literary men. "Mr. Harris never learned to write."

Barbara sighed patiently. "Mr. Harris, it's for a *scavenger* hunt."

Marilyn and A. C. and Bill were waving impatiently. They had the picture and they wanted to be off. Phil Harris's pen poised. He signed the egg. He marred it only a little bit—made just one small hole on its side. Barbara wrapped it gently in her handkerchief, gave effusive thanks, and fled from the restaurant. As they left, a be-diamonded dowager, peering over the flames of her *crêpes suzette,* said in ringing tones. "Well, I never! What happened?" Nobody answered her. After all, this was Hollywood—anything could happen here.

Next stop for team *2* was the Palladium, where Dick Jurgens was leading his orchestra. Marilyn took the by-now dripping egg from Barbara and she and A. C. Lyles danced over to the bandstand to get Dick's signature.That was easy. Dick and Marilyn were old friends, and he signed the egg without batting an eye.

Then disaster struck. When they got out to the sidewalk again, Marilyn sneezed. The egg flew out of her handkerchief and splattered on the sidewalk.

There it lay in all its juicy splendor. The only egg they had. Should they go back to Oleson's and try to get another? There wasn't time.

Then A. C. rose to the occasion. "Don't worry, kids. We'll get something *better* than the egg. Let's see—what's on the list that's hard to get." His eyes lighted up. "Here—a feather from an Earl Carroll girl's costume! Let's do that. They won't be able to spare many feathers, and if we get there first, no one else'll have a chance. Now, listen closely —here's how we'll map out our (*Continued on page 96*)

HAPPY HUNTING



Bill and Barbara Williams engage Brown Derby-headwaiter Bill Chelios in earnest conversation, while behind his back scavenger hunters Marilyn Maxwell and A. C. Lyles borrow an autographed picture of Clark Gable.



The turkey egg that bandleader Dick Jurgens is autographing for Marilyn and A. C. at the Palladium came to a sad end on the sidewalk. (Another team wisely boiled its egg before starting.)

Back at Mona's, tired scavenger hunters compare notes. They sent the black kid home after the team that caught him was chosen winner.





PETER AND

Young actors need publicity and smart ones put on a good show. Take Peter Lawford—the fox in wolf's clothing

by sheilah graham

■ When a strikingly handsome young actor is seen repeatedly in the company of Hollywood's most glamorous women, he can expect to attract attention. He can predict that he'll be photographed as often as the Washington monument. He can know with certainty that his name will appear in Hollywood news columns on almost a daily basis.

When the same young actor changes companions about as often as he changes his tie, he can also be certain he'll be called a wolf. Perhaps the expression won't be quite so blunt; perhaps he'll merely be called a playboy. But the thought will be there, however it's phrased.

Young bachelor Peter Lawford is the sort of guy who, by superficial standards, has earned the "wolf" title. A large auditorium could be filled with beautiful women Peter has dated. Magazine editors, looking through Hollywood news pictures, are sometimes astonished by the frequency with which young Lawford's face appears. (And he's always in the best of glamorous company!)

Is Peter really a wolf?

There are two Peter Lawfords. There's Peter. And there's the wolf. The wolf is Peter's own creation, product of young Mr. Lawford's keen sense of publicity values. Peter the person is an intelligent, skilled self-publicist. Peter the "wolf" is the result of that publicity.

Personally, I think we've all been underestimating Mr. Lawford. In the columns, in magazine interviews we have made him appear immature and irresponsible, a playboy with a heart of gold, and nothing more in his noggin than the desire to have a good time. Brother, the joke is on us! This suave, handsome young Britisher is completely adult and completely practical. Everything seems to happen to him according to plan, and nearly everything he does is calculated to corral publicity and advance his career.

Turning social activity into a tool for publicity is a routine operation practiced by almost all young actors and actresses in Hollywood. Of all such operators who've ever struck moviedom, Peter Lawford, for tireless industry, uncanny judgment and spectacular results, belongs at the head of the class.

Just think a little. Who was the first to date Jane Wyman after her divorce from Ronald Reagan? Mr. Lawford. Who escorted Nora Flynn to her

first party after she separated from Errol? Mr. Lawford. (To make a double killing in the columns, Pete and Nora were in the same party with Clark Gable and Iris Bynum.) I don't believe that Pete had more than one date with either girl. He didn't need it. The important thing for a smart boy with a yen for publicity is to be the Fustest with the Mostest public interest.

Remember when the rumors about the June Allyson-Dick Powell marriage were flying from coast to coast? Right away the gossipers linked Mrs. Powell with Lawford the Wolf in a supposedly torrid romance. It wasn't true, of course. Pete merely (accidentally-on-purpose) happened to get himself invited to the party given for June by Mervyn LeRoy. The shindig took place at the photographer-flooded Mocambo and Pete danced with June. When the denials had all subsided, it added up to another hefty chunk of limelight for the imperturbable Pete.

When Gloria de Haven separated from John Payne the time before last, Pete—nor any other man—had nothing to do with the case. But whenever Gloria appeared in New York and Philadelphia's better-known bistros at that time, Pete was sure to be

THE WOLF

among those present. So, natch, there were rumors —and another publicity haul for Pete.

Pete who is now 25 years old, gets better-looking —and hence better cast as a "wolf"—as he gets older. "He just can't miss getting to the top," a pert starlet said to me recently. "Has he ever taken you out?" I asked her. "I'm not important enough," she replied briefly—and somewhat bitterly. But I think she was doing Pete an injustice.

Pete's dating isn't, naturally, *all* done for career-building publicity. I believe, for instance, that he had a couple of dates with a messenger girl at Metro. And recently there have been some rendezvous with one of the faculty at UCLA and I doubt if their course of discussion concerned publicity! Yes, Pete has been known on some few occasions to spend an evening quietly with a girl who couldn't possibly get her picture in the papers—unless he married her, and there's no fear of that. Pete, as of now, doesn't want to marry anyone.

Don't get me or Pete wrong. There's nothing wrong or shameful about a young actor wanting all the publicity he can get. It's a big part of his job. In these days of Hollywood (*Continued on page 89*)







"Lawford the Wolf" always manages to be seen with glamorous women just at the time when they are most newsworthy.

Some young couples, like Shirley

TIME of their LIVES



When John Agar and Tom Gallary boasted they could cook, their wives laughed and said, "Prove it!" In defense, the boys offered to prepare a dinner—and did. John tosses salad as Joyce Reynolds looks on.

■ Hollywood is a town of night clubs—glamorous, romantic establishments where stars gather to amuse themselves. Obviously, business enters into Hollywood night-clubbing: it's "smart to be seen." But many famous young players vastly prefer sitting across from one another at their own dining room table, or dropping by a friend's home for a casual dinner—as in Anytown, U.S.A. Among them are Shirley and John Agar, who prefer a quiet evening like the one pictured here.

This particular party resulted from a battle of the sexes in the Agar household several nights before. Shirley, John, Joyce and Tom Gallary had settled down for an after-supper corn-popping session. When the conversation turned to food, John made a statement destined for posterity. "I guess anyone can cook if he puts his mind to it," the brave man said. Somehow the girls couldn't stop laughing. With their masculine dignity in danger, Tom and John offered to prove their culinary abilities. The girls immediately took them up on it.

Playing safe, John called pal Bob Dalton, who owns "The Elbow Room," a local eatery where gourmets gather. Bob not only agreed to help, but invited the couples to his home for the test.

Dinner proved a major victory for the boys.

After it was finished, John sat beaming. *"Now* what do you have to say about our cooking?"

"Darling," Shirley said meekly, "what are you serving for dinner tomorrow night?"



Restaurant owner Bob Dalton shows Shirley, Joyce and John how to season steaks. John and Tom hadn't realized the art involved. Bob served as adviser to the amateur chefs and held the party at his home.

and John Agar, find their excitement in the simple delights of home life.



Above, steaks are broiled after being marinated in a special mixture. For recipe see page 86.

Bob cooks the meat over a fire of glowing coals while Shirley watches the searing process.

With Bob Dalton's aid, Tom and John proved their skill. Below, Bob serves up the evidence.







"Before I met Audie, I was smug in the conviction that the most magnetic male in the universe couldn't distract me from my work."

THIS LOVE OF OURS

by Wanda Hendrix



second in a series

Of all the choices the young heart makes, the first is happiness.

■ Volumes have been written about happy brides, but practically nothing about sad brides. Someday, as an authority, I'm going to write a book on sad brides. For I was certainly one.

My honeymoon with Audie turned out to be a personal appearance tour through Texas and Oklahoma in connection with openings of Audie's film, *Bad Boy*. It had to be that way—the schedule had been worked out months ahead. This was quite all right with me, for by now *Bad Boy* had a special place in my affections and I wanted it to go well.

But literally, the honeymoon was over in two weeks. With more than half the tour still ahead, I had to leave for Hollywood to start work on *After Midnight*. Kissing Audie goodbye at the airport, I wondered what some of the Hollywood gossips would have imagined if they could have seen the new Mrs. Murphy, slightly weepy, heading home from her honeymoon alone.

For the next three weeks, back in our lovely new apartment by myself, I was probably the world's unhappiest new wife. When I wasn't at the studio, I'd wander mournfully through the place, alternately admiring every beautiful thing that Audie had chosen and feeling utterly desolate because he wasn't home.

Sometimes, the fact that Audie and I had actually been married would seem like a dream. . . .

It had been characteristic of Audie that he'd gone about Operation Love with the same directness that helped win him the distinction of being America's most-decorated hero of World War II. He simply explained to his studio (he had come to Hollywood to make screen tests) that he'd seen a girl's picture on a magazine cover and that he had to meet her. Would they please find her for him?

Taking Audie's cue for directness, the studio representative, undoubtedly on her strangest assignment, phoned me, told me all about Audie, his magnificent war record and his current mission—to meet me. Would Miss Hendrix accept an invitation to a small dinner party the following Thursday evening?

My reactions to the prospect of meeting this hero were as detached as only a 17-year-old's can be—a 17-year-old who had had but one dream since she was 14, the dream of a career. I was smug in the conviction that the most engaging, magnetic male in the universe couldn't distract my attention from my work. Patriotic, that's what I was being, just patriotic and friendly, when I accepted that dinner invitation. How Fate must have giggled when she saw *that* thought cross my mind.

Driving to the dinner with the young woman who had invited me, I asked a few polite questions. "What's he like?" "What does he look like?"

Her answers were vague, so I found myself drawing my own mental picture, which turned out to be a cross between Victor McLaglen and General Eisenhower. Certainly I was unprepared for the quiet, slender young soldier with a shy grin, nice auburn hair and eyes greener than mine, who opened the door for us as we stood there on the porch of his friend's house. I still couldn't believe that this boy, just about my own age, was the fabulous Audie Murphy. I kept looking over his shoulder for "the hero."

There were six of us at dinner, a nice cosy number for intimate talk and easy congeniality. Audie was very quiet, said little and almost died of embarrassment when his friends insisted on bringing out his medals. He was like a small boy who wishes that the family wouldn't keep bragging about the gold stars on his report card.

Audie took me home that night. Then and there he became a man of distinction in my book, because he escorted me to my door, asked if he might phone some time, and didn't even suggest kissing me goodnight!

After that, I didn't see him again for weeks. He called several times and asked for dates, but I was always busy. Finally he became angry and stopped phoning. "I decided you were just being high-hat," he told me later, "and no actress was going to push me around." But one day, inexplicably, Audie found himself driving out toward my house. I remember looking out the living room window and there he was, coming up the walk. . . .

True to the first wonderful impression of Audie, it was two months before he even tried to kiss me. Incidentally, that was the night I decided that loving a very nice guy and being loved in return was a much sounder basis for happiness than the most glamorous career in the world. That night that Audie put his arms around me, kissed me, and said, "Good night, Skipper." "Skipper" has been Audie's nickname for me ever since.

Any place but in Hollywood, the way to the altar from this point would have been smooth and blissfully marked with happy, small events like bridal showers and perhaps a raise in the prospective bridegroom's pay envelope. But in this city dedicated to make-believe romances, a real-life love story often takes a terrific beating.

First of all, Audie is proud, with the double-barrelled pride of an Irish Texan. As much as we loved each other, we both knew that of the two, (*Continued on page 72*)

MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH!

by hedda hopper

As new stars rise, old ones tremble, for





John Lund, rising fast in films such as Night Has A Thousand Eyes *(above), is young, eager, cooperative. Ray Milland has been balking at recent assignments. When Ray turned down* Bride of Vengeance, *he was replaced by Lund, who may soon be tops at Paramount.*

In Hollywood you can be young in heart,
But looks are the important part.
For every wrinkle around your neck
You get a cut in your salary check.
—M. F. E.

■I had a letter the other day from a young girl, an ardent movie-goer, who put her finger on something important that's been wrong with Hollywood.

"Dear Hedda," she wrote, "How can I be expected to get hot and bothered over movie heroes who are old enough to be my father? Why do most of the big pictures star graying actors whom I like all right and respect—but who don't thrill me for a minute? Golly, I've grown up knowing Gary Cooper and Clark Gable, Ronald Colman and Walter Pidgeon—and I've also grown up knowing my dad."

She has something there. Hollywood was born, raised and nourished on one thing: Romance—boy meets girl. But when the "boy" is pushing 50 and the "girl" is only a few steps behind, where's the kick and the illusion for the new, the young, the 1949 world? A lot of people I know are crying, "Done with the old—up with the new."

The studios know it—and youth is on the march in Hollywood.

In the face of the growing accent on youth, it's baffling to Baby why certain mature stars, who should be smarter by now, blind their eyes to the talented youngsters on their tails and, in fogs of self-importance, turn temperamental and practically ask the youngsters to take over.

For example, take Ray Milland. Since *The Lost Weekend*, he's fussed and fretted with Paramount over every picture job. He even went on suspension when he balked at doing (*Continued on page 98*)





Jeanne Crain (right) has replaced Gene Tierney as ace actress at 20th-Fox. Gene, Darryl Zanuck's favorite young star for years, temporarily left the screen. Now Jeanne, solidly established by a series of hits, will star in Zanuck's 1949 prestige picture, Pinky.

this is the rule of Hollywood — where careers can go out like neon signs.



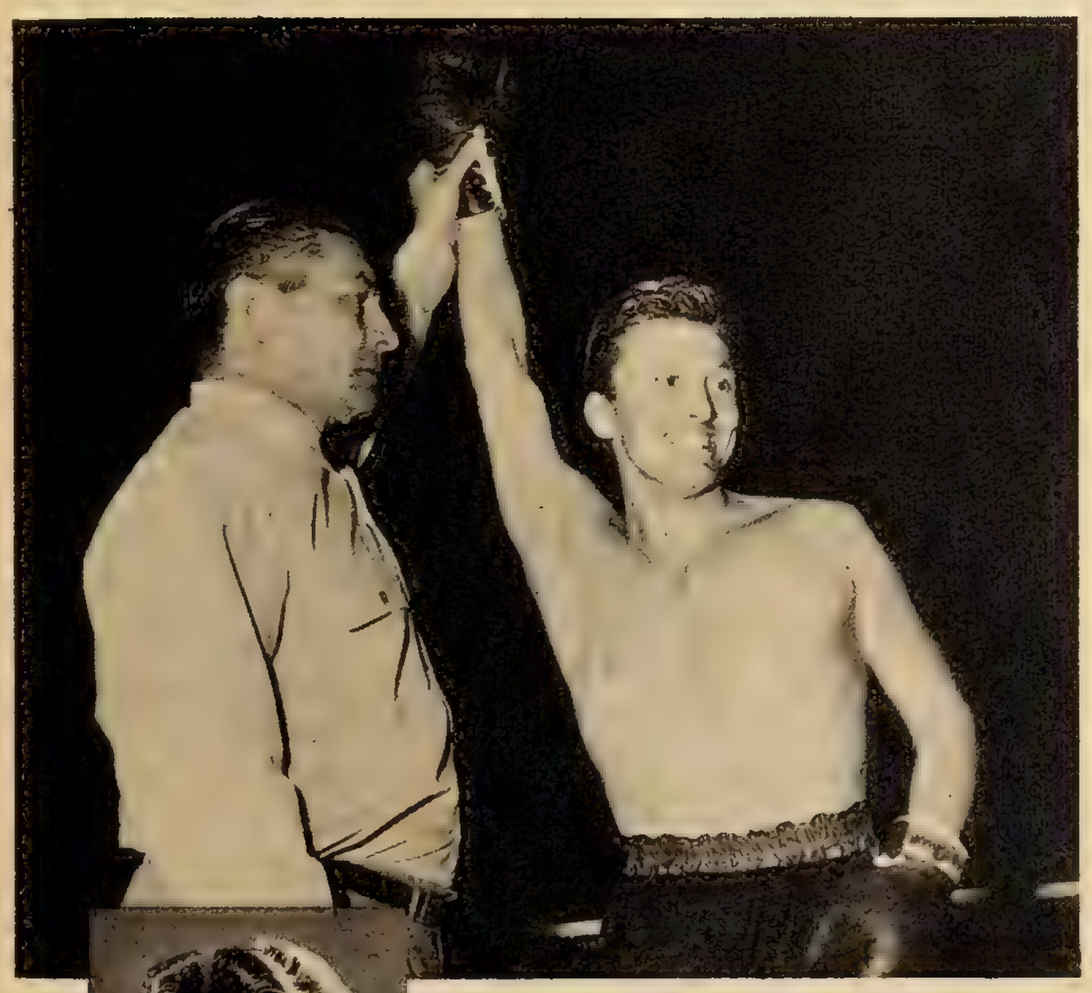


Deborah Kerr (above with author Hedda Hopper) was brought from England by MGM when studio queen Greer Garson began telling execs what she would and wouldn't do. Deborah's presence is a potent factor in Greer's current acceptance of the studio's ideas.





John Derek owes his success to Humphrey Bogart. Bogie starred his talented protege in Knock On Any Door *and John received the critics' raves. After a few more hard-guy roles, young Derek should provide considerable competition for his discoverer.*





Kirk Douglas has made sensational strides in the past year. He recently signed a long-term contract with Warners, where filmland's top tough guys gather. James Cagney, back at that studio for rugged roles, will find Kirk pushing him mighty hard for honors.





Patricia Neal at 23 is sharing prize roles with Jane Wyman on the Warners lot. She recently completed The Fountainhead, *opposite Gary Cooper. Barbara Stanwyck, who'd recommended the novel to the studio, was set on playing the 22-year-old heroine.*

STAIRWAY TO THE STARS

What's the secret of stardom?

by Jack Wade



ancer and singer Lois Butler found the magic key in hard work, luck.

■ Lois Butler, star of her first picture at 15, showed utterly no talent until she was a year-and-a-half. Then she swallowed a large Indiana grasshopper and immediately took to dancing and singing.

At three-and-a-half, she gave an exhibition of acrobatic dancing at the Agricultural State Fair in Indianapolis that convinced the judges—a famous pair of fellers named Lum and Abner—that she rated the first prize of $50 over some 350 other contestants.

It should be added that Lois did her dance handicapped by a badly swollen cartilage in one instep. Playmates, it seemed, had dropped either a heavy box or an electric iron on her foot (they were all too young, including Lois, to report accurately). Lois insisted that her mother slit open her dancing shoe to permit wearing it over the swelling—and went on. . . . She still has those shoes. They are exactly three-and-seven-eighths inches in length and a fat man would have a great deal of trouble getting his thumb into one of them. She also still has the scar of the injury. . . .

There are, obviously, many paths that youngsters have followed to break into the movies. However, the one most frequently trodden is the one that led Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Geraldine Brooks, Scotty Beckett, Jimmy Lydon and innumerable others into Hollywood's golden confines. That, of course, is the earnest pursuit of a career in one or more of the many branches of show business starting almost in infancy.

For a recent shining example of how successfully this tried-and-true route may be traveled, let's continue to consider young Miss Lois Butler. Lois was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on February 13, 1931. Her family had moved out to Los Angeles when, at seven, she made her professional dramatic debut at the Pasadena Playhouse—not as a dancer, not as a singer, but this time as an actress. She was given an important part in *The Great American Family* and subsequently toured in this and other Playhouse plays, including Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. When the company played the Curran theatre in San Francisco, a critic took note of her "complete lack of nervousness." It was the first time that Lois had ever heard you were supposed to be nervous on the stage. She immediately started cultivating a splendid shakiness of limb and tremor of voice—until the harassed play director discovered what was going wrong with her scenes and threatened to beat her over the head with her favorite dolly if she didn't cut it out.

At 10, Lois was a "one-man show," doing *Hansel and Gretel* at school musicals and similar gatherings and playing all the characters herself. She was 11, going on 12, when her voice (*Continued on page 87*)



Lois Butler in a recent work-out in the Hollywood Bowl—where, at 12, she sang. Her first triumph was when, three-and-a-half, she won a dance contest in shoes shown on opposite page.



Cadet Allen Packer (above) had Lois for his date at West Point one week-end last year. Her current flame is Levere Montgomery of New Orleans, whom she met on a personal appearance tour.

Many grow up in movies—but few as perfectly as Elizabeth.

PAST PERFECT

by Beverly Ott

■ Elizabeth Taylor was puzzled. The script called for one of its characters to "return, looking like a cinema star."

"How does a cinema star look?" the little girl asked her mother.

Mrs. Taylor explained. Cinema stars were movie stars, the kind she saw at the studio every day.

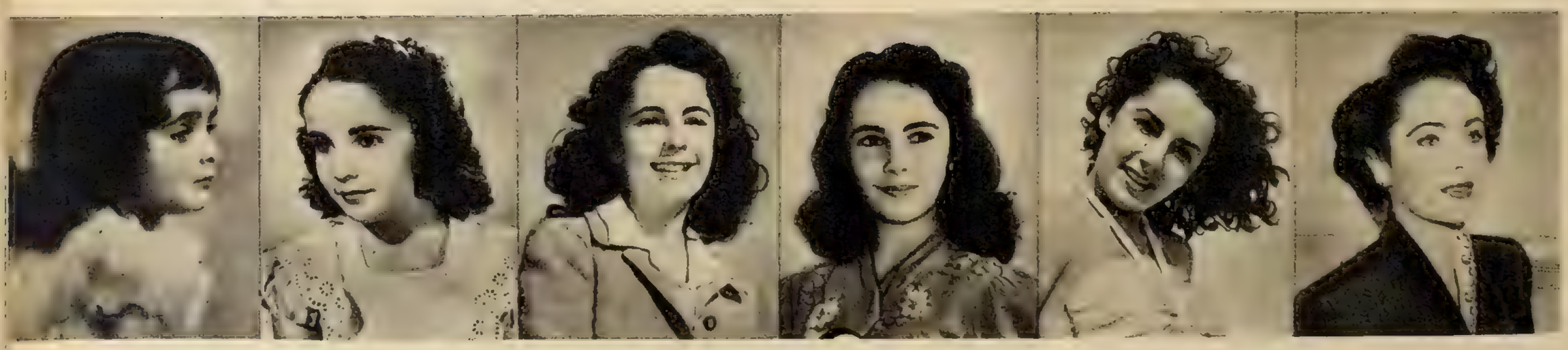
"But how can a person *look* like one? Actresses are just people like everybody else."

Elizabeth grew up believing just that, while Mother gave thanks for her child's good sense.

Among the young stars of Hollywood, there are some who, with little or no previous show-world training, came straight from Hometown in their teens to win their spurs overnight. There are other youngsters who also achieved movie marquee billing while teen-agers after becoming youthful veterans of the stage. Then there are those who have grown up on the screen.

The latter are a species apart. They cut their teeth on movie sets, learned the alphabet from a scenario, aged gracefully while millions of fans watched adoringly. Shirley Temple, Margaret O'Brien, Peggy Ann Garner (to name a few) have spent the greater part of their lives on sound stages. With only slight variation, Elizabeth Taylor followed this pattern.

Moviegoers first noticed her as a nine-year-old in *Lassie Come Home.* They acclaimed her a star in *National Velvet,* saw her receive her first screen kiss in *Cynthia.* People could fondly detect in these films and others in between that Elizabeth was growing up. But it wasn't until *A Date With Judy* that the full impact of her mature beauty struck the fans like sudden lightning. They didn't give her the usual sentimental smile. They were too stunned. The reaction, when it finally came, was "Hubba-Hubba!" MGM execs rubbed their eyes. Their little girl had become a grown-up star. Elizabeth was swiftly graduated from teen-age parts and sent to England to play an adult (*Continued on page 61*)



These pictures graphically show the growth of Elizabeth Taylor from a beautitul child ot three to a lovely girl of 17.



At nine, Elizabeth held her own with such veterans as Nigel Bruce in *Lassie Come Home,* her first important movie—and audiences were charmed.



On the strength of *Lassie,* Elizabeth won a long-term contract at MGM—and attended school at the studio with other young hopefuls such as Darryl Hickman (right).



Because it made use of her riding skill, 10-year-old Liz was eager to do *National Velvet.* It made her a star.

Growing gracefully, Elizabeth never suffered from "the awkward age." Starring in *Cynthia* at 15, she received her first screen kiss from Jimmy Lydon.



Animals have always been important in Liz Taylor's life. Besides the long-suffering Twinkle (above), there've been horses, turtles and ducks.



It was suddenly realized that the adolescent Elizabeth was on the verge of extraordinary beauty. Mild "cheesecake" shots were taken now.



Elizabeth's always had a full social life. Here she is at the '47 Press Photographers' Ball with Janet Leigh, Stanley Reams and Tommy Breen.

Today, Elizabeth and Lt. Glenn Davis are a romantic duo. It's reported he'll return from Korea this fall as assistant football coach at West Point.





Having left England as a child, Liz, now a celebrity, returned recently for *Conspirator*. Here she's with a Tower of London guard.

PAST PERFECT

role—that of Robert Taylor's wife in *The Conspirator*.

Her private life is more wonderful than ever, too. She's in love. She wants to marry Army football hero Glenn Davis. It's like something in the movies—only better.

Aside from being a star, Elizabeth has grown up in a distinctly normal way. She went to dancing class and took singing lessons—to overcome her shyness. At 13, she spent her weekly 50-cent allowance on comic books. Elizabeth had her first real date when she was 14. A boy named Freddy took her to the Starlight Roof at the Waldorf. They sat at a table for two trying hard for the sophistication they thought the event required. And she had the little battles any 15-year-old has with parental authority. She fought valiantly and sometimes vainly for lipstick, black formals and off-the-shoulder blouses. As actress and adolescent, she often gave her all to that universal line, "But Mother, you don't under*stand!*"

These are some of this movie star's memories—completely lacking Hollywood's magic touch. Of course, there are other recollections—that only a girl brought up in movies would have: Studio hours of make-believe that would enchant any child . . . wardrobe fittings . . . lessons on the set . . . sessions with the still photographer . . . radio shows . .. interviews . . . the ever-present fans. . . . Lots of it may have been trying at times but, like any other screen child, she never really wanted to give up any of it.

THE END

Cherry delight IN SUMMER
Cherry surprise IN WINTER



TEMPTING, isn't it? This gem of a cherry tart owes its luscious gloss, its ruby richness, its *just-sweet-enough* taste to KARO* Syrup.

KARO blends delightfully with all fruits . . . never masking the full-ripe flavor of cherries, strawberries, peaches and other fruits . . . whether you use them in delicious fresh-fruit tarts or pies at their peak in summer . . . or use them canned or frozen in mid-winter.



Karo Ruby Cherry Tart

½ cup sugar
4 tablespoons corn starch
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label
3 cups fresh, canned or frozen, sour cherries, pitted
¼ teaspoon almond extract

6 baked tart shells (3½ inches)

Combine sugar, corn starch and salt in top of double boiler. Add KARO Syrup and mix well. Add cherries. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens (about 10 minutes). Cover and continue cooking about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat. Add almond extract. Cool. Pour into baked tart shells. Chill. Just before serving, top with whipped cream sweetened to taste if desired.

*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., N. Y.





Treat your family to cherries all year round. It's easy to preserve or freeze summer-ripe cherries with Karo Syrup and sugar. Cherries canned and frozen with Karo Syrup have better flavor, firmer texture, brighter color. Get the simple directions for canning and freezing all of summer's lush fruits. Just send for the Karo booklet, "Finer Canned and Frozen Fruits". It will be sent to you absolutely FREE. Send a post card with your name and address to Karo, Dept. K, Box 647, St. Louis, Mo.

There are three kinds of KARO—1. Red Label (crystal white), 2. Blue Label (golden dark), 3. Green Label (maple-y flavor).



Scotty Beckett



John Bromfield



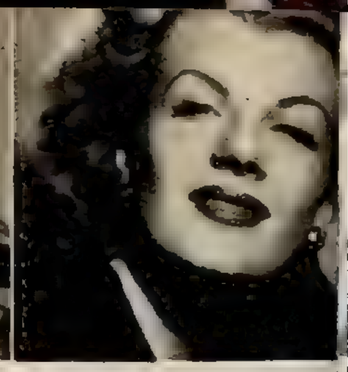
Geraldine Brooks



Vanessa Brown



Rory Calhoun



Corinne Calvet

You'd need a crystal ball to name all of tomorrow's stars. But here are

WHO'S NEW

■ Here are 48 players not otherwise mentioned in MODERN SCREEN's "Salute To Youth." But they, together with those already featured in this issue, seem most likely to be the stars of tomorrow. When they came to Hollywood, not long ago, they decided to stay, and nothing could change their minds.

NAME AND STUDIO	BORN	APPEARANCE		SPOUSE	USED TO BE	LATEST PICTURE
BATES, BARBARA—WB	Denver, Col. Aug. 6, 1925	Brown hair Green eyes	5'5" 115 lbs.	Cecil Coon	Model	Happy Times
BECKETT, SCOTTY—20th-Fox	Oakland, Calif. Oct. 4, 1929	Brown hair Brown eyes	6' 165 lbs.		Kid star	A Date With Judy
BROMFIELD, JOHN—Para.	South Bend, Ind. June 11, 1922	Brown hair Hazel eyes	6'1" 190 lbs.	Corinne Calvet	Tuna fisherman	Bitter Victory
BROOKS, GERALDINE—MGM	New York City Oct. 29, 1925	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'2" 98 lbs.		Kid star	Highland Lassie
BROWN, VANESSA—20th-Fox	Vienna, Austria March 24, 1928	Chestnut hair Blue eyes	5'5" 120 lbs.		Quiz kid	The Fan
BUKA, DONALD—U.A.	Cleveland, O. Aug. 17, 1921	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'10" 145 lbs.		Kid star	Vendetta
CALHOUN, RORY—Selz.	Los Angeles, Calif. Aug. 2, 1922	Black hair Blue eyes	6'3" 185 lbs.	Lita Baron	Fireman	Fighting Mike McCall
CALLAHAN, BILL—20th-Fox	New York Aug. 23, 1926	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'11" 160 lbs.		On stage	Chicken Every Sunday
CALVET, CORINNE—Para.	Paris, France April 30, 1921	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'4" 110 lbs.	John Bromfield	Sculptress	Rope of Sand
CAREY, JR., HARRY	Saugus, Calif. May 16, 192(?)	Reddish hair Blue eyes	6' 150 lbs.	Marilyn Fix	Summer stock	Three Godfathers
CHANDLER, JOAN—WB	Butler, Pa. Aug. 24, 1923	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'4½" 115 lbs.	David McKay 1 son, 1 daughter	On stage	Rope
DOWNS, CATHY	Port Jefferson March 3, 1926	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'2" 122 lbs.		Model	Massacre River
EDWARDS, PENNY—WB	New York Aug. 24, 1928	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'6" 120 lbs.		Dancer	Two Guys From Texas
FLEMING, RHONDA—Para.	Los Angeles, Calif. Aug. 10, 1923	Red hair Green eyes	5'6" 118 lbs.		Dancer	Great Lover
FOCH, NINA—Col.	Leyden, Holland April 20, 1924	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'7" 115 lbs.		Student	Hounded
FORD, ROSS—Col.	Sterling, Col. Feb. 24, 1923	Brown hair Blue eyes	6' 160 lbs.		On stage	Sign of the Ram
GRANGER, FARLEY—Gold.	San Jose, Calif. July 1, 1925	Brown hair Brown eyes	6' 165 lbs.		Student	Roseanna McCoy
GRAY, COLEEN—20th-Fox	Staplehurst, Nebr. Oct. 23, 1922	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'3½" 115 lbs.	d. Rodney Amateau	Student	Sand
JAECKEL, RICHARD	New York Oct. 10, 1926	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'8½" 155 lbs.	Toni Jaeckel 1 son	Messenger	City Across The River
JANIS, CONRAD—20th-Fox	New York Feb. 18, 1928	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'10½" 145 lbs.		Student	Beyond Glory
LAWRENCE, BARBARA—20th	Carnegie, Okla. Feb. 24, 1930	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'8" 124 lbs.	d. John Fontaine	Model	Mother Is a Freshman
LONG, DICK—U.I.	Chicago, Ill. Dec. 17, 1927	Brown hair Blue eyes	6' 160 lbs.		Student	Tap Roots

Coleen Gray



Conrad Janis



Barbara Lawrence



Betty Ann Lynn



Patricia Marshall



Donald O'Connor





Joan Chandler | Cathy Downs | Rhonda Fleming | Nina Foch | Ross Ford | Farley Granger

48 more newcomers whose futures look as bright as their shining dreams . . .

So far they haven't been sorry. In the future, some of these youngsters may pack up and leave; others may start building mansions in Bel Air. It's hard to tell. You can't count the young hopefuls who come to Hollywood every year, and it's useless to try counting the ones who go home. But you can be certain that too many people want to act, and too many casting offices say no. Today, however, the outlook is bright for the young, the talented and the beautiful. If they're willing to pull hard, if they're willing to wait their turn, many of them may someday reach the topmost levels of Hollywood.

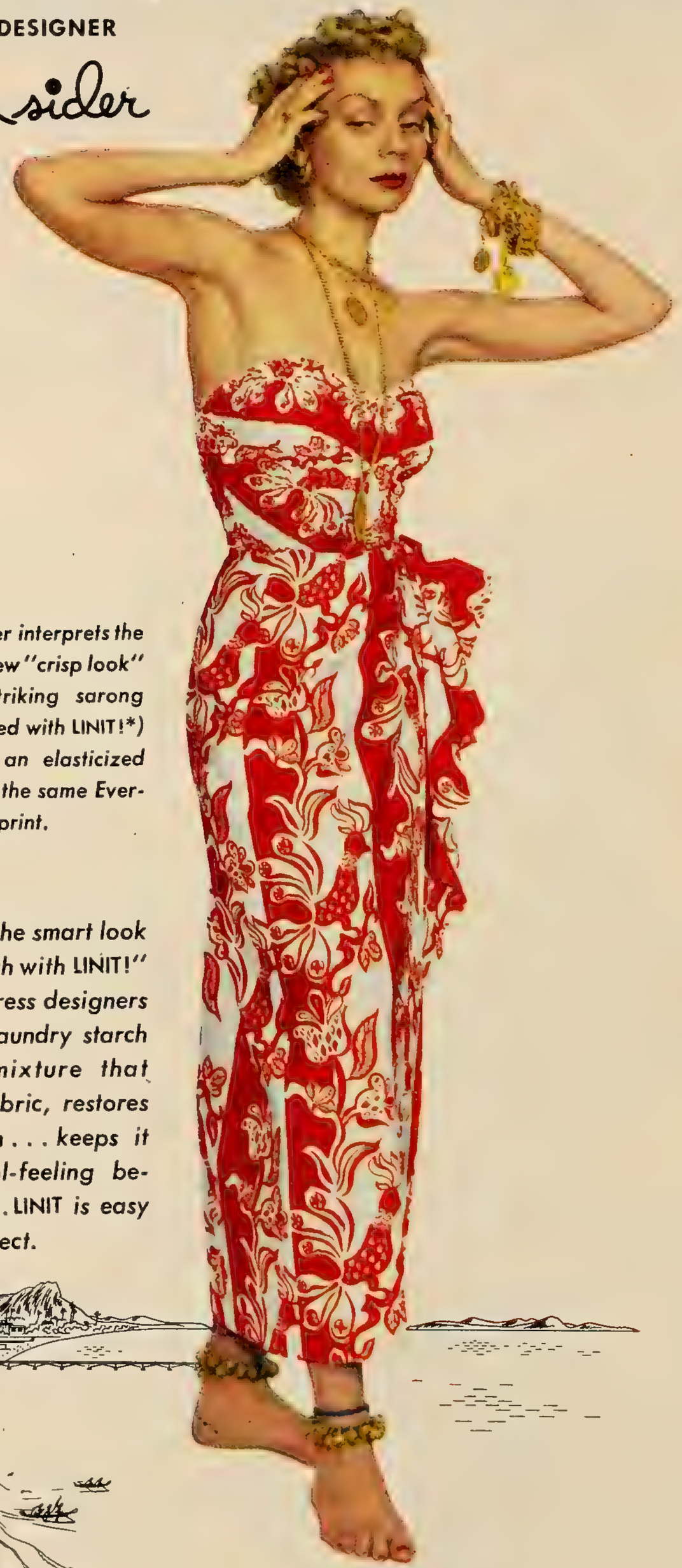
NAME AND STUDIO	BORN	APPEARANCE		SPOUSE	USED TO BE	LATEST PICTURE
LYDON, JIMMY	Harrington Park, N. J. May 30, 1923	Brown hair Blue eyes	6' 150 lbs.	d. Patsy Clifford	Child actor	Bad Boy
LYNN, BETTY ANN—20th-Fox	Kansas City, Mo. August 29, 1928	Red hair Blue eyes	5'3" 105 lbs.		B'way chorus	Mother Is a Freshman
MALONE, DOROTHY—WB	Chicago, Ill. Jan. 30, 1925	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'7" 124 lbs.		College student	South of St. Louis
MARSHALL, PAT	Minneapolis, Minn. Jan. 13, 192(?)	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'3½" 107 lbs.	Danny Markowitz	Singer	Good News
McDOWALL, RODDY	London, England Sept. 17, 1928	Brown hair Brown eyes	6' 160 lbs.		Child star	Macbeth
MEADOWS, JAYNE	Wu Chang, China Sept. 27, 1922	Red hair Brown eyes	5'6" 125 lbs.	Milton Krims	Stage actress	Enchantment
MITCHELL, CAMERON	Dallastown, Pa. Nov. 4, 192(?)	Brown hair Brown eyes	6' 173 lbs.	Johanna Mendel 1 son	Baseball player	Command Decision
O'CONNOR, DONALD—U.I.	Chicago, Ill. Aug. 30, 1923	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'8" 135 lbs.	Gwen Carter 1 daughter	Vaudeville	And Baby Makes Three
O'DONNELL, CATHY—Selz.	Oklahoma City, Okla. July 6, 1923	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'4" 110 lbs.	Robert Wyler	Stenographer	They Live By Night
PERRY, SUSAN	Vienna, Mo. Nov. 12, 1925	Brown hair Green eyes	5'5½" 120 lbs.	Mel Torme	Model	Knock On Any Door
ROBERTS, ALLENE	Birmingham, Ala. Sept. 3, 1928	Brown hair Brown eyes	5'1" 95 lbs.		Model	Knock On Any Door
SANDS, JOHNNY—Selz.	Lorenzo, Texas April 29, 1927	Brown hair Blue eyes	6' 180 lbs.	d. Sue Allen	Sheepherder	Massacre River
SARGENT, ANN—U.I.	West Pittston, Pa. Nov. 18, 1923	Brown hair Hazel eyes	5'4½" 110 lbs.		Stage actress	Naked City
STERLING, JAN	New York, N. Y. April 3, 1923	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'2" 110 lbs.	d. Jack Merivale	Drama student	Johnny Belinda
THOMPSON, MARSHALL	Peoria, Ill. Nov. 27, 1926	Blonde hair Blue eyes	6'1" 155 lbs.	Barbara Long	Student	Roseanna McCoy
TODD, ANN	Denver, Colo. Aug. 26, 1932	Brown hair Brown eyes	Growing		Student	Three Daring Daughters
TOREN, MARTA—U.I.	Stockholm, Sweden May 21, 1927	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'7" 115 lbs.		Drama student	Illegal Entry
TORME, MEL—MGM	Chicago, Ill. Sept. 13, 1925	Blonde hair Grey eyes	5'7" 118 lbs.	Susan Perry	Child performer	Words and Music
TOWNSEND, COLLEEN—20th-Fox	Glendale, Calif. Dec. 21, 1928	Brown hair Blue eyes	5'4½" 116 lbs.		Student	Chicken Every Sunday
TURNELL, DEE—MGM	Downes Grove, Ill. Nov. 27, 1930	Blonde hair Green eyes	5'6" 115 lbs.		B'way chorus	Words and Music
WALLACE, JEAN	Chicago, Ill. Oct. 12, 1923	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'5½" 120 lbs.	d. Franchot Tone	Night club dancer	Man On The Eiffel Tower
WELLES, VIRGINIA—Para.	Wausaw, Wis. June 25, 1925	Blonde hair Blue eyes	5'2" 105 lbs.		Student	Dynamite

Johnny Sands | Marshall Thompson | Ann Todd | Marta Toren | Colleen Townsend | Jean Wallace

fashion accents crisp!

AGREES DESIGNER

Frances Sider



Frances Sider interprets the important new "crisp look" with this striking sarong skirt (starched with LINIT!) worn over an elasticized swim suit of the same Ever-fast cotton print.*

The Crisp Look is the smart look for 1949... "Starch with LINIT!" say the leading dress designers ... this superior laundry starch makes a thin mixture that penetrates the fabric, restores its original finish ... keeps it crisp, fresh, cool-feeling between washings... LINIT is easy to use, safe, perfect.



..adds the "finishing touch"

to dresses, blouses, children's clothes, housecoats, men's shirts, curtains, bed and table linens. Directions on every LINIT package. All grocers sell LINIT.

*LINIT is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., N. Y.

young fashions at young prices

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ This is MODERN SCREEN's Salute to Youth issue, so naturally this month's vacation fashions are aimed especially at you young fans of young stars.

It seems to us that the younger you are, the harder you fall—for cute, gay clothes. Look-at-me clothes. Here-I-come clothes. Clothes that say you're alive and alert and that you love fun. But (and what we've got to do is get rid of that "but")—the younger you are, the harder it is for you to afford all the clothes you want. Naturally, anyone can look a million—on a million. But keep fashionable on a budget? An allowance? A young career girl's pay envelope? Ouch! That takes doing.

So, we're doing it for you. As we hope you know, Modern Screen Fashions have always worked (love that work) to bring you the dreamiest fashions at bite-sized prices. We know you want to knock your audience dead—now, while you're young and still have bubbles in your heart. And we think you can make a definite dent in your public with the clothes in this issue—all of which have very young prices. Start on the opposite page, to see what we mean.

Ava Gardner wears a young playdress

■ Ava, the luscious, whom you're currently drooling over in MGM's *"The Great Sinner,"* wears a sundress that rates prolonged whistles . . . and will do the same for you any weekend at all.

The shirred waist makes yours look tiny, the halter bodice does things for your bosom—and when you turn your back, it isn't there.

It's striped corded cotton chambray, gay as a beach umbrella. White with grey, green or tan stripes. Sizes 10-18.
By Loomtogs. $10.95.
At Oppenheim Collins, New York and Brooklyn. Other stores, page 71.

Bag by Simon Bros.

modern screen fashions





Young cottons go places

■ Take a toast shawl-collared blouse; add a terra-cotta hip-pocket skirt—and you're ready to go anywhere! Sanforized broadcloth with a silky taffeta finish in dreamy mix or match colors. Blouse $2.98. Skirt $3.98. By Art-Mor. Saks-34th, N. Y. Other stores page 71.

■ The winged collar—fashion passion straight from Paris. Bright red flocked lawn scored with white pique—attention getter for any girl's weekend. Red, navy, copen blue. Sizes 10-18. By Claire Tiffany. About $9. Lord & Taylor, N. Y. Other stores, page 71.



Luggage by Samsonite. Straw bag by Simon Brothers

■ Crisp waffle pique with blocks and squares, spiked with jet buttons and patent belt. The high fashion shawl collar slants to a semi-plunge; the skirt has unpressed center pleats. Sizes 10-20. By Sacson. About $8.98. Gimbels, N. Y. Other stores, page 71.

■ Pique dress-plus-jacket—a prize at the price. Cool but covered portrait dress is right for travel, street, dates—jacket gives coverage when wanted. Green, burgundy, brown, black. 10-18. By Tommie Austin. $10.95. Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. Other stores page 71.



MOTHER, PIN A ROSE ON ME!



Red carnation on navy faille ribbon, complete with "gold" scarf loop. By Flower Modes, $1.98.



White carnations on a chartreuse ascot—to make any sweater sophisticated. By Flower Modes, $2.50.



Violets on a white mesh hatlet—begging to be worn for a summer romance. By Heineman Flowers, $3.98.



Garland of roses on a velvet ribbon, to tie around a portrait neckline. By Glamour Fashions, $10.95.



Green carnation to point a plunge. By Heineman, $1. Plunge blouse in jersey, many colors, by Coral, $1.98.



Cabbage rose on the pocket of a black tulle stole—midnight around your shoulders. By Glamour Fashions, $10.95.

■ Mother, pin a rose on me—or a carnation, a gardenia, a violet! Just as long as it's a beautiful phony flower—fake but fascinating. This summer fashion has a serious crush on pseudo flowers—they're the biggest accessory news since scatter pins. You'll want to wear one at your throat, tuck one in your belt, pin one on your pocket. You can buy single flowers, like the rose stickpin next to our title—glamour for 50c!—or you can pick your flowers already mounted on scarves, hats, stoles. Whatever you do, whatever you wear, wherever you go—wear a fake flower—and be the most fashionable girl in sight!

For where to buy flowers shown please turn to page 71.



Young sophisticate ..and it's a half-size!

■ Satin stripe shantung —with that certain something you *young* half sizes insist on. Smart rounded shoulders; flip-up collar to pin a rose on; pouch pockets; pearl buttons to hem. Adds up merely to wow. Yellow with grey stripes; powder blue with royal; pink with black; aqua with grey. Sizes 16½-22½. By Rite Fit $7.95. At Stern's, N. Y. The Fair, Chicago. Other stores, page 71.

12-strand necklace by Karu

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Striped halter neck playdress worn by Ava Gardner in color photo (page 65)
Boston, Mass.—*Filene's,* Washington St., Surf Shop, 5th fl.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins,* 485 Fulton St., Gallivant Shop, 2nd fl.
Evanston, Ill.—*Lord's,* Fountain Square
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins,* 33 W. 34th St., Gallivant Shop, 3rd fl.

Taffeta broadcloth skirt and blouse (page 66)
Chicago, Ill.—*Madigan's,* 4030 Madison St.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway, Sportswear, 3rd fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Wanamaker's,* Market & 13th Sts., Little Sportswear Shop, Main fl.
Springfield, Ohio—*Carmen's,* 25 S. Limestone St., Sportswear Dept., 1st fl.
Washington, D. C.—*Philipsborn Co.,* 610 11th St., NW, Sportswear, 1st fl.

Dotted flocked lawn dress with pique (page 66)
Baton Rouge, La.—*The Dalton Co.,* 3rd & Florida Sts., Fashion Salon, Main fl.
Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.,* High & Town Sts., Daytime Dresses, 2nd fl.
Des Moines, Ia.—*Younkers,* 701 Walnut St., Daytime Dresses, 3rd fl. West
New York, N. Y.—*Lord & Taylor,* 5th Ave. & 38th St., Budget Dresses, 2nd fl.
St. Louis, Mo.—*Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney,* 10th & Olive Sts., Pin Money Shop, 2nd fl.

'ique dress with blocks and squares (page 67)
Akron, Ohio—*Yeager's,* Daytime Shop, 2nd fl.
Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Bros.,* State & Madison Sts., Daytime Dresses, 3rd fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Daytime Dresses, 2nd fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Gimbels,* Market & 9th Sts.
Sacramento, Calif.—*Hale Bros.,* 9th & K Sts., Cotton Shop, 2nd fl.

Pique dress-plus-jacket with straw belt (page 67)
Dallas, Texas—*Sanger Bros.,* Main & Elm Sts., Thrift Dept., 4th fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Tommie Austin Shop, 3rd fl.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Joseph Horne Co.,* Penn Ave., Tommie Austin Shop, 2nd fl.
Washington, D. C.—*S. Kann & Sons Co.,* 8th St. & Penn Ave., Sportswear, 2nd fl.

Rose stickpin (page 68) and cabbage rose on tulle stole (page 69)
Write: Glamour Fashions
12 West 37th St.
New York 18, N. Y.

Red carnation on navy faille ribbon (page 68)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Flowers, Main fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Wanamaker's,* Market & 13th Sts., Neckwear, Main fl.

White carnations on chartreuse ascot (page 68)
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's,* 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Flowers, Main fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Wanamaker's,* Market & 13th Sts., Neckwear, Main fl.

Violets on white mesh hatlet (page 68)
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's,* Broadway & 9th St., Main fl.

Garland of roses on velvet ribbon (page 68)
Bridgeport, Conn.—*D. M. Read Co.,* 1050 Broad St., Main fl.

Green carnation to point a plunge (page 69)
Detroit, Mich.—*Crowley, Milner Co.,* Gratiot Ave., 1st fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's,* Broadway & 9th St., Main fl.

Satin striped half-size dress (page 70)
Chicago, Ill.—*The Fair,* State & Adams Sts., Dresses, Downstairs
Los Angeles, Calif.—*Broadway Dept. Store,* Broadway & 4th Sts., Dress Dept., Downstairs
Milwaukee, Wis.—*Gimbels,* 101 W. Wisconsin Ave., 2nd fl.
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's,* 41 West 42nd St., Downstairs
San Antonio, Texas—*Joske's,* Alamo Plaza

How to Order Modern Screen Fashions

(1) *Buy in person from stores listed.*
(2) *Order by mail from stores listed.*
(3) *Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.*

Your face is your fortune...but your figure's fortuna

make light of your figure with an airy Lace pantie girdle



by FORTUNA*

Lovely lace . . . all but tear-proof in nylon-reinforced-cotton and elastic. Fortuna exclusive . . . contour-fitted crotch of so-soft Elasta-Q cloth, won't ride up, cut, or bind. Detachable garters. Matching girdle. Small, medium, large. Nude, white, ice blue, black.
$5.00

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Creators of Fortuna girdles, pantie girdles, garter belts, bras
WOLFE & LANG Inc. 35 West 32 Street, New York 1, N. Y.

SAY Hi TO Hi-HEEL WEDGIES FOR ONLY 2.98



Hi-heel fashion with lo-heel freedom.
White or Black suede finish.
4 to 9, Mediums only in whole and half sizes.



MERLE

JULENE

ORDER BY MAIL

VICKI OF BOSTON D-6 A
89 BEACH ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Please send me_____Prs. Wedgies @ 2.98

STYLE	SIZE	COLOR	2nd CHOICE
MERLE			
JULENE			

Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____
Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D. ☐
Send check or money order and we will pay postage. Customer agrees to pay postal charges on C. O. D.'s.

vicki of Boston



Send For FREE 1949 Catalog

Sea Nymph

swim suits by jordan



like a duck
takes to water

you'll take to this eye-catching,
sigh-catching shirred front suit
with its gay new cuffed-top bra
and the perky half-belt-and-
bow-topped trunks.
Sea Nymph has fashioned it
for you in a smart new Lastex Faille,
in new jewel tones of Jet,
Scarab Green, Coral and Topaz.
Sizes 32-38. About $8.95

at smart stores. Write and we'll tell you where!
JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP.
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

THIS LOVE OF OURS

(*Continued from page 53*)

his career was the important one if our marriage was to last. Then he was offered the lead in *Bad Boy,* and we knew that on it, more than on any one factor, hinged our future together. In those months of great happiness and great fear, I would have given up Hollywood gladly at one word from Audie that he would rather settle down at some other job in Timbuctoo or any place. But that wouldn't have been like Murphy. He'd never run away from a fight before. And he was going to lick Hollywood or die trying.

When I finished work on *The Sin of Abby Hunt* last summer and went to Italy to make *Prince of Foxes,* Audie gave me my engagement ring. It was all settled. When I returned, we'd have a pretty fair idea of his future. *Bad Boy* would be finished, and it would be a good yardstick.

As hard as I worked in Italy on my own role, I prayed even harder for the success of Audie's back in Hollywood. And when the first rushes were reviewed with enthusiasm by his studio bosses, we were in seventh heaven—although, with an ocean and a continent between us, it was a little difficult to celebrate.

I'll never forget the last endless moments of those five lonely months I was away. Fog was so dense as we neared Los Angeles airport that we couldn't land and had to go on to Burbank. When they made the announcement at the Los Angeles field, everyone waiting there for friends or relatives on our plane, started on a mad dash for Burbank, to be there in time. The only one who made it before our plane hit the runway was Murphy!

With the date set, the church decorated and my wedding dress pressed and waiting, I came down with an attack of the "flu" I had picked up in Italy. But I was determined not to postpone the ceremony. On the long-awaited day, I walked down the aisle—a little wobbly, but all brides are shaky and no bride was ever happier.

Then came that brief, combination honeymoon-personal appearance tour—which I had to leave to return to Hollywood after two weeks. . . .

Alone in our beautiful apartment, the only time I wasn't blue was when I was fixing up his dresser, arranging socks and ties and shirts in the new chest in our bedroom, and hanging his suits and jackets in their new closet. I folded and re-folded everything so many times, I nearly wore holes through the material. (And this is one of the things Audie seems to get the biggest kick out of—this wifely fussing. He likes to have his things laid out for him. He's never said so, but if I forget or leave it for him to do, he hints broadly, "Where are my pajamas, honey?" or "What shirt should I wear?")

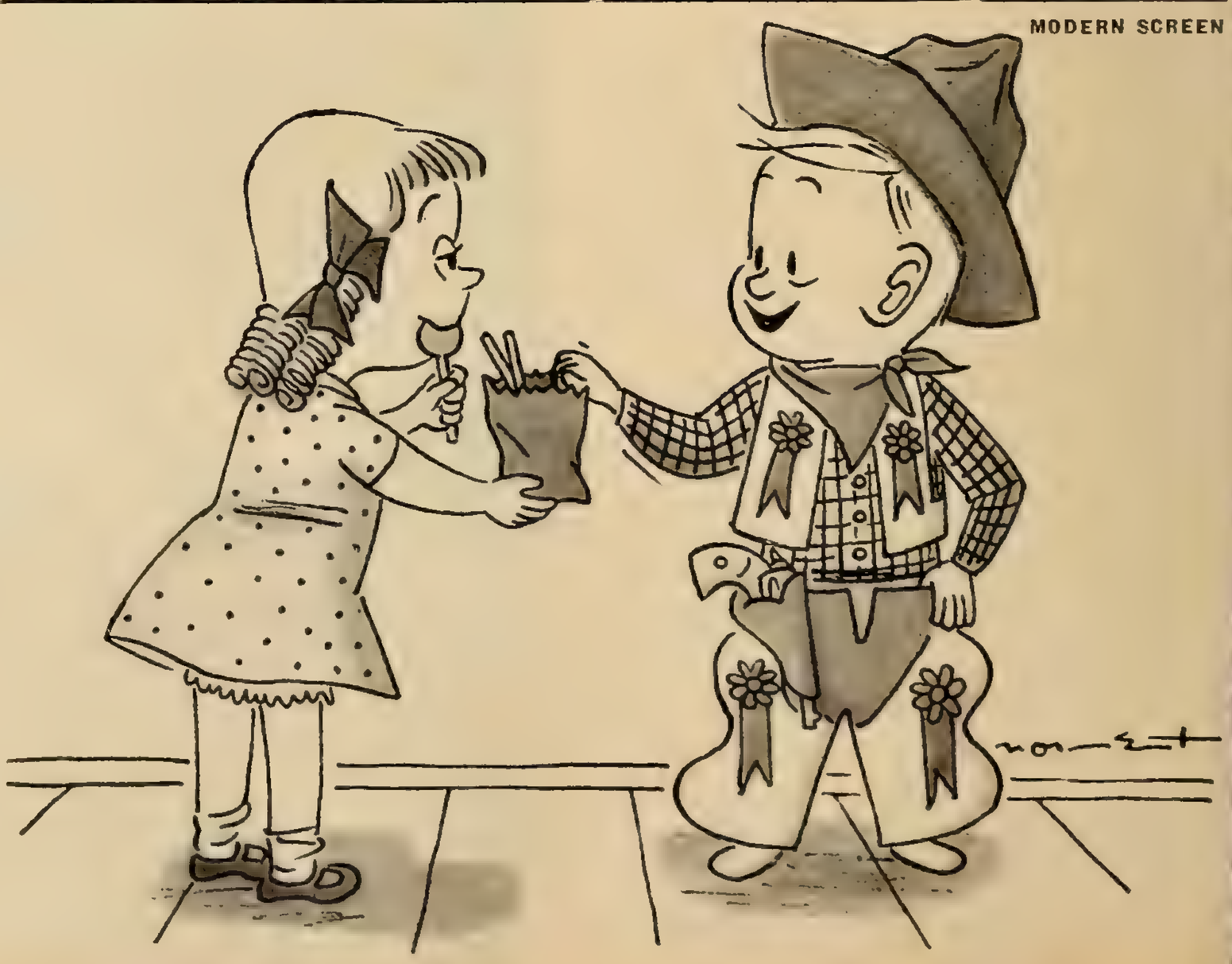
Then, at last, after a separation of three weeks that seemed an eternity, Audie returned from his tour. Heaven! But we'd barely had time to decide which towel rack was whose when once again we were parted—this time for five weeks while Audie made another tour in the East.

Now, with no more separations in the offing, this is our real honeymoon and our homecoming. We've had so many goodbyes, but now, finally, this is the dream we've dreamed so long. . .

It's certainly not spectacular as Hollywood dreams go. Evenings, we sit by the fire in robes and slippers. It's a make-believe fire with make-believe logs, but it looks real enough to poke and occasionally we do. Audie likes to watch the fights on televison and we both think the wrestling matches are fun, with their fascinatingly horrible character. Sometimes we play records or friends drop in—but more often we just sit and talk and plan.

"Who but the Murphys would start on a honeymoon and housekeeping simultaneously?" I laughed, as I fixed dinner that first night he was home from Texas.

"Well, after all," he pointed out, thoughtfully, as he made a lid-lifting tour of our gleaming new stove, "This one is a very special kind of honeymoon, Mrs. Murphy. It's going to last forever." THE END



"Thanks, Maribelle! If you were a horse I'd kiss you."

NOT BY BREAKS ALONE

(*Continued from page 40*)

He went back to his compartment. In a few minutes he had some visitors who seemed anxious to collect for the dinner. They said they could not understand how someone occupying a compartment couldn't pay for dinner. "Who are you, anyway?" they asked.

He told them. They nodded their heads, the same expression on their faces as if he'd just told them he was Napoleon. "Guy Madison, the movie actor? And you haven't got three dollars to pay for dinner?"

So Guy tried to explain. If ever there was a less plausible story, the train officials hadn't heard it. So they said, "May we see your driver's license or something to back up your story?"

And when he pulled that old chestnut about having left his license at home, the conductor, the trainman and the others started muttering about deadbeats. "Enjoy yourself, pal," they said. "Our next stop is Albuquerque where you will be met by the Police Division of your fan club. . . . You *have* a fan club, of course?"

"Oh, yes," Guy said modestly.

At Albuquerque, Guy nonchalantly went to the telegraph station. No money. Then he was greeted by several minions of the law. "Here," the train people said to the station police, almost as one man, "this is the fellow who says he's Guy Madison."

take it easy . . .

"Well, by gosh, he *is*," said one of the local policemen. "Guess I ought to know. My wife runs his fan club down here."

Yes, Guy is absent-minded; it's one of his problems. Sometimes I have to serve as his memory. He's so relaxed, he takes things so easy, that people get the impression he's just a bewildered country boy. Nonsense! He tells me, "The way I figure it, things always turn out okay in the end—so why get steamed-up in the process?"

There's another Guy Madison story around town that I, as his agent, would like to blast. This one contends that Guy has no mind of his own, that anyone can talk him into doing anything.

Now look, I know this boy. I'll bet the story causes some astonishment to his girl, Gail Russell. We know, Gail and I, that Guy very definitely has a mind of his own. Once he makes up that mind about something, he sticks to it. He won't argue or fight. He just sits there, convinced he's right.

Guy has a determined streak a yard wide—but when he realizes he's been wrong, he'll admit it at once. That's because Guy has no highfalutin' illusions about himself. Certainly, one of the prime problems of young actors is retaining their original hat size in the face of inevitable adulation. And I don't know anybody else who'd have as much justification as Guy in getting a swelled head. But he steers clear of this occupational disease by deliberately and intelligently keeping to a common-sense viewpoint of himself.

When I first saw him, he was on the cover of a naval training station magazine that a friend of mine was editing down in San Diego. The cover showed a blond young giant of a sailor expertly going up a mast. I liked his face and I noticed he had the kind of physique that men push up bar-bells to achieve.

"Who," I asked in a letter I sent to San Diego, special delivery, "is that magnificent thing? If he ever gets up this way on leave, tell him to look me up."

That started a sequence of events which

"Sugar 'n Spice!"

WHITE ELK LEATHER



YOUR CHOICE $3.30

ORDER BY MAIL AND SAVE

You'll want 'em both . . . and at $3.30 you'll have no quarrel with your allowance in ordering both! Frosting white only, to "sweeten" sport outfits, daytime wardrobes and formal frills. White elk 'n' washable. Sizes 4 to 9 medium width—6 to 9, AA width.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

PORAD'S *Vogue-Craft SHOES Dept. D6
1712 Yale Ave., Seattle 1, Wash.

* Send____prs. ☐ SUGAR; ____prs. ☐ SPICE at $3.30 pr.

Size____ Width____

Name____

Address____

City____ Zone____ State____

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C. O. D.

Send check or money order and we pay postage. When sent C. O. D. customer to pay $3.30 pair plus charges.

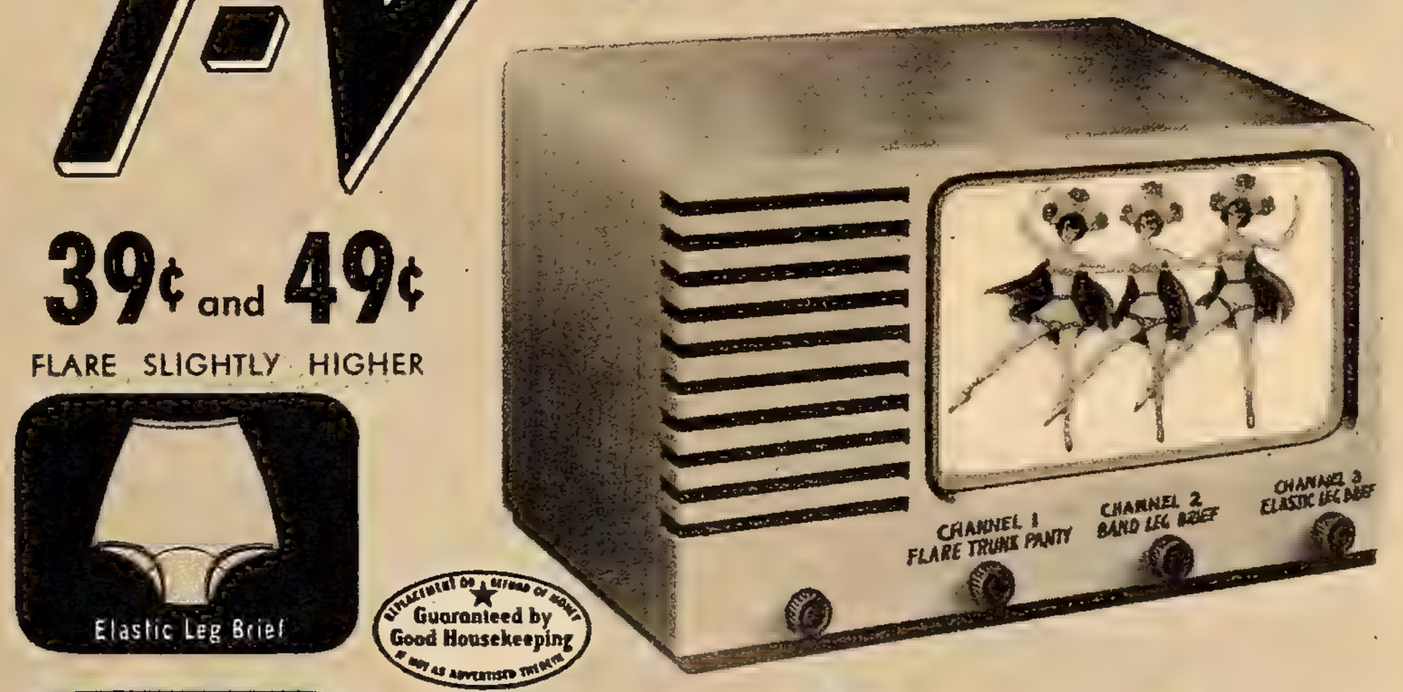
*Reg U. S. Pat Off

They're **NEW** and they're **NEWS!**

T-V PANTIES

39¢ and 49¢

FLARE SLIGHTLY HIGHER



Elastic Leg Brief


Band Leg Brief


Flare Trunk Panty

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

. . . for a Touch of Venus

3 popular styles in 2 quick drying Tricot rayon fabrics—and just look at the unbelievably low prices.

Pink, white, blue, black, maize, nile and orchid. Small, Medium and Large.

T-V "Gold Ribbon" (Run Proof) Briefs . . 49c

T-V "Silver Ribbon" (Run Resist) Briefs . . 39c

Flare in each fabric 10c higher



Individually cellophane packaged

McKAY PRODUCTS CORP. • 350 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Look for the Magic Inset

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Your "Perma-lift"* Bra is specially constructed to add allure to your lovely, youthful figure. The exclusive cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust from below—never lose that support through ever so many washings and wearings. Make your selection today at your favorite Corset Department—$1.50 to $3.50.

● Also enjoy the healthful comfort of a "Perma-lift" Girdle—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trade marks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

wound up with Henry Willson and David O. Selznick sensing something unusual in the lad, giving him his break. He used to come up from San Diego on every liberty. He'd hitch rides like any other young serviceman. Most of his buddies didn't even know he'd made *Since You Went Away* until the picture played the base.

The point is, Guy didn't go Hollywood then, and he hasn't gone Hollywood since. He likes to move alone when he's not dating his best girl, Gail Russell. Maybe that's why some people think he's cold and remote.

One day I was sitting at a friend's beach home, down in Santa Monica. I looked out the big window and saw a well-built fellow walk down the sand with a towel wrapped around his neck. He removed the dungarees he was wearing over his trunks, threw off the towel and ran down to the water. From where I sat, it looked like Guy Madison, and I said as much to my hostess.

"Heavens," she said, "if that was Guy, he wouldn't have to carry his own towel and come to the beach with his trunks on."

"I know," I added. "He'd have a million invitations from people with beach houses. But also, if it were Guy—he'd turn them all down and come to the beach this way."

I went out on the beach and sure enough, it was Guy.

It isn't that he's snooty, or "vants to be ahlone." It's just that he probably got that swimming idea on the spur of the moment and didn't want to be beholden to anyone.

They say Guy has "no business sense." This may be true of most young actors. One of the greatest problems faced by newcomers to Hollywood is how to cope properly with business matters concerning their careers. Many an actor has found himself stymied for years thereafter by making decisions on affairs whose merits he has insufficient experience to judge.

But Guy Madison's an exception. In business matters he's shown himself to be, in his own quiet way, as smart as a whip. I like the story of the time a high-powered agent thought he'd do a little talent-grabbing. He got a friend to ear-bang Guy about all he could do for Guy if Guy would only switch agents.

Guy didn't want to change, bless him. But the agent's friend was persistent. "What can you lose?" he said. "Just go and talk to this fellow. That's all he wants to do, just talk to you."

So they arranged a meeting. They gave Guy their super de luxe pitch. Told him what they'd done for all their other people and how much more they could do for *him*. How they'd been looking for someone exactly his type and money really didn't matter. They just liked him and wanted him for their client, even if they couldn't make a dime out of him.

"Oh, you mean you want me for a *client?*" Guy asked.

They had to admit that this was roughly what they were leading up to.

"But I thought," Guy said, "you just wanted to talk to me."

Oh, sure, they said. They wanted to talk to him all right. But it would ever be peachier if they could talk and be agent-client at the same time.

Guy never looked duller. He said: "Bu I already have an agent, thank you. Mis Ainsworth is my agent. Thanks for the nice talk."

And he left, leaving them confused—and, I'm sure, convinced that the lad wa not so bright. I'm asking, who was smar and who was stupid in that little tête-à tête? Seems to me, Guy met the problen intelligently.

Another Guy Madison story I'd like t scotch is that he's the original Timi Soul. The truth is, Guy is quiet, long suffering and patient. Maybe that's wh some people think he's got a little of Cas par Milquetoast in him. But provok him, and he's anything but timid.

That's the way he is about being a actor, for example. Guy knew with wha handicaps he had to start. Most actor have the problem of working their wa up from the bottom. They're lost to viev while they learn. They carry spears i the background while the experienced sta makes with the heavy emoting in the fore ground. They don't get much recognitio but they learn about acting.

It wasn't that way with Guy. He at tained fame in his first bit. He got ou



"Okay, Spike, start talking. Mr. Bushkin here wants to buy the movie rights."

of the Navy to find he was a movie star and, yet, as he was the very first to say, there was an awful lot about acting he had yet to learn. And he had to do all his learning right out there in front of the faithful fans who were enthusiastically boosting his stock.

It would have scared a lesser man stiff. Guy was scared, sure, but he faced the situation sensibly.

He went down to La Jolla to play in *Dear Ruth* on the stage with Diana Lynn. I visited him some days later. He was sitting in his dressing room, morose, and a little blue.

He saw me come in. He picked up a sheaf of newspaper clippings and held them out to me. "Here, look at these," he said.

They can hardly be said to have been flattering to him.

I started to try to explain them away. He broke in. "They're right," he said, "absolutely right."

Much more experienced stars than Guy Madison are terrified of what the critics might say of them on the stage. I could name 10 stars who came to movies via the stage who admit they are scared to death to return to the footlights and an in-person audience.

Higher education . . .

So I wasn't going to blame Guy for being timid about being a stage actor. But early this summer Guy came up to me and said he wanted to go back to summer stock. "The experience would be good for me. I'd learn a lot," he said.

"What about those man-eating critics?" I suggested.

"Well, what about them?" he countered.

So, as his agent, I arranged the tour. I knew what he wanted. Good, bad or indifferent, he just didn't want to be considered a quitter. And when he returned after six weeks of playing *John Loves Mary*, he showed me his clippings again. You know what? They said now that he'd learned a lot as an actor and could now be considered a good performer with a distinct and pleasant personality.

Of course, the current big buzz-buzz about Guy has to do with Gail Russell. People are always giving *me* the inside dope about this. One version has it that she won't marry him, the other that he won't marry her. I've heard it was all publicity and that they were both "secretly" in love with two other people. Oh, the wonderful Madison-Russell stories I've heard!

But I'll tell you something. When we were down in Dallas for that *Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven* opening, there was an absolutely stunning gal who attached herself to us. She was a typical example of she-wolves who are always on the make for good-looking young stars like Guy. The way she kept looking at him was more eloquent than words.

She tagged Guy through a round of cocktail parties and dinner parties. Finally, about 11 o'clock, we were at a party in the hotel where we were staying. Guy turned from the girl to me the minute the beautiful creature took time out and left him unguarded.

"You know, Miss Ainsworth," he said, "I'm not having much fun. I'm going upstairs and call up Gail." And he quietly departed.

I may not know all the answers to the Madison-Russell romance. But I've seen enough to tell which way the wind is blowing.

And in the five years I've known him, I've seen enough of the nice, quiet, gentlemanly Mr. Madison and the intelligent way he meets his problems to know that any girl could well be proud to have him for her Guy. THE END

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



✓ *Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!*

✓ *Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!*

✓ *Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!*

✓ *Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!*

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Curve Carver by

Brilliant

It moulds and holds you to new sleek lines in laton taffeta elastic. A side fastener smooths your silhouette. Beautifully boned; wear it strapped or strapless. Raspberry, green, pearl yellow, pale blue, black or white.
Sizes 32 to 38. About $9.



BRILLIANT SPORTSWEAR, INC.
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
818 S. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

WINNER TAKE ALL?

(Continued from page 24)

for photographers, standing out as the only girl present in a high-necked dress in all that array of strapless gowns. She chatted with Claire Trevor, congratulating her on her Award. Then Lew Ayres took her gently by one arm, Jack Warner by the other, and she went off to a party at the Champagne Room of the Mocambo.

Here were gathered 130 people—Jane's old friends and all the fellow-workers from Warners who had helped her make *Johnny Belinda* her greatest role. This night, Jane's cup of happiness was filled and running over. She was on top of the world. Her friends were gathered about her. And yet, there remained one dark question mark: What of the men in her life? . . .

A few weeks before, I'd seen Jane Wyman and Lew Ayres together at the Errol Flynn party. Jane looked happier than I'd seen her for a long time. Lew, his thin, tanned face responsive to her every remark, looked happy, too. They spent most of the evening chatting with the Ronald Colmans. Every once in a while, Jane would wander off to greet her friends, and Lew would remain where he was, waiting for her. . . .

already at odds . . .

Watching them together, I thought back to *Johnny Belinda* and the tender love scenes these two played in it at the time Jane was getting ready to call quits to her marriage to Ronald Reagan.

I don't believe for a minute that Lew, or any other man, was responsible for the break in what Hollywood had long considered the "perfect marriage." I'm sure that Jane had decided quite a while before she and Lew made *Johnny Belinda,* that she and Ronnie Reagan were heading in different directions. However, when a girl is already emotionally at odds with her husband, close association with another man, attractive and considerate, might cause her to view her mate with an even more critical eye.

And, undoubtedly, while Jane and Lew were working together in *Johnny Belinda,* she found Lew a very pleasant fellow to be with—he's an interesting conversationalist, with a rare and alert sense of humor. As I watched them at Errol's party, they were having lots of laughs and both seemed very intent on what the other was saying.

This scene contrasted so sharply with one I'd witnessed when I watched Jane and Ronnie Reagan dining at Le Papillon, on The Strip, just before she took off for New York where she finally admitted she was separating from her husband. They weren't laughing at all, and their few smiles were pretty wooden. Once or twice Ronnie went into long dissertations, and I gathered from Jane's expression that she was pretty uninterested in what he was saying.

I'm sure that Jane went through a terrific emotional upheaval when she finally took her first step away from Ronnie. She was exhausted physically and mentally when she finished her long, Award-winning job in *Johnny Belinda.*

Things had been piling up for Jane even before she began the picture. She'd lost the baby she had been expecting, and Ronnie went through a siege of illness brought on by virus X. Then the two children had heavy colds, which caused her a good deal of worry.

When she went to New York, after the picture was finished, she behaved as if she'd have liked to have found a nice cozy hole to crawl into. She wouldn't leave her hotel room for fear of meeting someone who'd ask her questions about her marriage. Then she announced that she and Ronnie were going their separate ways.

By the time she returned to Hollywood, she was in a very emotional state. Then she took off for Las Vegas, where she said she was going to file for divorce, but while moping around the Flamingo Hotel, she met so many friends who wanted to know what was up, she fled from there, too.

To all appearances, it looked as if the little girl didn't know what she wanted to do. She was almost as distraught as "Belinda" was, when she was standing trial for murder. I've often wondered if Lew Ayres didn't give her some friendly counsel in real life then, just as he had in the picture. Lew had gone through a lot of emotional upheaval himself, when he announced during the war that he intended to serve but not carry arms for his country. He was completely misunderstood at that time, because the public couldn't understand a young man who said simply that he couldn't kill another human being. (Later, of course, after he had served with distinction in an Army medical unit in Pacific battle areas, those who'd attacked his stand completely changed their minds.)

It is very likely he was able to give Jane understanding advice that helped her to get a grip on herself. At any rate, she suddenly snapped out of her indecision, came back home, and calmly went about getting a divorce in Los Angeles. She testified that Ronnie caused her mental torture because he was so interested in politics.

However, what really happened between this supposedly ideally mated pair is all guesswork, for neither of them has ever told anyone what actually happened. The California divorce law allows a wife to charge mental cruelty without going into too much detail, so what Jane told the judge can only be about half the reason she made up her mind to stop being Mrs. Reagan.

When I lunched with her recently and asked her if she cared to discuss her marriage break-up, she said she'd talk to me about anything on earth but that.

This attitude of Jane's would indicate that she's been very much on the defen-

coming attractions!!

our **july**
cover co-starring
jeanne crain
and baby
michael
beginning
june 10

sive about her marital collapse. She's doubtless had many an argument with herself. Ronnie's preoccupation with matters outside the home may not seem in itself to be a strong reason for throwing in the sponge on an eight-year-old marriage which had survived many ups and downs. And yet, wives who have gone through somewhat the same experience can sympathize with her to a great degree.

Undoing a marriage is a difficult business. There are so many mutual ties. It takes a long time to begin thinking about oneself as a separate entity. Jane hasn't gotten over this hurdle yet.

I asked her recently about a jeweled locket she was wearing, made in the form of a horse's head. "Oh, Ronnie and I have a racing stable," she smilingly replied, without thinking. "This is one of the racers we have high hopes for. If it doesn't win, I'll probably throw this locket in the ashcan!" She was still thinking of herself as part of a team with Ronnie!

They are friendly, and saw a lot of each other before Ronnie went to England to make *The Hasty Heart.* While he was there, they talked frequently by trans-Atlantic telephone, when Jane would give him all the news of the children. And every week she sent him a supply of steaks. At this writing, Ronnie is expected to return in a few days, and after she completes *The Octopus and Miss Smith* with Dennis Morgan, Jane herself will leave for England—to make a film for Alfred Hitchcock.

Away from the studio, Jane has taken up painting. She told me that many nights when she can't sleep, she gets up to work with her oils and brushes to settle her nerves. In her living-room there is little else right now but a huge oil portrait of herself in the role of Belinda. It was painted by her teacher, Paul Clemens.

She's also taken up golf and has been going regularly to the Riviera Country Club at six o'clock in the evening, an hour when the course is usually deserted. She prefers not to have people watching her.

future uncertain . . .

Jane works as hard at being a mother as she does at being an actress. Remembering the old days when she was a dancing kiddie, she stopped little Maureen's piano lessons, because the child was getting too expert.

"I want them both to grow up just perfectly normal, healthy children with lots of fun and the way of life kids are entitled to," she explained.

While painting, she lets seven-year-old Maureen and three-year-old Michael (who's adopted) sit with her and, with great earnestness, try to make the same pictures as she does with their colored crayons.

It was a great blow to her when she lost her baby in 1947. She hopes sometime to marry again and have more children. But having failed to find enduring happiness in two marriages, she tells friends she's going to be very certain it will work out before she tries it again.

Lew Ayres was first married to Lola Lane, and then to Ginger Rogers. He, too, is shy about trying it again. You can be certain that should he and Jane decide it's really love between them, they'll still be in no rush to wed. . . .

And so, amid the great and well-deserved triumph of an Acadamy Award that underlines the shining promise of even greater fulfillment ahead for the extraordinary talents of Jane Wyman, the major question in her personal life still remains: Will all the heartbreak of her shattered marriage to Ronald Reagan be healed and forgotten in the deep and lasting happiness that may someday await her with Lew Ayres? THE END

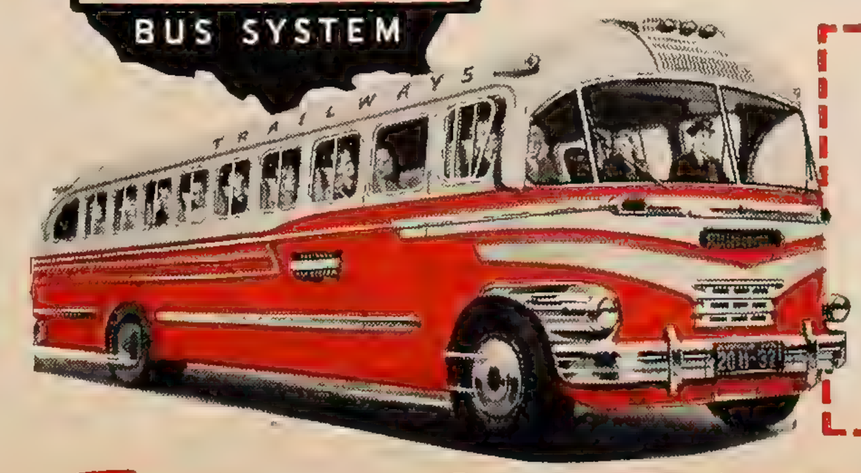


When your travel urge whispers, "Action! Romance! It's time to take a trip!" Let TRAILWAYS big, safety-colored, Comfort-Planned Buses provide the thrift-sure answer for Spring and Summer travel.

You'll save money with TRAILWAYS Bargain low fares and enjoy the extra satisfaction of TRAILWAYS deep-cushioned "scenery-level" seats as you glide along our nationwide network of famous routes. For information on all fares, *Thru-Buses,* schedules, *Pleasure Planned* Tours, or charters, consult your phone book for your friendly local TRAILWAYS agent or mail the coupon below to Department 18-D, NATIONAL TRAILWAYS BUS SYSTEM, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois.

NATIONAL TRAILWAYS BUS SYSTEM

Hurry, while they last! Get your beautiful copy of TRAILWAYS famous VACATION-AND-PLAY U. S. A. map. 3 ft. x 2 ft., brilliant, colorful, perfect for framing. Sent in mailing tube. Only 25c with coupon below.



National Trailways Bus System
185 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 18-D
Chicago 1, Ill.
Please send me large (for framing) map and/or FREE information, as checked.
☐ I enclose 25c. Send Vacation-and-Play U. S. A. (map)
☐ Additional Information on TRAILWAYS
☐ TRAILWAYS Pleasure Planned TOURS
Name (Please print)_____
Address _____
City & Zone _____State_____

Trailways Serves the Nation at "Scenery Level"

De Long

Bob Pins
set the smartest
hair-do's

stronger grip—
won't slip out



Short in front—short in back...like this new "Directoire Style" that's so flattering to your face...that's the way your hair goes this season. And the smartest hair-do's are going up with De Long Bob Pins! Smoothly rounded at the ends, De Long Bob Pins slide in easily, stay in indefinitely. For easier setting—for lovelier hair—reach for De Long Bob Pins on the famous blue cards.



how to set this
"directoire style"
created by Robert King, famous New York and Hollywood hair stylist and make-up artist. Make 6 large pin curls for the bang. Wave a ridge over each ear and make two rows of curls from high on both sides all the way around back. Always turn curls toward face. Brush out hair away from face and let fall softly.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

MY LONELY YEARS

(*Continued from page 42*)

So one of the first men I met was Farley Granger. So one of the first things he did was to invite me out. So—I'll never forget how I stood there looking at him and wanting to say yes. I was heartsick. Not until that moment had I realized what I'd let myself in for with my stern resolution—which I could now feel rapidly melting away to nothing. Yet, at the same time, it hit me that if I broke down this quickly I'd never be able to respect myself.

Farley Granger will never know, until he reads this, what it cost me to say no—as I did. He just straightened up, I remember, and said, in a funny kind of way, "Okay . . . however you feel."

blues day and night . . .

Well, my feeling was far from happy, but that's the way it had to be. In self-defense I threw myself into rehearsals for my first picture—*Wonder Man,* with Danny Kaye. It didn't matter to me whether the studio scheduled rehearsals or not, I came down daily and danced anyway. But even this didn't keep me busy enough—or tired enough so that I wouldn't even want to go out nights—so I enrolled privately at Belcher's for additional ballet lessons. I was living with Mother and Dad, and each evening I went straight home from the studio, sometimes sighing ruefully to myself about the predictions of Imogene, Mimi and the others.

Convertible with boy? Hah! The nearest I got to this was the second-hand 1937 coupe I bought to get around in. It didn't come equipped with boy; it came equipped with 200 different squeaks and rattles, an engine that pinged and bucked, and a horn that sounded like a baby seal.

Ciro's? One night on my way home from some late shooting at the studio I stopped outside and sat in my car watching. I saw laughing couples enter, the girls with their shoulders bare and I heard the thin wisps of music that would come trailing out to me every time the door opened. I imagined being inside with all the fun, and went limp with longing. When I jammed my heel down on the starter to get away from there my eyes were so filled with tears that I could hardly see to drive.

Big beach parties? Oh, yes! I think there were a quarter of a million people at some of them—everyone who cared to drive down to the public beach at Santa Monica on a hot Sunday and join Mother and Dad and me.

But I stuck to my no-date pledge and hoped that after a while I'd fall into the rut of this sort of life and it wouldn't bother me any more. (Later, as you shall see, I became horrified at the thought that I *was* in a rut, and moved fast to get out of it!) All this time I faced one more decision I couldn't make. I hadn't yet applied for my divorce. I was certain the marriage was over. There was no point to waiting. And yet, the actual step was too much for me. I know it doesn't make sense, but I just can't explain it any more clearly. It sort of had to do with a dream that I didn't want to give up—even though it had given me up. . . .

One thing had finally come about—a good thing, I suppose, though I didn't feel too happy about it. Long before I got used to saying no to an invitation, people got used to not asking me out. Even so, I might have given in had I been living with a girl friend; sooner or later there would have been a chance to come on a double date that would've hit me when my will power was minus nil or something. Being home with my parents helped a bit.

I got so I could lick the temptation to go out while I was busy on a picture, but in between pictures, time hung awfully heavy. That's when I had my jalopy overhauled and took Mother and Dad on a series of trips to see California and the nearby West. My idea was to get away from Hollywood when I wasn't working.

I got away from Hollywood but not from my situation—quite. The second morning at Yosemite Valley a big, footballish kid said hello and didn't I want to hike to Glacier Point with him? At Sequoia National Park a tall, dark vacationer introduced himself to Dad, got to meet Mother, and finally worked his way down to me . . .

Can it be that a girl traveling with her parents appeals more to men than when she's alone? At least, I've been on trips by myself and received less attention than on those sightseeing jaunts with Mother and Dad to San Francisco, Carmel, Reno, Virginia City and a half dozen other scenic and historic spots. Or maybe it's just that the spirit of the West makes everyone more hospitable and friendly—especially the kind of men you would love to date but can't.

It was bad enough to be just lonesome, as I was in my first year in Hollywood. But in my second year something else developed—something a little frightening. It came over me one night when I took Mother and Dad to the preview of *The Kid From Brooklyn.* I wore a simple blue satin dress; simple—but form-fitting—and, to tell the truth, simple but daring. After I got it on, after we got to the theater—well, it was nice to be with Mother and Dad but the dress just *shrieked* for a tall, handsome escort to be beside me! I came home depressed. I told Mother to take the dress and cut it up or give it away—anything to get it out of my sight.

She picked up the dress but looked at me oddly as she did so. Then it hit me. She didn't have to say it: maybe I was losing confidence in myself.

fight against fear . . .

It was a pretty shocking thought, but there was more than my willingness to give up the blue dress to prove this might be so. Things I had been worrying about for months crowded into my mind. In addition to my stage work I had always been a good ballroom dancer—I had even won an Arthur Murray Award as the year's most versatile dancer. But I hadn't danced once with a man since coming to Hollywood. Was there a fear in me that I would do badly trying it now? I had always worked hard to cultivate an ability to converse easily. Was I afraid I'd sound dull if I went out again? And that old zip to my personality that I started developing so assiduously when I was a kid and had always fancied was mine—was I convinced now that it had died from non-use?

It was all in the look my mother gave me and it was all in my heart. It was also all I needed to take quick action.

Within two days I had filed suit for divorce, had my hearing soon afterward and knew it would be only a year before the decree would be final.

A year to go . . . but I didn't have to wait a year. Before it was up we got startling news. My husband had remarried in England. I was free.

It's funny, but after that first surge of emotion, after talking my new state over with Mother and Dad, after driving all alone to one of the hills overlooking Holly-

wood and thinking and thinking about what I wanted for myself now, I found a great inner desire to go along quietly for a while as if nothing special had happened. But—I did accept a date.

It was my first real date in Hollywood. It was for a small cocktail party, and I went with a man I like very much, Bob Snody, a 20th Century-Fox executive. Bob said something about going to one of the night clubs instead, but I preferred the private party. It was almost as if I didn't want to trust myself in public yet. For almost three years I had opened my own doors, paid my own checks, thought and acted for myself alone. Now I wanted time to feel natural again about having things done for me by a man.

There were other quiet dates. And then, one morning, Farley Granger phoned. "Say, remember when you first got to Hollywood," he said, "and I asked you—?"

"Oh, yes!" I interrupted. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"What do you mean 'yes'?" he asked. "Yes, you remember, or yes, you—?"

"Yes I'd like to go out," I cut in.

"Oh!" He came back. "That's what I was leading up to!"

"Well, you're there now!" I declared. "As a matter of fact, you were there three years ago—if only I could have accepted!"

Then one night I met Rory Calhoun (before he married Isabelita, of course).

"I'm awfully glad this has happened," Rory said. "I feel I have the right to call you up some night, now."

Just to show you how soon a girl can get back into stride, my flip reply to this was, "Oh, I've felt that way for a long time!" Rory was a little taken back—and I had to ask myself, "Did *I* say that?"

But just the same, he phoned me in a day or so and made a date to take me out to Ciro's. This was the date, I decided, that would see the definite end of the old Vera-Ellen and the beginning of the new.

It was a wonderful night. Not only did I dance with Rory, but I danced with Guy Madison, with Peter Lawford, with a dozen other Madisons and Lawfords. And, to top it off, just before we left for Ciro's I got word that I was to dance with Gene Kelly in MGM's *Words and Music*.

Yes, it was a wonderful night. So wonderful I hardly even noticed a little voice inside of me that was still speaking up guiltily every once in a while. "Why, Vera-Ellen!" it seemed to be saying. "You? You out with a MAN?"

It was a voice out of the lonesome past—and as far as I was concerned that's where it belonged.

And so, with all the spirit of my new-found confidence, "Get lost!" I said.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While visiting the Warner Brothers studio I asked Dennis Morgan for his autograph. The pen I handed him suddenly started dribbling ink all over Mr. Morgan, ruining his hands as well as his costume. I was so embarrassed I could only stand there waiting for his reaction. It came with a roar of laughter ending in a weak murmur from Dennis. "It leaks a little, doesn't it?" he said.

Betty Beacham
Los Angeles, California

Is yours the Fortunate Hand?

Is your ring finger long? You take chances, gamble with life and love.

THE FORTUNATE HAND...
One of a series
Watch for your hand



Is the tip of your little finger pointed? You're quick-witted, with a wonderful gift of expression.



Does a lucky star twinkle under the third finger of your right hand? You've talents which, developed, spell success.

Believe your talents show in your hand? Whether you do or not, your well-groomed fingertips show you're fashionwise. When you use Dura-Gloss, your fingertips say you're practical, too. For Dura-Gloss means exciting shades, quick application, long-lasting beauty...all yours for only 10¢.



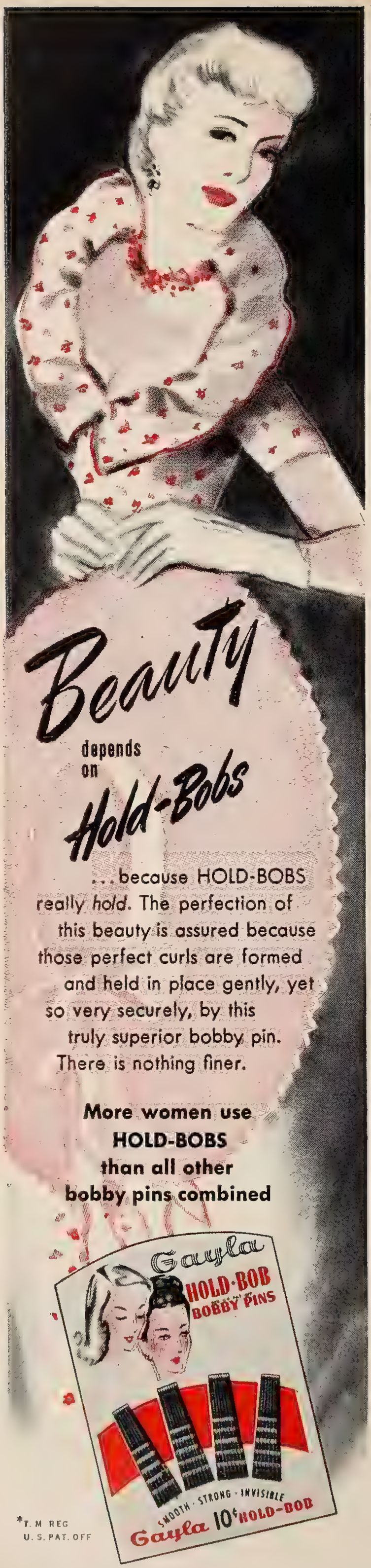
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH 10c

non-smear remover 10¢ and 25¢...lipstick 25¢

©1949 Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J. Founded by E. T. Reynolds

Prices plus tax





Barbara Bates, Warners starlet, knows all the tricks of complexion care.

clean as a kitten

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ You'd really be horrified if you examined closely all the particles of dirt your pretty face can pick up in a few hours—dust, bodily wastes left by perspiration, stale powder and make-up and assorted smudges, smears and deposits, depending on how you've been spending your time. Soap, warm water and a wash cloth are among the best friends a young skin ever had.

As you will remember from physiology class, your skin isn't an enamel-smooth surface, to be whisked clean at the first try. It's full of tiny pores and ridges and oil pockets, all of which are constantly collecting dirt. Cleansing creams are excellent in helping to soften some of the grease and dirt deposits, so unless you have an acneous condition and your doctor warns against creams, get the first layer of dirt off with cream and tissue off carefully.

So, whether your skin is dry, normal or oily, don't be afraid of washing it, but use a slightly different method in the case of dry or oily. Use a soft face cloth for the dry skin; a complexion brush or rough cloth for the oily skin. Use warm water on the dry skin; hotter on the oily. Wash the dry skin once a day with water and a mild, cold-cream soap and clean it with cream any other time of day. Scrub the oily skin at least twice a day to help get rid of excess oil and also for the sake of cleanliness—because an oily skin accumulates more dirt. Use cleansing cream on either type of skin, but remove every bit of it with soapy water if your skin is oily; if your skin is dry, pat cream on just before going to bed. The girl with a perfectly "normal" skin can steer a middle course, except that she must continue careful skin care to *keep* her complexion clear and smooth.

Always rinse your face and neck thoroughly with clear, warm water, and then splash on plenty of cold. This is stimulating and just the thing for most complexion difficulties. In the morning, splash a dry skin with cold water and follow with cleansing cream. For the oily, more soap and water, or cleansing cream followed by a lively patting with an astringent lotion.

Let your U. S. Senator or Congressman know, by letter, that you think the 20% cosmetics tax is unfair! Every protest helps make repeal of it more certain

MEET THE '49 ERS

(*Continued from page 33*)

Which is something that makes Monty somewhat different from Gordon MacRae. Gordon, who is 28, married, and the father of three, is out to enjoy California life to the fullest—and now. As soon as he'd signed his Warners contract early last year, he sank every dime he had into down payments on a valley house equipped with swimming pool; a Buick for himself, and a Cadillac for his wife, Sheila. This was perhaps not quite so fearless an expression of self-confidence as it might have seemed, for Gordon was already well established as a front-rank NBC singer—and it was fairly safe to assume that his lucrative radio and recording careers would continue onward and upward. They have: he has his own radio show, "The Railroad Hour," and currently his recording of "So In Love" is a sizable hit.

And as far as his movie career is concerned, there have been no options dropped. After doing excellently in a non-singing role in *The Big Punch,* he followed up strongly in the soon-to-be-released *Somewhere in the City.* His next film was the current *Look for the Silver Lining.* Studio talk now is that he'll be starred in a musical version of *Brother Rat,* to be called *Rise Above It.*

Gordon is nothing if not self-assured. On the morning he was first due to begin work at the studio, he arrived bright and early and a publicity man offered to take him around so he could meet the key people of the organization.

"Thanks," said Gordon, "but I think I know them all."

"I don't get it," said the puzzled press agent. "Isn't this your first day out here?"

"Yes, officially," replied Gordon. "But I dropped in yesterday afternoon and walked around. While I was at it I thought I might as well tell people who I am. So I did."

Doris Day began rocketing last year with her first movie, *Romance on the High Seas. My Dream Is Yours* has just established this blonde, delightful dynamo as one of the largest attractions in musical filmdom. Born Doris Kappelhoff in Cincinnati on April 3, 1924, she had made a place for herself in the show world as a juvenile hoofer when an automobile accident broke both her legs and put a stop to that. This blessing in disguise led her to take voice lessons and, still in her teens,



that's hollywood!

"I'd like you to know that for me Bette Davis can do no wrong. If she's in a good picture, I like her. If she's in a bad picture, I like her. There is something spirited and lyric about her acting that you get occasionally in French and Italian films, but rarely in American films. It's vigorous and exciting and there ought to be more Bette Davises."

(ANNE SHIRLEY)
Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter

Goldilocks *and the* Three Spoons

ONCE upon a time Goldilocks was out buying her silverplate and she came to a store that showed her three spoons. One spoon was an ordinary spoon with no form of wear protection at all.

IT was a Holmes & Edwards Spoon... and like all the most used spoons and forks in this really finer silverplate—it was Inlaid with two blocks of Sterling Silver at the backs of bowls and handles to stay lovelier longer.

When she heard *this,* Goldilocks ran all the way home . . . *with* her beautiful new chest of Holmes & Edwards, of course!

THE next spoon she saw was one of the extra-plated kinds. But the third spoon was something extra special. It had these



HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

THE LOVELIEST SILVERPLATE IS STERLING INLAID!

Whether your choice is Youth, Danish Princess, Lovely Lady or the **New** Spring Garden, there is no lovelier, no finer silverplate at any price. 52 piece service for 8 is $68.50. All patterns made in the U.S.A.

★ **SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!** *4 FIVE O'CLOCK TEASPOONS FOR ONLY $1.89.* These lovely spoons in the new Spring Garden Design are ideal for desserts, ice cream and sherbet. At all jewelry and department stores for a limited time only.

Copyright 1949, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"I dress for a bride's shower... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"





1. **"For daytime duties** I wear a versatile costume. A short, chic, cardigan jacket. A jaunty white hat with a feather to match my dress. A gay roomy basket bag. It's really a traffic stopper! And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . *because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!*"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth, too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. **"For the evening** surprise party, from under my jacket appears a picture-pretty party dress. Around its soft blue tie silk I put a white organdie sash which matches the dainty gathered V-neck insert, and I'm set! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . *because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!*"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the perfect deodorant!



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)

she got a job as vocalist with Barney Kapp's orchestra. Barney decided Kappelhoff, while a nice enough name, was sor of lacking in oomph, and gave her th moniker of Day. Jobs with Bob Crosby Fred Waring and Les Brown made he a favorite of the jukes and brought he Hollywood offers. These she turned down being very fond of singing with bands But finally, while doing a solo at th Little Club in Manhattan, she gave in an signed with Warners.

Doris, one of the friendliest girls in th world, finds Hollywood a charming plac to live. She seems certain to be one of it best-known citizens for a long time t come.

Perhaps the most interesting of the nev personalities is Joanne Dru, a mother o three before she ever appeared before camera. For that matter, she's convince that being a mother is going to help he with her career. The responsibility o caring for her children means, she holds that she'll have to look at her caree objectively.

It was while she and her husband, Dic Haymes, were still living together, tha Nancy Hawks, wife of producer-directo Howard Hawks, first put the movie bu into Joanne's head. Joanne agreed to tak some dramatic coaching from Howard an spent a year at it, but with no more though to it than perhaps accepting an occasiona part in a picture. That was in her min when she played the feminine lead i *Abie's Irish Rose*. But after *Red River*, he stock went sky-high. It's even higher no that she's starred in the John Ford pic ture, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*.

top two . . .

Betsy Drake's triumph with Cary Gran in *Every Girl Should Be Married*, an Jane Greer's consistently fine work mak them the favored pair of newcomers a RKO these days.

Betsy has started right at the top wit a starring role. This, of course, was don with Cary's help, but her talent is un deniable. Born in Paris but raised i America in the East and Southeast, she ha good theatrical grounding on the stage Around the studio she is a very quiet gir wears no jewelry, no fingernail polish, an asks permission to watch the shooting on set even if the scene is part of her ow picture.

When she was making *Every Girl Shoul Be Married*, she attended a get-acquainte luncheon with eight members of RKO' press department at Lucey's. It turned ou to be a most difficult time for all concerned Betsy was terribly nervous. Her cigarett trembled in her lips and her finger plucked busily at the tablecloth. Soon she' gathered so much of it in, that the peopl on the other side almost found themselve eating on bare board. She did becom more poised as the weeks passed—bu she's still a bashful girl who doesn't lik to talk about herself.

The big future for 24-year-old Jan Greer, as far as anyone who knows he is concerned, lies in a type of acting she' never engaged in up to now—comedy. He ability as a comedienne is in large part a aftermath of a peculiar ailment from whic she suffered when she was 16. Called Bell' disease, it temporarily paralyzed th muscles on one side of her face. To regai mobility, she exercised them for lon periods daily and now has a control o facial expression that's extraordinary.

She can flutter one eyelid while the othe remains motionless, or adjust her fac into an amusing, human caricature of al most anyone she wants to impersonate She had a dozen hardened studio worker howling the other day as she illustrate the way Bob Mitchum and Kirk Dougla tried to underplay each other when the

were making *Out Of The Past.* Bob, as everyone knows, is a relaxed player, barely drawling his lines—and that technique just seems to steal scene after scene. This day Kirk decided to relax, too, and as the dialogue went on, each one slouched more and more, until they both were practically doing the sequence lying down on the floor. Jane in her mimicry even managed to look like them.

Formerly married to Rudy Vallee, Jane is now Mrs. Edward Lasker and the mother of a two-year-old son. She was born in Washington, D. C., and got her professional start singing with Enric Madriguera's orchestra. Picture offers came after Life magazine had her on the cover in a WAC uniform, and she signed with Howard Hughes. Later she got a release from him and signed with RKO. Since he now controls that studio, she says, "I'm back where I didn't want to be—and that's where I wanted to be all the time."

Coming back to Arlene Dahl at MGM—she'll probably be on a fast boat to Italy about the time you're reading this, to go into an important picture as yet not named. Her work with Robert Cummings in *Reign of Terror* and with Van Johnson in *Scene of the Crime* won her this assignment. Arlene used to think that being a model was the most wonderful thing in the world, which is why she left Minneapolis for New York. There she became one of the highest paid models in the city. One day, Joe Pasternak at MGM saw her picture in a magazine and wired her agent for information about her. But Arlene didn't know about it—for the agent, not wanting to lose her, carefully mislaid the telegram. She was singing on Broadway in *Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston* when she was offered a contract with Warners.

That led to her role opposite Dennis Morgan in *My Wild Irish Rose* and this in turn led to an MGM contract and roles with Van Johnson in *The Bride Goes Wild* and Red Skelton in *A Southern Yankee.*

Van Johnson was a Warner Brothers player, but just leaving, about the time that Arlene started there. When they first met on the MGM lot, Van remembered her. "Didn't I see you at Warners?" he asked.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Betty Grable came to Fort Bragg, N. C., during the war. As a public relations Sergeant, I went to one of the training units with a photographer to take a series of pictures of her in the kitchen with the cooks and the K. P.'s. When we finished our pictures, the officers—a Captain and four Lieutenants—grabbed off Miss Grable to sit at their table for dinner. After dinner the Captain suggested that it would be nice to have photographs of the officers and Miss Grable. I replied that we were there to photograph her with enlisted men. He insisted—so what could a Sergeant do when a Captain insisted? I whispered to the photographer, "Snap a few, but don't use any film. Then we'll tell him they turned out bad." The Captain and the Lieutenants posed smilingly for many pictures. They were completely unaware of the hoax. But I could tell by the twinkle in Miss Grable's eyes that she knew!

Don Bishop
New York City



Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP!
NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S
RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN
for Soft, Shimmering
Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar $1; 10-oz. economy size $2. Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN . . . for *true* hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, *tonight*, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—*and you*—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

WHICH

Magic Touch

OF BEAUTY

do you prefer?



JACQUELINE DANIELS
"Ado Annie" in "Oklahoma"

Want your complexion to have the youthful, new "freshly-scrubbed" look? Simply smooth on *Magic Touch*. Use no powder! Magic Touch alone gives that luminous look of dewy-fresh perfection.



CANDY JONES, *Director Conover Career Girls*

Or do you want the sophisticated look of velvety smoothness? Smooth on *Magic Touch* (you apply it with your fingertips —no sponge, no water needed). Then, dust on your favorite face powder.

Whichever you choose, you'll never know how pretty you can be until you try Magic Touch—thrilling new cream make-up. Large size compact $1. Trial size 39¢. FREE Beauty Booklet of make-up secrets. Write Campana Sales Company, 1200 Lincolnway, Batavia, Ill.



"Yes. I was there a year," Arlene told him. "How long were you there?"

"Oh, they found *me* out in just six months," he replied.

Kirk Douglas, who has zoomed to stardom overnight in *Champion*, hails from Amsterdam, New York. He did everything from carnival wrestling to punch-press operating before he got started on Broadway. And what a start! His first stint was as a singing-messenger boy—and he can't sing. His next role was with the Katharine Cornell-Judith Anderson-Ruth Gordon staging of the Russian classic, *The Three Sisters*—in which he played an offstage echo. But after a hitch in the Navy, and more stage and radio work, he hit strongly in movies in *The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers* and *A Letter to Three Wives*. The word is out that the best work he's done is in *Champion*, just being issued now.

One thing Kirk can't forget is his poverty-stricken days. He dropped into a restaurant with a friend the other day and when their food was served, they both agreed it was so bad as to be unappetizing. But to his friend's surprise, Kirk cleaned his plate anyway. "I can't, I just can't waste food," he explained. "Too many times at home I opened our icebox—and I don't mean refrigerator—to see nothing but an old can of Mazola. Too many times I met the early morning train from New York at five o'clock to get an armful of newspapers to sell so I could run back home with breakfast cereal and milk for my four sisters and myself."

Ricardo Montalban, whose parents came from Spain but now live in Mexico, where Ricardo was born 28 years ago, is a dancer who never danced professionally before getting into pictures. He has deep dramatic ambitions and, even though the MGM execs think he's a great hoofer, doesn't feel he's properly a dancer at all.

the play's the thing . . .

Some weeks ago he was at Loretta Young's, attending a family party. (His wife, Georgianna—the mother of his three children—is Loretta's sister.) Ricardo, in the course of the festivities, was clowning around and fell, twisting his back. A doctor diagnosed his injury as a sacroiliac slip, and everyone's face promptly got grave. "Oh, Ricardo!" they mourned. "What about your dancing?"

He laughed. "Who cares?" he replied. "Now at last I will have to do some straight acting to make a living."

But the sacroiliac worked back into place and he can dance again. However, the latest dope is that he may get a chance to go dramatic in the picture MGM is making about the Battle of the Bulge, *Battleground*.

Pat Neal, who says she got her husky, Tallulah Bankhead-like voice playing (and yelling) "Run, sheep, run!" as a tomboy in Packard, Kentucky, where she was raised, is the tallest of the new stars—five-feet-eight. There are a lot of other Tallulah characteristics to her and her career. One of Tallulah's greatest successes was as Regina in *The Little Foxes*, on Broadway, and Pat played the same role in the play that concerned the same character, *Another Part of the Forest*. Tallulah came to see Pat after the first night and told her, "Darling, you were as good playing Regina as I was—and that's darned good!" And out at the studio, Pat has a habit of shocking Warner Brothers executives à la Tallulah.

One of them ran across her on a Monday morning and happened to ask, "Well, what have you been doing over the weekend?"

"Shoplifting," replied Pat.

She shocks them, but she also pleased them so much in *John Loves Mary* that they put her in *The Fountainhead*, with



Gary Cooper. Right after that they sent her to attend a Command Performance in London and to stay on there with Ronald Reagan to do *The Hasty Heart*. (She wrote a letter from England to a studio friend, saying that when she went for a walk with Ronald one day, fans besieged them and they had to seek refuge in the Tower of London. "We were locked up for an hour," she said, "but we didn't lose our heads.")

The youngest two players among the new stars-to-be are Gigi Perreau and Joan Evans. Joan is not yet 15 but fully looks her part as Farley Granger's mountain sweetheart in *Roseanna McCoy*. It's a bit odd to see Joan go from a love scene with Farley to the little "schoolhouse" on the studio set to pick up her high-school lessons again. Soon after the picture started, she showed up one day with a worried look and told the director, Irving Reis, that she was worried about her "test." "Why, your screen test was perfect!" he exclaimed. "I don't mean *that*," she cried. "I mean my biology test."

Joan's parents are both writers who have worked close to the picture business, and her godmother is Joan Crawford. Yet she got her chance through a "cold" discovery when a Goldwyn talent director, William Selwyn, discovered her in a private school in her native New York City. She's chestnut-haired and has brown eyes. So far, she seems quite calm about her screen career.

Little Gigi Perreau, at eight, is already practically a screen veteran, having appeared in 18 pictures. Her brother, Peter Miles, who is 11, is a child star in his own right with his latest picture, *Red Pony*. There's another girl in the family, Janine, a year younger than Gigi. Yep, Janine has been before the camera, too. That was when she was given a bath by Katharine Hepburn in *Song of Love*. When the director of that picture had trouble showing Janine what to do, Gigi took over and supervised Janine in the scene.

Gigi's real first name is Ghislaine. She knows it's a classical French name, she knows that her grandfather was dean of the Paris stock exchange, and she also knows how to draw a circle with a compass and cut it up into angles. Around the studio, she issues a newspaper written in pencil, with such items in it as, "Rita Hayworth may get married," "Wallace Beery isn't feeling too good," and "Flash! Gigi

Perreau went to court yesterday to have her Goldwyn contract renewed." She is proud of her work in *Enchantment,* but the biggest kick she ever got was at a preview of *Family Honeymoon* in which she appears with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray. Her role called for her to be quite a trial to her elders and as she was leaving the theater with her mother, she heard a woman remark, "Wasn't that little girl a brat!"

"Did you hear that, Mother?" Gigi asked. "I must have acted real well to be *that* bad!"

Scott Brady is an ex-amateur pugilist champion, now punching out a film career for himself. Hailing from Westchester, New York, the son of a police chief, he went into the Navy right after high school and won the light-heavyweight boxing crown at the Pensacola naval station. After the war he visited Hollywood to see his brother, Lawrence Tierney. A few months later he was under contract to Eagle-Lion. Then he made *Canon City* and *He Walked by Night.* His latest picture is *The Western Story,* with Jane Russell and George Brent,

Scott is 25, stands six-feet-two and weighs 180. That's near perfect for movie he-men, combining required ruggedness with necessary photographic slimness. He's still a bit bashful about being an actor. Late last spring, he was punching the heavy bag at the Hollywood YMCA when a man stopped to talk to him.

"I like the way you handle yourself, kid," he said. "How'd you like to fight for a living? I handle boxers."

"No, thanks," said Scott, blushing. "I've got regular work."

"Better than boxing?" said the manager.

"I like it better," said Scott.

The man went away and Scott's brother, Dick, who was standing nearby, wanted to know why Scott hadn't simply declared that he was in the movies.

"G'wan!" said Scott. "Who'd believe it?"

Well, the modest Mr. Brady may be correct in the assumption that he'd never, off-screen, be mistaken for a thespian. But it's a cinch that no one seeing him perform in a film could think that he was anything but an actor, and a whale of a good one.

And that, as we've said, is something that goes for every one of these clearly talented young players. Their qualifications for screen eminence go much deeper than their abundant personal attractions. In Hollywood 1949, technical ability is being demanded first and foremost of newcomers who make the grade.

The '49 ers have everything needed. It's a great thing for the movies. THE END

MEET THE AUTHOR

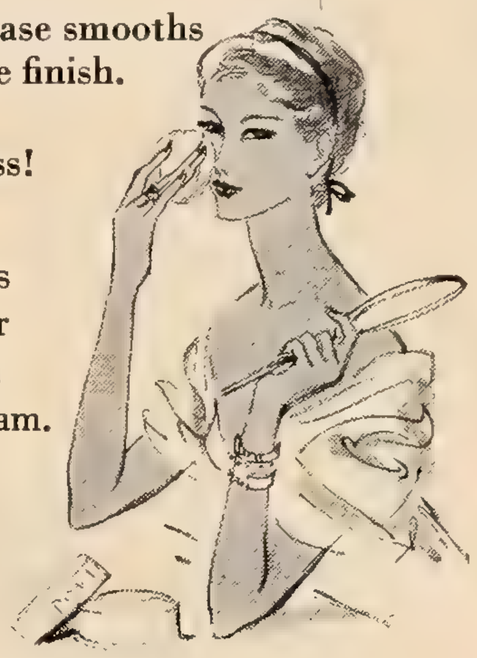
Louis Pollock was born tongue-tied in Liverpool, England, and was headed for Montreal in the same condition, at 11 months of age. An operation, performed at sea, worked wonders, and Louis has been talking steadily ever since. Wanderings brought him to Chicago where, as a newspaperman, he was fired three times. To this distinction he adds that of being the first reporter in the journalistic history of the city who was scooped repeatedly by his own paper.

Lured into press-agentry, Pollock became advance man for everything from faith healers to Sally Rand.

He left the management of a tent show in Florida to go into motion picture advertising. While at work he wrote a book called Stork Bites Man, *and left that job to write for magazines and await royalties from his book. At present, he is still waiting with a wife, two children and open arms.*

For the skin that doesn't like a **heavy** foundation

Transparent loveliness for the complexion that doesn't like a "coated" look. This greaseless powder base smooths your skin . . . powder takes on an exquisite finish.



Sheer, satiny powder base—greaseless! Looks fresher, more natural! Protects skin!

Here's the secret of a make-up that always looks charmingly *right*—always in perfect taste. Never heavy and artificial. Before powder, just smooth on a feather-light base of Pond's Vanishing Cream. No streaking—no shade problem. The cream leaves only a protective, *transparent* film that takes powder superbly—and *holds* it!



Beauty pick-up before make-up—1-Minute Mask shows instant results!

For bright, clear beauty for a bright evening ahead, always give your face a refreshing pick-up with a 1-Minute Mask. Cover your face, except eyes, with lavish fingerfuls of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn dirt and dead skin roughnesses. Dissolves them off! After one minute, tissue off clean. Your skin looks vibrant, *alive*—smoother and clearer—ready for a flawlessly lovely make-up!



MRS. H. LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR., says —"Before an important evening, a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream brightens and freshens my skin so *quickly*—gives it a new smoothness that's wonderful for make-up!"

Just Whistle...
by Bissell



The house is shining-clean for the wedding . . . when excelsior from Aunt Clara's last-minute wedding gift goes all over the carpet! What to do?

Just whistle . . . and whisk out the Bissell Carpet Sweeper. That new "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action sweeps clean without any pressure on the handle . . .



Works automatically, adjusting itself to any rug, from the thickest broadloom to the smoothest Oriental! It even picks up perfectly when the handle is held *low,* for sweeping under tables and chairs.

Hint to brides: Use your vacuum for periodic cleaning, a "Bisco-matic" Bissell® for everyday quick pick-ups.



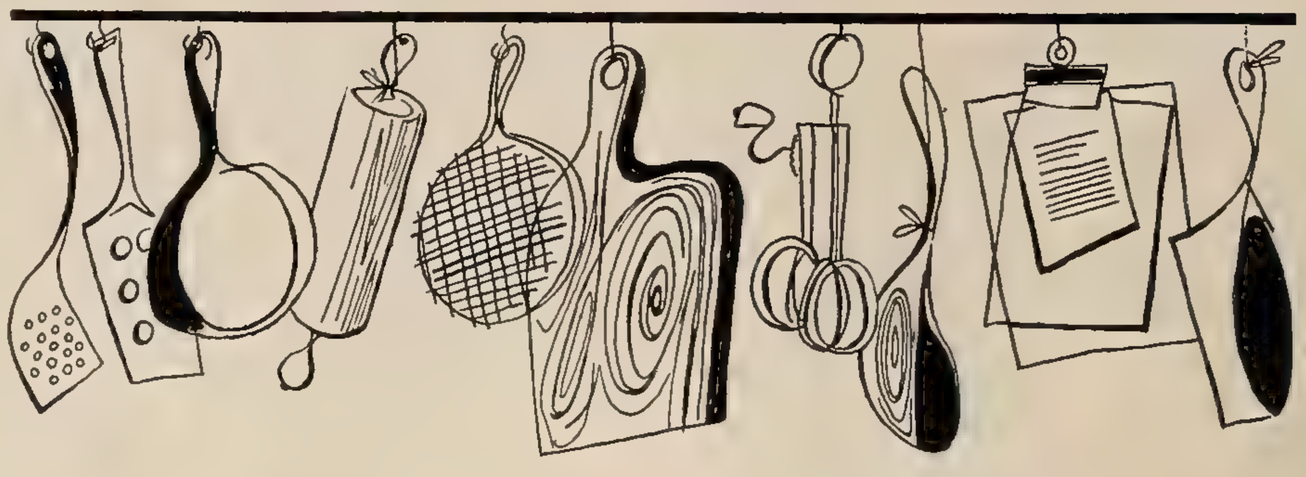
Exceptional values. "Bisco-matic" Bissells with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty as low as $6.45. Other models for even less. Illustrated: the "Vanity" at $8.45.

Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

fan fare



Bob Dalton, cook extraordinary, saved the day for amateur chefs John Agar and Tom Gallary (see "Time of Their Lives" on page 50), and he can do the same for you. Mrs. Agar and Mrs. Gallary took Bob's recipes home and we were sure you'd want them, too.

caesar salad for four

- 4 small heads romaine lettuce
- 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- ½ cup garlic oil
- 12 anchovies, diced
- 4 heaping tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- ½ cup toasted diced bread
- Juice of 2 lemons

■ Chop the romaine, put into bowl and cover with crushed ice. Put in refrigerator for an hour before using. The salad should be very cold and crisp. Stir eggs, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, pepper and garlic oil into mixing bowl, then pour over the chopped lettuce. Toss about one minute. Add diced anchovies, cheese and diced bread. Salt to taste and serve.

stuffed baked potato

■ Bake large Idaho potatoes and cut in half, lengthwise. Scoop out potatoes, whip with warm milk, melted butter, salt, pepper and chopped chives. Put whipped potatoes back in shells and sprinkle with paprika and grated cheese. Put into oven and bake to golden brown just before serving. The cheese will form a crust over potatoes.

garlic toast

■ Slice a loaf of French bread lengthwise. Rub a clove of garlic into shallow pan and pour in melted butter. Dip the bread and toast it.

garlic oil croutons

■ Cut 1 clove of garlic in half and let stand overnight in ½ cup of any good salad oil. Cut croutons in ½ inch squares, rub in garlic oil before toasting.

marinade for steaks

- 1 cup salad oil
- 2 tablespoons smoke salt
- ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- 1 halved clove garlic (optional)

■ Pour the salad oil into shallow pan, add salt, pepper and garlic. This should be well-blended and let stand for about 2 hours before using. Before broiling steaks, marinate them in this mixture, turning frequently.

STAIRWAY TO THE STARS

(*Continued from page 57*)

already a good one, became a lot better. By the time her 12th birthday came along, she decided that everyone who told her she was too young to enter the Hollywood Bowl Auditions was silly. So she entered. She was so small that lowering the microphone was not enough—she had to stand on a trumpet case to reach it. But out of her elfin body came song and volume that electrified the audience and judges. Lois lost first place by a shade but got runner-up honors—and also a string of professional bids which included an offer from Alfred Wallenstein to sing with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and another from Nelson Eddy to sing on his radio program. When John Charles Thomas heard her remarkable range and then took note of where it was coming from, he promptly dubbed her a "coloratura in a nutshell"—and the best he had ever heard anywhere.

"Surely your mother was a singer," said one of the Bowl musicians to her.

Lois shook her head in denial.

"Then your father?"

"Oh, no, he's in the building line," she told him.

"But such technique, such color and control!" the musician exclaimed. "You must have studied music—and how you must have studied!"

"How?" asked Lois blankly.

"Yes," he said. "Even if you are a child, you must have a profound knowledge of music."

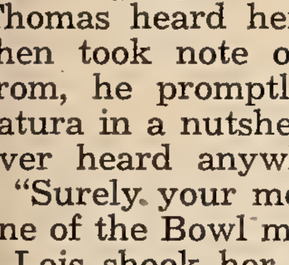
Lois thought. Finally she replied, "All I know is that if the notes go up you sing high, and if they go down, you sing low."

The poor man stared at her. "Up . . . high?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Down . . . low?"

Lois nodded again. He nodded in be-



critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

Bad Boy—with this debut, young Mr. Murphy has formally leaped into the ranks of important Hollywood stars . . . he is bursting with vitality and vitriol. You go way back to the early days of Jimmy Cagney before you recall a boy radiating such vigor. By design or coincidence, this scenario was tailored exactly to his style and he has taken full advantage.

Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram

The whole thing is such an apparent compilation of cliches and romance played in a strictly make-believe manner, that it is hard to stomach, much less believe . . . Precisely why Mr. Murphy should play a juvenile crook is neither apparent nor reasonable in other than exploitation terms, for he is obviously not a criminal and he is not over-able to act. His gaudy displays of insolence are like a kid's in a cops-and-robbers game.

Bosley Crowther
N. Y. Times

BOY! but meat is a baby builder!



Swift's Strained Meats have what it takes to help baby grow his best!

Baby gets all this body-building goodness in every spoonful of Swift's Strained Meats.

Complete, high-quality proteins—needed for sound, sturdy growth.

Natural B vitamins—vital to baby's health and good appetite.

Food iron—to help baby build good, red blood—avoid anemia.

Swift's Strained Meats are extra-smooth and soft. Easy to feed *earlier* in life. Baby's choice of delicious beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver, heart. Each one 100% meat.

Swift's Strained Meats are ready to serve, cost less than if you prepared them at home!



YOUR DOCTOR—*is best qualified to say how early your baby should start Swift's Strained Meats.*

All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

P.S. (PLENTY SPECIAL) DICED MEATS for—



TEETHERS (to encourage chewing)



"PICKY" EATERS (to tempt lagging appetites)



BUSY MOTHERS (nourishing-easy to fix)

Tempting-Thrifty-Time-saving



SWIFT ...*foremost name in meats*

SWIFT QUALITY FOODS

...*first with 100% Meats for Babies*

SWIFT & COMPANY, CHICAGO 9, ILLINOIS

"My beauty routine with Westmore Cosmetics"



says
ALEXIS SMITH
STARRING IN
"ONE LAST FLING"
A Warner Bros. Production



● **Foundation**—"After a thorough skin cleansing, Westmore's Foundation Cream, for *daylong* complexion beauty *without* dryness. It spreads on so smoothly and evenly, and covers tiny wrinkles and blemishes."



● **Rouge** – "Then blend on Westmore's Rouge. It's so natural-looking and lasting – and a perfect lipstick match."



● **Powder**—"Finish with Westmore's feather-light Face Powder! This soft, finely-sifted powder clings for hours—gives the flattering 'close-up' beauty every girl wants!"



● **Lipstick** – "And last, one of Westmore's 7 luscious lipstick colors (especially the exciting new Rapture Pink). They're extra creamy-smooth because they're lanolin enriched – and they go on to *stay* on!"

59¢* PLUS TAX

Also available in 29¢ sizes

Westmore Make-up for Natural Beauty

"Regardless of Price You Cannot Buy Better"

wilderment. "That's right," he said. "And that's all. But why did I spend 50 years learning it?"

Up to this time, Lois had been doing most of the pushing herself. Now events began to lead her. She had to get an agent to comb through the theatrical offers coming in and one of these, when the right papers were signed, found her at Eagle-Lion Studios set to play the name role in *Mickey*—the story of a pig tailed tomboy in a Mid-Western American town. When the cameras turned on Lois for the first time she was 15.

When young artists develop so soon and rise so meteorically they almost always turn out to be intense young people who have shoved everything else in life aside in favor of their careers; romance, play, keeping up with friendships are forgotten.

If that's the way genius usually behaves, then Lois, to use a biological term, is a mutation of the species. Not only has she lived a well-rounded life up to now, but she's already decided that what she's going to push into the background is her *career*—and soon, and completely!

marriage comes first . . .

Blue-eyed Lois, who is under five feet and whose hair looks reddish blonde, although her studio originally declared it was chestnut-colored (of course, her studio saw her first), wants most of all in the world to be happily married. And she's not going to wait till she is thirty-ish ("Heavens, no!") and she is *not* going to combine career with marriage. In one of the most extraordinary statements ever made by a one-picture starlet, she has declared: "Maybe two or three more years of singing and pictures. Then I want to fade out quick and get married in a church, with all the trimmings, and to one man—I mean only *one,* ever!—and have a big family."

"But you'll only be about 20," it was pointed out. "A wonderful time to be starting out on a career."

"It's a more wonderful time to start out to be a mother," she came back.

After Lois attended the world premiere of *Mickey* in Des Moines, she made personal appearances in connection with other openings of the picture throughout the country. Among the dates on her itinerary was a three-day stay in New Orleans at the Joy theater, one of a circuit owned by Levere C. Montgomery. It seems there is also a Levere C. Montgomery, Jr., and on the first evening of her appearance there, he made himself known to Lois and her mother. After a few minutes of small talk he went into some big talk—and when that was over Lois found that they had a date for dinner together. They also had dinner the second night, and it was no different the third night—nor, they both realized, was it getting monotonous.

After Lois returned to Hollywood, young Mr. Montgomery, or "Monty," as a member of the United States Marine Corps Reserve putting in a couple of weeks of training, found himself at a Marine base in Southern California not a whoop and a holler away from Lois' home in the San Fernando Valley.

"Well!" she cried out in surprise one day when the doorbell rang and there stood Monty—as if she hadn't had six letters from him stating he was coming.

At this writing, Monty seems to be the favored boy friend. Lois is due to spend a week at his home in New Orleans next Christmas on invitation from his mother. Monty apparently has replaced another lad who dated Lois for a full year during the preparation of and shooting of *Mickey.* He is Skippy Homeier, who was in the picture with her.

Because she has wifehood in mind, Lois is not just sitting idly by while the studio prepares another picture for her. She is tutored at the studio now, but has been granted permission to graduate at John Marshall High, where she started and where all her friends go. In addition to this education, she is getting her hand in at things a lady of the house should know. She seems to have no talent for sewing, but shows promise at baking—at least, her mother reports that what was left of her first loaf of bread, after she got dough smeared all over the kitchen, tasted fine.

She doesn't do too good a job at taking care of her clothes. But this, her family believes, is due to a mental hazard tracing back to punishment administered for the way she removed a grease spot from a new dress when she was a child. She removed it with a pair of scissors.

But whether or not she can bake, cook or sew, her mother is certain that Lois will make a good mother, for Lois has always had a wonderful way with pets and she intends to make pets of her children.

Lois even has a way with fish—and this is on the word of her oldest brother, Russell, now chief game warden of a couple of thousand square miles of wilderness north of Fairbanks, Alaska. A few years ago he, Lois, and Mr. and Mrs. Butler went trout fishing up around Grand Mesa, Colorado. Russell made Lois go sit by herself because she insisted on singing to the fish to take her hook, and singing, he assured her, would only scare them away. So Lois sang and got three fine trout on her line. Russell, a big game man from away back, got nothing. Ditto their father and mother. Today the whole family is convinced that Lois has special powers in her voice. Russell even thinks he has it all analyzed.

"You remember when Lois swallowed that grasshopper when she was a baby?" he once asked his mother. "She gagged on it and you tried to remove it. If I remember right, you got everything but the legs—that's what grasshoppers make their music with. And boy, do trout love grasshoppers!"

Whatever the secret of Lois' attraction may be, it undoubtedly exists—and not just for trout. She's going to lure untold millions of cash customers into the theaters in the next few years—customers who'll be going home delighted by a girl whose twinkling talents, before she ever came to the screen, were developed by the soundest kind of show-world training.

THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Garlands to Judy for her swell singing in *Broadway Melody of 1938.* This thirteen year old is certainly going places.—*Modern Screen November 1937*

Love is On The Air. This little number deserves mention for just one reason and that's Ronald Reagan, one of the newest finds for Warner Brothers. He has an engagingly wide grin and a nice manner.—*Modern Screen January 1938*

PETER AND THE WOLF

(Continued from page 49)

confusion and competition, it isn't quite enough to give a good performance on the screen (Pete's a swell actor)—you have to get the public talking about you. And if they talk about you as a wolf—well, that just means the conversation will be more widely engaged in.

They certainly talked about Lawford the Wolf during his Rita Hayworth episode! Rita had just left Orson Welles for the second or third time. She was big news then, as always. "I think she's wonderful," Pete sighed to me in the Metro café, glancing carelessly at the Hayworth headlines. "I'd give anything to meet her." "Why don't I say so in my column?" I replied. "Then Rita will read it, and—" "Oh, no!" Peter interrupted. "It might scare her off . . . She's so beautiful, so fascinating. . . ."

Came Sunday and a movie commentator's radio show. Almost in the same language given me by Pete, I heard of his mad crush on Hayworth and how he panted to meet her. When I saw him in the studio café the next day I chided him. "I thought you didn't want anyone to know?" "I didn't, I'm furious!" Pete exploded. "Now Rita will probably *never* speak to me!"

happy hovering . . .

But Pete wouldn't be where he is today if he gave up easily. A week later I was at the Sam Spiegel New Year's Eve party. Pete came in alone. Rita came in ditto. Mr. Lawford hovered happily around his objective. When I looked up the next time, they were dancing together, surrounded by a phalanx of photographers. They left together. For one beautiful week of popping flash-bulbs and an evening-by-evening accounting in the columns, Rita and Pete were said to be in love, and giving a very reasonable facsimile thereof. But when the news value was exhausted, so was the romance.

During Rita's early Aly Khan shenanigans, I asked Pete what he and Rita had found to talk about—for Rita isn't famous for her conversation. "She's interested in *everything,*" he said enthusiastically, without telling me what.

Maybe I should have asked Rita what Pete talks about on a date—because that's one of the unravelled Hollywood mysteries. The same disgruntled starlet quoted earlier told me, "Peter, like all actors, talks only about himself." More girls who've been out with him tell me, "One or two dates and no more! He makes them feel they're lucky to be with him." She was probably exaggerating—but it wouldn't surprise me if there were some truth in what she said. A rather superior attitude toward women is an old British custom, because of the odd-million more women than men in England. (It used to be two million. That's one reason I left England to live in America!)

There's also a big shortage of attractive men in Hollywood. Maybe that's why movie-star wives who shed a husband, or beautiful girls who lose a beau and find themselves suddenly in a lonely manless world, are grateful to be taken to Romanoff's, Ciro's, The Players, La Rue's, and Mocambo by the very presentable Pete. . . .

Except Elizabeth Taylor! Shortly after her success in *A Date With Judy,* I heard that Liz had succumbed to Pete's dating charms. So when I saw Pete deep in conversation with her on the Metro lot, I waited until he walked away to ask, "Is it true what they say about Peter being a wolf?" "Definitely not," retorted Miss



Fels-Naptha Soap

THE ONE WASHDAY 'MIRACLE' THAT CAN BE EXPLAINED!

Women who use Fels-Naptha Soap
see a 'miracle' of cleaning
performed every washday.
And they know how it's done:

This astounding laundry soap
is produced by blending the
two greatest cleaning agents known
to science—gentle, active naptha
and mild, golden soap. The formula
for this blend is preserved where it
was created—in the Fels laboratories.



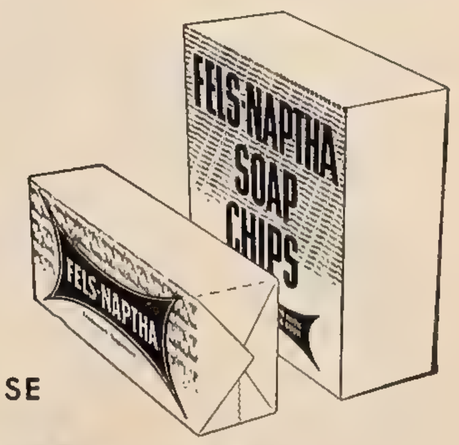
Thus the gentle, thorough
Fels-Naptha cleaning action
is unique. It cannot be duplicated
by any other soap—certainly not
by any chemical soap substitute.



Dainty garments come out of your
Fels-Naptha wash as sweet and fresh as
a daisy—safe from strong chemical action.
Badly soiled work clothes, grimy towels,
infant diapers are washed stainlessly clean, without
a trace of odor—even in your automatic washer.

Incredible? Not to the women who have tried
Fels-Naptha Soap—because they want more than promises.
Get Fels-Naptha for *your* first washday 'miracle' *now* . . .
because you know *what* it will do . . . and *why*.

For your machine or automatic washer,
get gentle, quick-cleaning, sneezeless
Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

She guards her glamour!



Safe-and-sure deodorant ends perspiration troubles!

1. **ETIQUET** actually ends under-arm perspiration odor—*safely—surely!*

2. **ETIQUET**—made by specially patented formula—really checks under-arm perspiration!

3. **FLUFFY-LIGHT AND SOOTHING**—Etiquet goes on easily—disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!

4. **NO DAMAGE TO CLOTHING** when you use Etiquet—famous cloth-test proves!

5. **MORE ECONOMICAL TO BUY**—Etiquet won't dry out in the jar! Four sizes, 10¢ to 59¢, plus tax.

Etiquet

THE SAFE-AND-SURE DEODORANT



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK



that's hollywood!

"Live your life so that you'll be proud to have Don Ameche play it someday."
—*Judy Canova.*

"A fool and his money—is a good fellow to have around."
—*Frank Morgan.*

"America's best buy for a nickel is a telephone call to the right man."
—*Ilka Chase.*

Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter

Taylor. Then she giggled, looking after Pete's retreating figure. "Don't you think he walks like a duck?" (Forgive Liz, Peter—she was only 15 at the time!)

Janet Leigh, who is not much older than Elizabeth, doesn't agree with her. Janet was all a-flutter when Pete called her immediately after her divorce from Stanley Reames—to give her the rhumba treatment at Mocambo.

Someone once tried to explain Peter to me by saying, "He's never grown up." That could be partly true—especially his intense hero-worship for men in the spotlight. Pete's long friendship for Van Johnson dates from the period of *The Human Comedy,* when Van catapulted to fame overnight in his bit role of soldier. After that, everywhere that Van would go, Peter was sure to be along. It was a very cosy quartet in those days, Van, Pete, Keenan, and Keenan's wife—as she was then—Evie. (It was fun for the photographers, too.)

quick pupil . . .

Pete's attachment to Keenan predates his friendship with Van. It is based on gratitude. Keenan, one of nature's noblemen, runs an unofficial school of acting at Metro. When Pete signed a contract at the studio, Keenan coached him for his roles. Pete learned so fast that Keenan invited him to do a personal appearance with him and gave him such good routines that Pete snagged most of the applause. It wasn't true, by the way, that Keenan was miffed by his pupil's success, as reported elsewhere. He was pleased and Pete, bless him, was sore as all get-out over the nonsensical story.

(After the Keenan Wynn marriage, I heard a newspaperman crack, "Now who gets custody of Pete?" They were making the same little joke when Van Johnson married Keenan's first wife, Evie.)

The perennial Lawford little boy-big man crush is Frank Sinatra. It is very cute to see the way Pete tags along after Frankie—and the popular crooner is good for Pete, who copies him. Pete is inclined to be thoughtless and to brush past people he knows without bothering to say hello. I watched him make the omission the other day. He was talking to a girl and either didn't see his friends or couldn't be bothered. Then Frankie came in, gave out with large greetings for everyone. For the first time Pete looked up, saw Sinatra, saw his friends, and switched into general friendliness.

I had heard of the Hope diamond of course—but not much about Gloria MacLean until she came to Hollywood after her divorce from Ned MacLean, whose

mother owned the famous jewel. But Pete knew about both. Someone told me that Gloria is the one girl that Lawford has ever really loved. I wonder.

It's true that since Gloria came here to divide her dates between Pete, and Jimmy Stewart, Lawford has not attached himself to any other girl for longer than it takes to take a photograph. But the whole business of going out with girls seems to be such a methodical card-indexed business with Pete, that should his heart ever really get involved, no one will believe it—and that should include the girl.

For instance, he seemed to be very much smitten with Lana Turner for a while. This was just preceding her short-lived romance with Tyrone Power. After that, Pete seemed even more deeply affected by the lady. He even had a public battle over her in a night club. But there were no regrets on either side when Lana dashed off to New York and Bob Topping.

Yet Pete does not put all of his publicity eggs into one basket. He can also get his name into the papers via non-romantic projects. As when Lucille Ball started her sponsored radio show and Pete, with his then unmarried pal Keenan, threw a huge party for what I was told would comprise all Lucille's most intimate friends. They should have added "friends of the press." Every man, woman and child who writes for the newspapers was invited to the party in Ciro's Ciro-ette room. A very professional time was enjoyed by all.

Until Greer Garson went around with Texas oil man Buddy Fogelson, his name was not news in Hollywood. Now if he goes to a party, or buys a new car, or walks down the street, you read the fascinating fact. So I wasn't too surprised to learn that Pete is now a buddy of Buddy's. And Pete not only admires successful business men, he now wants to be one—and is forming a company with Fogelson to make cartridges.

Are you beginning to realize how cock-eyed is the still-current belief that Pete is a babe in the Hollywoods? It's high time to stop under-estimating this highly intelligent, very adult young man. Far from being merely a light-minded wolf, he's a genius—at reaping publicity from whatever social situation in which he carefully places himself. THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"No! No! You're dying, my good man, dying! Now try it again, and put some life into it!"



Lucille Ball

showed me how to hold a Man!

It was all over between us.

Gene hadn't phoned for ages! I was heartbroken until the night I read: "Rough hands embarrass a man," warns Lucille Ball. "Men like a woman's hands to look *feminine* . . . feel soft. Keep your hands smooth and romantic with Jergens Lotion—I do!"

I started Jergens-smoothing my hands that night!





The next time I met Gene . . . my hands looked so soft and smooth. "So nice to hold," teased Gene (on our second dinner date in one week)! I know he meant it, too . . . 'cause now I'm wearing Gene's ring!

See how much softer, smoother, lovelier today's finer Jergens Lotion keeps your hands. Being a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Leaves no stickiness! Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.



Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!

she

wears Tampax

...that socially alert woman whose poise you have admired and perhaps envied



The secret of feminine poise is the knowledge that "everything is right"—seen or unseen. And on *those critical days* each month, Tampax can be a helpful contributor to that feeling of surety and confidence. For Tampax is "another kind" of monthly sanitary protection—neat, dainty and compact beyond the dreams of users of the older belt-and-pin type.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is *worn internally* and is only one-ninth the bulk of the other. Made of pure surgical absorbent cotton, it comes in slender insertion-applicators, and the wearer does not feel it when in place. You needn't even remove it during a tub, a shower or a swim!

Be like millions of other modern girls and women—*try Tampax*. No pins or belts. No odor or chafing. No embarrassment at disposal time. Tampax can cause no ridge-lines under dresses, slacks or swim suits. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average full month's supply will slip right into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



GLORIA LAMPERT
director

BEV OTT
associate

Active members in the Glenn Vernon (Komenda) club are rewarded by a personal interview in their journal. Points are awarded to members on a basis of club activity and the clubber having the most points at the end of the year gets the write-up . . . Vera-Ellen club members have already received their membership cards, designed and donated by their star . . . The Mel Torme club and the Monty Clift club of Mt. Vernon have each found new ways to enlist new members. When Mel was making a personal appearance at the Paramount in New York, his club members gave out balloons with his name. Stunt was very eye-catching. Monty's club received permission from a local theater manager to place a poster advertising the club when *Red River* was shown. They received four new members each day . . .

Would you like to win a real Esther Williams swim-suit? Her club is running a raffle, proceeds to go to their adopted war orphan, and the prize is a swim-suit very much like the kind she wears in her movies . . . Lanny Rees, whom you'll soon see as Junior in *The Life Of Riley*, has an up-and-coming club headed by Bernard Jenkins of Washington, D. C. . . . The Ray Eberle Fan Club is starting a membership drive and the first 50 people who write to Rose Marie Stroeher will win a year's membership at 50c . . . **Congratulations** to the Ronald Reagan club members, soon celebrating their tenth anniversary . . . Ronald Farrington, who is president of the Washington Jack Smith fan club, received a cash award from Jack because his journal was named best in its league by the MFSCA . . . Louise Warnes is president of both the Richard Jaekel and Jim Brown fan clubs and is offering a reduced membership fee to the first 25 to write to her. The Alan Ladd fan club of Brooklyn is offering free memberships to the first 75 shut-ins who write to prexy Janet Miller.

Members in the Harlem area of New York would do well to join Chaplain Nat Harrington's group. They have literary and social get-togethers, outings to various radio prorams. They have lots of fun and do good work, besides . . . **Ideas, Inc.** The Art Roberts-Ken Keese Club (soon to become an all-disc-jockey club) has a novel idea for its membership campaign—and credit for the plan goes to Betty Ricker. Betty has divided the members into groups of five, and each group works as a team. Naturally, team members live near each other, and work together. There's lots of competition among the groups, which makes the business of winning new fans for Art and Ken lots of fun. Nelda Clough, president of the Charles Korvin club, writes, "Another idea which many of our new members have remarked very favorably on, is my practice of sending each new member a copy of our two-page club dictionary. This is a mimeographed enclosure explaining all about the club and it's various activities; telling how our journal got its title, etc. This helps immeasurably in making the new member familiar with the club, and he feels that he can step right in and be active from the very beginning of his membership—instead of floundering around and wondering—what happens next, if anything. This dictionary stresses that our main purpose always, is to boost our star." **We know** it's very difficult to run a club with over 500 members, get out journals on time, and correspond with the various members. But we do think our League 1 clubs could be a bit more active. Month after month, we have no entries from League 1 clubs in various of our prize and point categories. Of course, we don't expect prexies to handle all the club work (and this applies to other clubs as well) so why not delegate jobs to active members of your clubs. Teamwork makes better clubs . . . Our Candid Camera Contest is beginning to feel neglected, so how about you camera fiends going to work and sending in some new entries? They can be snaps you took on your vacation this year, or a good picture of your neighbor's dog—just as long as it's interesting. Remember, in addition to winning valuable points for your club, you also win a personal prize for yourself.

Prizes: Ah, you lucky editors! Each of you is the winner of a lovely REVLON KING'S RANSOM SET. Each set, attractively boxed in black velvet, contains a gold lipstick holder and seven re-fills in luscious shades. THIS IS MY BEST winners receive a handsome, gaily colored ENGER-KRESS BILLFOLD. They have many compartments to take care of money, papers and snaps and are very durable. You club correspondents had better start writing us some newsy letters if you want to win a genuine ELGIN AMERICAN compact. We can tell you they're finished in jeweler's bronze and are perfectly lovely, but remember, seeing is believing. TANGEE TRIP KITS are the very special prize we're offering to club artists. They're filled with Tangee's special cosmetics and in order for art work to be eligible for a prize, it must appear in a club journal.

9th Semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST
4th lap

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Is It Supercolossal?", Anne Klucher, Bobby Breen Journal. "To An Actor," Margaret Woodworth, Anthony Quinn Journal. "Not Fans, but Friends," Gerrie Gruener, Joan Crawford Journal. "Hazy Holiday," Sally Hall, Al Jolson Journal. "Questioning Kerry," Elaine Homan, Gene Kelly Journal. "Friendship," Grace Fox, Nelson Eddy International Club. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Jane Wyman Journal. League 2. tied. June Allyson Journal. New Stars Journal. League 3. Esther Williams Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Rita and Jo Mottola, Nelson Eddy Music Club. League 2. Elaine Homan, Gene Kelly Journal. League 3. Terry Di Francesco, Bing Crosby (Bingites) Journal. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. Jane Wyman Journal. League 2. Burt Lancaster Journal. League 3. Gene Reynolds Journal. **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Mel Torme Club. League 3. Michael Kirby Club. **Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. John Garfield Club (Donation to orphanage, books and cards to hospitals). League 2. Ronald Reagan Club ($100.00 to March of Dimes). League 3. Richard Walsh Club (3 packages to Germany). **Best Artist:** (150 points) Jeannette North, Vaughn Monroe Club (Yaggie). **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points to first prize winner, 50 to others) Robert Breslin, Ella Raines Club. Helen Pollex, Rise Stevens Music Club. Ginger Bagnall, Jack Berch Club. Irene Ashcroft, Betty Grable Club. Frank Bellinger, Penny Edwards Club. Martha Kay, Alan Ladd Club (Kee). **Best Correspondent:** (50 points) League 1. Rita and Jo Mottola, Nelson Eddy Music Club. League 2. Ruth Schweitzer, Allan Jones Club. League 3. Nell Ambrose, Club Friendship. **Leading Clubs So Far:** League 1. Jane Wyman Club, 1550, Gene Autry Club 850. League 2. June Allyson Club, 1050. Joan Crawford Club, 1050. League 3. Charles Korvin Club 750. James Melton Club 700. Peggy Lee Club 650.

BABY FACE

(Continued from page 39)

old enough to smoke, his face still looked as if he'd yet to pass his first Boy Scout merit test. There was nothing to do about a situation like that. It doesn't pay to punch drugstore clerks in the nose. And even growing a moustache hadn't helped. He'd tried that, to the delight of all his friends, who kept telling him to go home and wash that smear off his lip.

So Bob walked out of the store without a smoke, as he'd done dozens of times before—and as he still would when, five years later, he'd wind up in Hollywood for his first movie job, playing Rosalind Russell's son in *Roughly Speaking*.

Now he can laugh about it. "That baby face gave me my start, and now I'm glad that I grew up a half dozen years before it did. Of course, in my first few pictures I was cast strictly from wholesome, but after *Mother Wore Tights* and *Green Grass of Wyoming*, along came my first real relief. They called me in and told me I was to be one of Gregory Peck's hard-boiled gang in *Yellow Sky*. Could I raise a beard?

"Could I raise a beard! I promised the healthiest beard the casting department ever saw. By gad, I'd show 'em—and I did! I startled them and myself when the darned beard came out red. But anyway, it was a genuine beard, even if it did have to be touched up a little."

as the girls go . . .

As for the romance department, Bob, at 23, no longer feels the slightest twinge of pain over the girls he lost when he was in his teens. Some of them are now married to buddies of his up around Aberdeen, Washington, and raising families.

What happens to Robert Arthur now when he gets on the telephone for a date? He gets the girl, of course. If anyone can name a couple of prettier, more exciting young ladies than Colleen Townsend or Betty Lynn, whom Bob has been dating regularly, he'd like to know about it.

That's not bragging. He just enjoys having put his inferiority complex aside for good. It isn't funny to grow up in a country where the population is 40 per cent lumberjack, where the men are thicker through the chest than the trees they chop down, and weigh an average of slightly over 200 pounds—whereas you, at 15, tip the scales for 118 pounds and are too frail to go out for football.

Anyone with a complex can look into Bob's life and take heart. One evening in his home in Aberdeen, he stared in the bathroom mirror and said to himself, "Boy—that's your face. You're stuck with it, so what are you going to do?"

He had to be tough, that's all. If he couldn't be rugged on the outside, he'd find that steel quality inside and let it shine through, in his voice and in the way he handled himself.

A couple of afternoons later, he had the big fight of his life. A buddy of his was walking home from school with him. The guy said, casually, "Looks like a good night for a toboggan party. How about it, Baby Face?"

For an answer, Bob grabbed his friend by the shoulder, swung him around and growled, "Square off!" They shed their jackets. Bob pasted a set of knuckles on his friend's chin. The boy got up and exclaimed, "What's that for?"

"For calling me something you're never going to call me again."

"Shucks, I didn't know you'd get sore. But if you want a fight, you'll get one."

To **ADD** fresh **COLOR**

and **LUSTRE**

to your hair after a shampoo or home permanent, use Lovalon



For you who do your hair at home, Lovalon is a must. It rinses gorgeous fresh color into your hair. Gives hair sparkling highlights, leaving it attractive, soft and manageable. Blends in yellow, grey streaks. Lovalon comes in 12 flattering shades . . . has none of the disadvantages of a dye . . . washes out with each shampoo. 10¢ and 25¢ at toilet goods counters everywhere.

Try Lovalon—today.



LOVALON

—the Hair Beauty Rinse



ORDER BY MAIL

VICKI OF BOSTON MS-6
89 BEACH ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Please send me_____Prs. Sandals @ 2.98

STYLE	SIZE	COLOR	2nd CHOICE
BAREFOOT			
THONG			

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____

Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D. ☐

Send check or money order and we will pay postage. Customer agrees to pay postal charges on C. O. D.'s.

BAREFOOT

vicki of Boston

Send for FREE 1949 Catalog

Have you heard Modern Romances?



Everyone's talking about that new kind of daytime radio show—"Modern Romances". It's now being heard over American Broadcasting Company stations from coast-to-coast. The radio program "Modern Romances", like the magazine, is packed with exciting stories of real people in situations you yourself may face. "Modern Romances" is great listening—you're going to like it!

Tune in every morning Monday thru Friday on your local ABC station. Check your newspaper for scheduled time of "MODERN ROMANCES"

They fought, then, slugging it out on the icy road, slipping, falling down, getting up, knocking each other down. A half hour later they were still swinging. Neither could have killed a horsefly with a head-on punch by that time. At last, they both fell, exhausted. They had just enough strength left to reach over and shake hands.

After that, word got around among Bob's friends. No one ever again remarked about his amazingly youthful face. Among his friends, that is. And people Bob didn't know, he didn't care about.

After school, Bob worked in a supply store for lumberjacks. He had a few uncomfortable moments when these grizzled monuments would storm in, crash big fists down on the counter and yell for service.

"They'd hit town from camp with several weeks' pay and $100 to spend on new duds. It was my job to sell them as much stuff as I could. Then they'd go out and break up a few bars before going back to work.

heroic effort . . .

"While I was pulling out heavy shirts and boots I used to stand as tall as I could and say to myself, 'I'm tougher than you are, you big lug.' And in a heroic effort to give that impression—and in order to be heard over the customers—I'd roar when I talked out loud. Guess that's where I developed a deep voice."

He was deep-voiced for good now, a far cry from the boy soprano in the school choir. He had confidence in himself and he proved it by coming out on top in competition with 200 other young men in a series of auditions for a job as all-around announcer for Aberdeen's station KXRO.

Then he went to Seattle and took an exam for the Navy V-12 program. They enlisted him, and when he stood for the first time in a chow line being served by kindly lady helpers, one of them looked at him in dismay, then turned to her neighbor and exclaimed, "They have no business putting a mere child like that in a sailor suit!"

Bob laughed his deepest laugh. He's five feet nine inches tall and hard as nails. Until he was hospitalized and later discharged, he did fine with the Navy gang. Except for one little incident. He was living in a dorm on the Washington campus with a huge Navy veteran who was several inches over six feet tall. They had an argument about nothing. As a climax, Bob walked over to his buddy's locker, pulled everything out and scattered equipment all over the room.

The buddy watched this procedure in amazement. When Bob was through, Bob walked up to him, stuck up his chin and said, "What are you going to do about it?"

The guy reached out, grabbed Sailor Arthur at the collar in one huge fist. He lifted him up a foot so they could look eye to eye.

"What am I going to do about it? Why, you nervey little character—what can I do about it without killing you? Come on, kid, let's go to a show."

When the Navy days were over, Bob Senior had a long talk with Bob Junior. It was time now for son to follow in father's footsteps and go into the savings and loan business.

"I'm going to stick with radio," Bob declared. "And I'm heading for Hollywood."

"You're crazy, son," the father said. "But go ahead—and I'll stand back of you. If you don't make it, there's always room back here."

"I'll make it," Bob promised.

Oh, no, he wouldn't. Not in radio. The "baby face" was going to give him trouble again after all these years. Bob Arthaud, now Robert Arthur, arrived in Hollywood with his entire savings—$100 in travelers' checks. He registered at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel and went to dinner that night at the Brown Derby, just across the street. He saw Jack Benny, Alice Faye and Phil Harris. He also saw two dozen agents and radio announcers. He felt he could have talked with any one of them, but he kept a respectful distance. He was sure he'd know them all in a few months. He tipped the waiter a dollar, then went home to bed.

"Including the cost of my hotel room, I'd spent exactly $14 of my total stake. So I checked out the next morning and went looking for a rooming house. I found one a few blocks from CBS, across Hollywood Boulevard, right next door to Jimmie Fidler's office. My landlady, an ex-vaudevillian named Pearl Early, was very encouraging about my future in radio, so I set off with a letter of recommendation in my pocket, ready for work."

His first interview was a complete flop. An executive laughed when he applied for an announcer's job. "Why, you're much too young."

"Too young? Who's going to see me?"

"You're still too young for this town," was the reply. "But you do have excellent recommendations. . . . Say, how'd you like to start in sound effects?"

Bob knew the time had come to stand up for his reputation. "Nothing doing," he declared.

He went home to the boarding house and told Mrs. Early he was heading for Arizona. There was a station there that would give him a job.

"Why don't you try pictures?" she asked.

"Pictures? That's ridiculous. What do I have to offer?"

"Try it, anyway. Another day won't hurt. We'll check with my agent."

"This is against my better judgment," Bob insisted.

And exactly 12 days after he arrived in Hollywood to work in radio, he was on the payroll at Warners—playing one of Rosalind Russell's sons in *Roughly Speaking*. When the deal was signed, Bob called his father by long distance.

"Guess what, Dad!" he crowed. "I'm in pictures."

Bob Senior's reply was unbelieving in the extreme. "Look, son—if you're really ill you can come home."

What happened next was the complete reversal of all Bob's earlier experiences. He expected that on a movie sound stage



HOW TIME FLIES!

What is this thing called love? Tyrone Power kisses Janet Gaynor a fond goodbye as she sets forth for New York firmly believing she is the only girl in his life. Next day Sonja Henie arrives in Hollywood and Mr. P. is on hand to kiss her a fond hello. And Loretta Young, who gave up Director Eddie Sutherland for Tyrone, now goes with producer Joe Mankiewicz.—*Modern Screen, January 1937*

he'd be treated as a mere peasant in the presence of the glamorous Russell and the big-shot male star, Jack Carson. Instead, he hadn't been on the set half a day before Roz began talking to him. She found out that this was his first day in pictures and that he was nervous. In 10 minutes he was so at ease that he found himself telling her the story about failing to get a job as a radio announcer because he "looked too young."

Roz roared at that. "Why," says Bob, "she actually slapped me on the back and asked me to come and see the rushes."

Then, to top off the incredible day, she drove him home that night after work. "Shucks, I discovered that these people were just like the people back home, friendly and helpful."

He discovered something else, too. That Hollywood can be as romantic as it looks. He began to go out with Wanda Hendrix. Nothing really serious, but they were both on the same lot and they had something in common. They wanted to play in *Life With Father*. They rehearsed together over sodas at a Toluca Lake drugstore. They made the test together. Everybody on the lot said it was fine. It was, but neither one of them won a part in the picture.

there to stay . . .

Then Bob's big bubble was broken. Studio production hit a slump and Bob's option wasn't picked up. "After *Nora Prentiss*, with Ann Sheridan, I was back on the town. I went into little theater work, then landed a part in *Sweetheart of Sigma Chi* at Monogram. After that came little theater work. By now I was a part of Hollywood and knew that nothing could ever make me leave."

After he signed his 20th Century contract and went to work in the Betty Grable picture, *Mother Wore Tights*, he went house-hunting. From experience with his dad in the savings and loan business, he knew how to negotiate a good buy.

After he finished a musical in which Colleen Townsend also worked, he had a new girl to date. "But I didn't want to jinx her," he smiles. "If Colleen and I had started to 'go steady,' she'd have been a cinch off my past record to be a bride in no time at all. I'm sort of kidding, of course. Anyway, Colleen introduced me to Betty Lynn. I'd been trying to meet her because she looked like a beautiful rag doll with red hair. She'll murder me for saying that, but I hope she'll keep on giving me dates—even though she has more admirers than any girl I ever knew."

There's the lurking suspicion that Bob rather likes his bachelor status. That's usually the case when an actor will freely admit how much he likes a girl. And this is true even though he's now sold his house in the canyon and is building his own dream house atop a high hill overlooking Brentwood.

"That's going to be some house," he declares. "It'll practically hang in space. At first there'll only be three rooms, supported by a single steel girder. Later on, when I'm ready and can afford it, I'm going to add rooms on the top and on the bottom. And, movies willing, that's where I'm going to stay until I'm an old man."

That's some time off. Bob Arthur is 15 years younger than the average big-time leading man of today—and he'll be stepping into that rank shortly. He really made a hit in *Yellow Sky*.

Of course, Gregory Peck is in the picture too, but is it Bob Arthur's fault that, in a new way, he has some of what Gregory has too much of?

No one has called Bob Arthur "Baby Face" for six years and three months now. And if someone should, he wouldn't mind. After all, it's the face he didn't like that put him where he is today. THE END



DO INHIBITIONS *(Doubts)* THREATEN MARRIED LOVE?

One small intimate physical neglect can rob a wife of her husband's love

YES, your married love is strong today. But married love can wither swiftly when a wife lets one small neglect stand in the way of full, normal romance.

And every wife invites that sadness . . . *if she neglects effective feminine hygiene*, like regular vaginal douches with reliable "Lysol" . . . *complete* hygienic protection that assures dainty allure. This is perhaps the *easiest* way to make a wife confident of her daintiness . . . banishing the unsureness that can separate loving mates.

Germs destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, *proved* power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" *acts* in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda *never can*.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" *will not harm* delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

Three times as many women use "Lysol" for intimate feminine hygiene as any other liquid preparation! No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on . . .

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

Product of Lehn & Fink



NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

D.M.-496

alone...

because she doesn't know



LOVE can be lost...romance ruined if you offend with perspiration odor. So stop it *before* it starts!

DRYAD—Jergens new kind of deodorant *actually stops the decaying action of bacteria*...the *chief cause* of embarrassing perspiration odor...*before* it starts!

Its *complete* deodorizing action keeps you sweet to love and adore.

APPROVED by leading skin specialists. Harmless to clothes.

SMOOTH as face cream as long as it lasts. 10¢, 29¢, 59¢.

Dryad

stops perspiration odor

before it starts

Jergens New Kind of Deodorant



Peace At Last From PERSISTENT ITCH!

No wonder thousands teased by itchy torment bless the day they changed to Resinol. Here's quick action from first moment—a blissful sense of peace that lasts and lasts, thanks to 6 active soothing agents in a lanolin base that stays on. Don't be content with anything less effective than Resinol Ointment.

HAPPY HUNTING

(*Continued from page 46*)

campaign." His Napoleonic brain was working swiftly. "You kids do the talking; I'll do the grabbing. All we've got to do is get in backstage and catch one of the girls as she comes by."

"First we've got to get *in*," said Marilyn, practically.

"That's going to be easy," put in Bill Williams. "Once I had a job as a dancer there, and I still know the doorman. Maybe *I'd* better do the talking."

So they linked arms and crossed Sunset Boulevard from the Palladium to the back door of Earl Carroll's restaurant. In a matter of minutes, Bill was patting the doorman on the back and edging his teammates in backstage.

Some of the chorines were carrying their skimpy, beaded costumes, some were already dressed. A. C.'s eyes darted hither and yon. He spotted two lighty-clad dancers hurrying past with pink and white feathers swaying temptingly from their hips. The gang moved forward simultaneously. They introduced themselves and then maneuvered the girls up against a rack of costumes at the back of the stage. Bill Williams evoked old memories of the time he was one of Stuart Morgan's dancers, and the girls were soon eagerly re-hashing the old days. Diana Mooney in the white feathers, and Winona Smith, in pink, were deep in chatter of "Remember the time when" as A. C., half hidden by the hanging costumes on the rack, reached out a hesitant hand and plucked a plume from Diana's waist. At the same time, Barbara fleeced a feather from Winona. Of course, the chorines felt their feathers jerking from them, and turned indignantly on the thieves. "Hey!" they chorused. "What's going on?"

fine feathered friends . . .

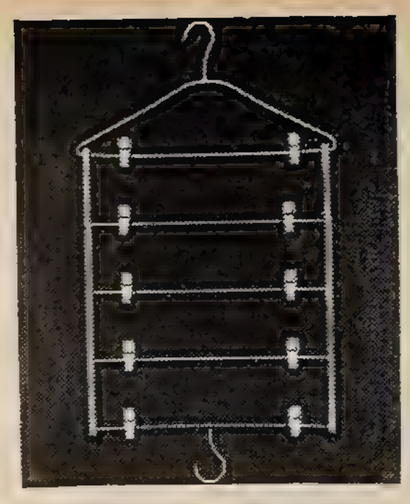
Their ruffled plumes and feelings were smoothed down as Marilyn and Barbara explained. Marilyn had broken their egg. If they didn't stand a chance to win the scavenger hunt, they could at least come back with something pretty important—like the feathers, for instance.

Winona and Diana were won over. But, they warned, the next team that came around collecting feathers would find them all out of spares. There just wasn't one single feather that could possibly be spared from their scanty costumes. This last remark delighted everyone on Team 2. It meant Teams 1 and 3 wouldn't get any ostrich plumes. Bidding farewell to their feathered friends, they dashed off to get a potted palm from the front porch of columnist Ivy Wilson, a pal of A. C.'s.

While all this was going on, Team 1, composed of Mona and Diana and their husbands, was busy piling its collected loot in the back of Pat's Ford station wagon. They'd been down to the beach, where Diana had won a huge pale blue china pig by throwing darts—three dollars' worth. They'd dropped in at the King's restaurant, where proprietor George Distel had escorted them back to the gleaming kitchen to receive a live lobster from the willing hands of his chef. And Mona's mother had dragged out a hobby horse that she'd been keeping for Mona's two-year-old infant.

Next stop was Hedda Hopper's house, to ask for one of her hats. When they rang the doorbell at 11 o'clock, Hedda had just got home, and had slipped into her red and gray hostess gown. She opened the door herself, a stately figure in her beautifully-appointed hallway.

If Hedda was surprised, she didn't raise



SHORT OF CLOSET SPACE?

Solve your Skirt-hanging problem with the new **HANDI-HANG**

- *ALSO CAN BE USED AS A DRYING RACK IN BATH OR BEDROOM.*

PLATED CROSS BARS • GENUINE DOUGLAS FIR FRAMES • DURABLE PLASTIC CLIPS — Compact, sturdy Handi-Hang keeps your skirts in perfect press, takes up only as much room as one ordinary hanger. When you wash, just turn Handi-Hang on its side, and suspend from the end hooks. Holds 5 articles of clothing. Here's a valuable household help for every girl and woman keeping house in small quarters. Only $2.50, including postage. No C.O.D. orders accepted

ETT-BARR CO. BOX 401-D PASADENA 18 CALIFORNIA



E & J Folding WHEEL CHAIRS

LIGHTEST and STRONGEST

FOLDS TO 10 INCHES



Ideal for TRAVEL, WORK, PLAY
Lightweight...Beautifully Designed Chromium Plated

EVEREST & JENNINGS Dept. 66
761 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles 38, Calif.

PERFECT FOR HOME WAVES

And all your cosmetic uses. Dispenses clean cotton as you need it—special top holds wave lotion. New, practical, inexpensive.



COTTON PICKER ®
Cosmetic and Nursery Cotton
A CURITY Product
BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

MATERNITY DRESSES WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

SUMMER STYLES

Smart, youthful styles for morning, street, afternoon, sports, or formal wear. Also maternity corsets and Lingerie.
Crawford's, Dept. 61, 729 Baltimore Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



DO YOU WANT LONGER HAIR?

MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST!

Just try this **SYSTEM** on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of **ATTRACTIVE HAIR** that can so very often capture Love and Romance for you.

MARVELOUS HELP for DRY, BRITTLE, Breaking-Off HAIR

WHEN SCALP and HAIR CONDITIONS are normal and dry, brittle, breaking-off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer . . . and much more beautiful. Amazing. The **JUELENE** System is not a hair restorative.

SEND NO MONEY—*Fully Guaranteed*

Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** for 7 days. Then let your mirror PROVE the thrilling results. **JUELENE** comes in 2 Forms ☐ Pomade ☐ Liquid. SEND FOR IT TODAY! C. O. D. $1.00 plus Government charges. It is fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted. Write Now!
JUEL CO., 4727 N. Damen, Dept. T-603, Chicago 25, Ill.

a patrician eyebrow. Instead, she stretched out a hand in welcome and ushered them into her living-room. There the gang told her what they'd come for. One of her fanciest hats, if she didn't mind. Miss Hopper swept off to her hat closet and obligingly brought forth an armful of her famous bonnets.

Hedda placed her hats on the living-room floor. They made splashes of bright color and odd shapes against her elegant gray carpet. One was a twist of purple velvet with a bird-of-paradise feather. Another was a cartwheel of black and white ospreys, another a circle of delicate gray fox fur. The kids couldn't make up their minds which to take, though the girls tried them all on, and Pat even made the blue pig model a hat.

Finally, all but Mona settled on a gigantic green felt pagoda tastefully decorated with miniature lamb chops. This gay number, Hedda explained, had been presented to her by Nancy and Frank Harmon of the famed Shangri-la restaurant in Chicago. But Mona held out for a speckled feathered pyramid. Hedda let them take both.

Hedda waved them on their way with a scented handkerchief and a tolerant smile. For Team 1, the evening's loot was as complete as they could make it. Mona was anxious to get back to check on the refreshment situation, for, as hostess, she had that little problem in addition to loot-collecting. So they called it a night.

But Team 3—composed of Mary and Terry, Jerome and Tony—was still hard at work. They were going to get raindrops, next. . . .

At the Seven Seas restaurant, the rain-on-the-roof had just started its downpour. This is a nightly feature much appreciated by the folks at the bar who, sipping tropical concoctions of rum and fruit juice, can stare at the artificial backdrop of thatched roof and waving palms, and imagine they're on some remote Somerset Maugham isle, waiting for Sadie Thompson. Tonight, as the raindrops thundered down in a satisfying deluge, an elderly gent at the bar sputtered into his drink at the sight of a lovely redhead dashing to the backdrop to start catching raindrops in what appeared to be a cream bottle. He summoned the bartender, who was deep in conversation with three other young people. They were obviously discussing what the redhead was doing.

"Well," said the elderly gent. "What *is* she doing?"

The bartender shrugged. "She's catchin' raindrops. For a party. That answer your question?"

"Whoever heard of taking artificial raindrops to a party?" the gent inquired indignantly. "Somebody ought to report the whole thing. This would *never* happen in New York. Never!"

"Maybe not, but this is Hollywood," grinned the bartender. He flapped a fat hand in salute as Mary carried her raindrops reverently from the restaurant.

"One trout from the Sportsman's Lodge trout stream," Mary muttered as she crossed *raindrops* off her list. That was their next project—at this Valley restaurant, guests are invited to fish for their own dinners in the establishment's renowned trout stream. Here, Terry and Mary, Jerome and Tony baited their hooks with liverwurst and cast their lines. It didn't take long to catch a satisfactory trout.

he got my goat . . .

Meanwhile, Barbara and Bill Williams were off in the country, galloping gaily in hot pursuit of a black goat. The fact that the night was inky-dark and so was the goat, didn't help matters. But the goat's mother was pure white, and acted like a beacon as they chased her progeny round a haystack in the San Fernando Valley. Egged on by the cheers of A. C. and Marilyn, Bill made a flying tackle, and came down with the bleating black kid in his arms.

All this happened on the ranch of cartoonist Dick Shaw, with the team promising to return the tiny kicking creature in the morning. As they struggled to get it into the car, Barbara glanced at her watch. "We'll have to step on it, Bill. We've just got time to get back before midnight."

They whizzed down the highway—and just as they turned onto Sunset Boulevard and Laurel Canyon, they found themselves racing neck and neck with Team 3.

Bill rolled down his window and yelled to Jerome Courtland, "Did you get everything?" Jerome yelled back, "No, but we got the fish and the raindrops—and other stuff." A. C.'s car came up next. "We got the goat!" yelled A. C. "And the Carroll Girls' feathers." He waved the plumage happily out the window.

Later that night, in Mona's living room, the props were counted and checked off. Team 2 was hailed as Winner—getting the goat being considered the most difficult feat of all.

Now the happy hunters settled down to heaps of fried chicken and hot biscuits, accompanied by gallons of coffee. Drumsticks in hand, they talked over the night's experiences.

Jerry told how she and Mary had helped the boys drag a doghouse off a neighbor's lawn. And how incredibly heavy a stone duck can be when you're racing against time to get the cement creature off your best friend's front grass. And how they'd had Carmen Cavallero sign their egg while he was dining at the Sportsman's Lodge.

Mary Hatcher, seated astride the hobby horse, had a brilliant idea. "Hey, let's do it all over again, next week, hummm? We could start at my house. And some of the things we could look for would be—let's see—hair from a hairless Chihuahua dog—key from the Roosevelt Hotel linen closet—and Alan Ladd!"

There was dead silence from the munching hunters. They just looked at her. Then Mona leaned over, and clapped Hedda's pagoda hat on Mary's head.

"That'll be enough out of *you*," she said.

Yep, scavenger hunts are lots of fun, but one a year is enough. And that's a sentiment heartily endorsed by this particular host and hostess, who, stuck with the props, now had to figure out graceful means of getting them back to their original owners. THE END





Those BAD DAYS CAN BE GOOD DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

MOTHERS: 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. Sent *Free* in plain wrapper. Write: Room 2603, Dept. C-69, 1450 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.





Love just "happens" to the girl who Kares

And no wonder! KARE, the new "wonder" deodorant, keeps you bath-sweet. So nice to use—a satin-smooth lotion! So different from creams and liquids—not greasy or messy! Start now to use KARE, an amazing improvement in underarm deodorants—the one that . . .

Soothes tender underarm skin
Stops odor . . . Dries instantly
Stops perspiration harmlessly
Will not harm even fine fabrics

Economical! A few drops are effective. 35¢ & 60¢*, at drug and department stores. *Plus tax

one second's Kare Lotion Deodorant and you're carefree!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.



NEW! ORDER BY MAIL 15 EXOTIC COLORS

SIZES: 1 to 12 narrow, med. wide

Pat. Pend. Actual Photo

Velvety Red, Green, Black, Navy, White, Grey, Purple, Beige, Taupe, Yellow, Gold, Silver, Bronze, Balenciaga, Copper.

GRECIAN THONGS with PLATFORM

- Built In Air Lift Arch
- Wedge Heel. Removable Straps
- Crepe Sole

Never before offered at a price so low! Fit Guaranteed! Money-back guarantee!

ONLY 2.95

COLLEEN ENTERPRISES, Haverhill, Mass.

Rush me prs. Grecian Thongs @ 2.95 ea.
SIZE..... WIDTH..... COLOR.....
2nd Color Choice .....
NAME .....
STREET .....
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....
☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D.

MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH

(Continued from page 54)

the Lucretia Borgia story with Paulette Goddard, *Bride of Vengeance*. When he walked out on the part, in stepped a pretty important threat to Milland's place at Paramount: John Lund.

There isn't a bright and forceful young actor anywhere around with as divine a disposition as John's. He gets along with everyone. Dietrich and even the unpredictable Jean Arthur loved making *A Foreign Affair* with him. He gives every part he plays everything he's got. He owns a sense of humor that twinkles like the star he's bound to be. He's modest, happily married, perfectly adjusted and sunny.

And Ray—well, he gets out of Hollywood every chance he has, and his fumings have brewed trouble with his attractive wife, Mal, several times, although they're working out their marriage right now. On the screen these days, Ray, for all his matchless charm, not only has the handicap of maturity, but a wooden indifference you simply can't miss. Ray may wind up handing over his position on the Paramount pedestal to John Lund.

It wasn't all a cozy coincidence that MGM imported young Deborah Kerr to Hollywood at the very time that the studio's "First Lady," Greer Garson, was getting hard to handle. Greer minted money with straight aces for Leo's lair, and then she started telling her bosses what she would and wouldn't do. So they brought a new hand into the poker game—red-headed, like Greer, English, like Greer—and the first job given her was with Clark Gable, the very star who figured in Greer's bumps-a-daisy, *Adventure*—which Greer herself insisted on doing, despite the pleadings of almost everyone at MGM, who knew the part wasn't for her.

Well, Deborah didn't do much better, I'm afraid, with Clark in *The Hucksters* than Greer had done with him in *Adventure*. *If Winter Comes* clinched MGM's disappointment in Deborah, who had rated on her arrival the biggest press fanfare with which I've ever seen any Redcoat march into our town. I'm happy to report that her latest, *Edward, My Son*, pleases everybody—so the Big Plans are back again for Deborah Kerr.

I doubt very much if she'd ever have had that grand entrance to Hollywood fame and fortune if Greer Garson hadn't bulled through her desire to co-star with Clark Gable in his first post-war picture. Gable needed a lusty, slam-bang American girl for *Adventure*—and he got an English lady acting too darned cute. Well, Greer got her urge for slapstick cured in that and in *Julia Misbehaves*. Now she's back playing what suits her, what made her famous—a "lydie," proper, mature and growing gracefully old—in *The Forsyte Saga*, with about two dozen changes of costume and four or five leading men. But, in my opinion, it was Deborah Kerr's entrance at MGM that said "wh-o-o-a" to Greer's high horse.

Last year, Bette Davis was way up in the top bracket of Hollywood wage-earners. Last year she came back after a year off the screen to have her baby. Yet last year, too, in stepped 23-year-old Patricia Neal, to divide honors as the fair-haired dramatic actress at Warners with Jane Wyman, whom everybody had been taking for granted for years and years—everybody except Jane, that is.

After her fine work in *John Loves Mary*, Pat Neal was given the part in *The Fountainhead* that Barbara Stanwyck had had her heart set on. And the reason for the switch was purely a matter of years: The character Barbara wanted to play was 22.

I'm a firm fan of Bette Davis and Barbara Stanwyck and I'm very, very fond of them. They're both stacked with courage and greatness and they've written Hollywood history. Barbara, an Academy Award nominee this year, is still solid at the box-office. And though Bette, after taking time off to have her baby, made a sizable mistake in her comeback picture, *Winter Meeting*, she rallied well enough in *June Bride* with Bob Montgomery. She'll have Joe Cotten with her next, in *Beyond the Forest*. So Bette, while she may no longer be the spotlighted romantic-dramatic studio monarch she was for years, is still a mighty luminary in the movie skies.

Patricia Neal is younger, prettier and, though she may not yet be in Bette's league, is one heck of an actress. She's a quality girl with a sound acting background. (She bagged five different awards for her Broadway work in *Another Part of the Forest*.) She's serious and dedicated and untempted by Hollywood's fleshpots. After making *The Fountainhead* with Pat, Gary Cooper told me, "Hedda, she can't miss. She's going to be a great star"—and I think Gary ought to know about such things by now. When Pat Neal returns from making *The Hasty Heart* in London, she'll start dividing the casting plums at Warners with Jane Wyman.

But if it hadn't been for Pat Neal or Jane, Bette would have lost out to somebody else. And she's smart enough to

Special offer to our readers

The 1948-49 edition of MODERN SCREEN's exclusive "Super-Star Information Chart" is something no real fan should be without. It's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of over 500 of your favorite stars—complete with birthdates, hobbies, real names, recent pictures and inside facts. To obtain your copy, send 10¢ in coin, plus a large self-addressed, stamped (3¢), envelope to Service Department, MODERN SCREEN, P. O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y. Send soon!

know it. Time, as they say, marches on.

Of course, as there is in Stanwyck and Davis, there's plenty of life left in some of the other senior boys and girls. For instance, when Judy Garland's jangled nerves, which cost MGM a pretty penny throughout *The Pirate,* acted up again and she couldn't pull herself together to meet rehearsals for *The Barkleys of Broadway,* who took over? Ginger Rogers, a standard Hollywood star when Judy was playing paper dolls. And before that, who stepped in to save the day in *Easter Parade,* when young Gene Kelly broke his ankle? Fred Astaire, who'd previously announced his retirement. Thus, a box-office team that was Hollywood's pride a dozen years ago is again aces in pictures, and will be for quite a spell now.

Competition is the crucible that makes a Hollywood star glow hot and bright—and if young Jane Russell can crowd out Dottie Lamour to pep up Bob Hope's antics with new and diverting feminine charm, then I'm getting Russell-conscious right now—as who isn't? (In this case, Dottie doesn't much care—she's had a yen to be more dramatic than decorative for a long time.)

the old master . . .

There's only one way for a veteran to meet the recurring rookie challenge—that's to work harder and better.

I think the way Bing Crosby rolled with Frank Sinatra's young punch is the most graceful maneuver Hollywood maturity ever made when confronted by youth's cocky come-up. When the bobby-soxers screamed Frankie to hysterical fame, people shook their heads and sighed, "Poor Bing." But Crosby didn't waste one second feeling sorry for himself. Instead of bucking Frankie, he embraced him.

I saw the first air show on which Bing and Frankie shared the spotlight. Bing tossed all the gags Frank's way, smothered him with praise, boosted his stock, put out the biggest "Welcome" mat he had. Then he proceeded to prove he could still sing rings around Sinatra. In fact, Frankie's challenge to the Old Master started a good guy, who was getting soft, to fulfilling his true great promise.

When Bob Hope first heard Frank sing in New York—before Frank ever hit Hollywood—Bob leaped for a long-distance phone and got Bing out of bed, 'way past midnight.

"Say, Bright Eyes," needled Bob, "I've just heard a kid here who's going to come to Hollywood and make you go back to work." And you know what Bing, woolly-headed with sleep as he was, replied?

"Bring him along," he said. "I'm getting too fat and lazy, anyway."

You'll have a hard time convincing me that Bing Crosby's amazing bow as a distinguished actor in *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's* didn't have its start right there.

Every time a star drops his guard in this town, there's a challenger handy to sock his way through the opening. The stakes are high and the competition fierce, as they always have been in the city that movies made.

I'm not using that prize-ring lingo idly, because there are a couple of young scrappers climbing through the ropes right now who figure to make things uncomfortably hot for the hard guys, the way they're going. I mean John Derek and Kirk Douglas.

It was Hollywood's ranking hard guy himself, Humphrey Bogart, who gave John Derek his break in *Knock on Any Door.* But it must have wrung a twisted smile from Bogey to see Derek collect all the critics' raves when the picture opened in New York.

Bogey first ran into John Derek during

ARE YOU, TOO, RUINING YOUR MARRIED HAPPINESS

...because you don't know



If only you'd learn these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS *you can trust!*

Have you noticed that nice husband of yours staying out more often with the boys? Or, if he does remain at home, do you notice an indifference—almost a resentment on his part? Now 'fess up! Didn't it ever occur to you that the wife herself is often the guilty one?

If only young wives would realize how necessary vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *married happiness*—to combat offensive vaginal odor. If only wives would learn why they should always use ZONITE in their douche!

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. And NO OTHER type proved SO POWERFUL yet so safe to delicate tissues as ZONITE. So why continue to use weak or dangerous products? ZONITE is truly a miracle! The first *non-poisonous* antiseptic-germicide principle in the world that could kill bacteria without harming delicate tissues. ZONITE is positively non-irritating, non-burning. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

Zonite's Miracle-Action

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances, leaving you feeling so clean—so refreshed. Helps guard against infection. It *immediately* kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can FEEL CONFIDENT that ZONITE does kill every reachable germ. A blessing to womankind! All drugstores.

Zonite FOR NEWER *feminine hygiene*

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. MR-69, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

the war when that baby-faced husky was stationed at the Army's Desert Training Center down below Palm Springs. Bogey was on location near there, making *Casablanca.* He liked this young soldier who told him about his acting dreams.

"If I can ever give you a hand, let me know," Humphrey offered, and he wasn't just talking.

After John Derek fought through the war as a paratrooper, he came right back to Hollywood. He was signed and dropped by 20th Century-Fox without a look at a camera. The minute he was dropped, Bogey caught him for *Knock.* John's made *All the King's Men* since, and he'll be starred in his third picture, *The Hero.* Soon he'll be knocking loud on Humphrey Bogart's door.

Now look at Kirk Douglas. After *Champion,* Kirk could have signed a long-term starring contract at important money with any studio in town. The offer he liked came from Warners—and he's just signed on there for seven years. The Warners, who now have under their canny wings some of the best young talent in Hollywood, have something really terrific in Kirk. He's loaded with masculinity, sex appeal, menace and strength. Kirk was an intercollegiate wrestling champ at St. Lawrence University and he's all man. He can also act, as he's proved in six or seven pictures before *Champion*—including *Out of the Past* and *I Walk Alone.* He's dynamic, a young man who knows where he's going. His first Warner film will be *Young Man with a Horn,* in which he'll share billing with Doris Day and Lauren Bacall.

Stack young Kirk or John Derek up against Jimmy Cagney, back home again and comfortable in rugged roles at Warners. Jimmy's making *White Heat,* playing the same kind of toughie part that made him a star in *Public Enemy* years ago. But that was just that—years ago. Cagney's a grand gentleman and nobody wants to snatch any of his laurels away from him. Yet, if he's planning on heading the hard-guy list again, I'm afraid he's going to be surprised by the rough competition he'll get from young knuckle-dusters like Derek and Douglas.

You can't call Jeanne Crain a brand-new newcomer, but still she's young enough to have that divine discontent and the confident, "Put me in, coach" urge of youth. Jeanne has packed a few brief seasons with hay-making hits. *Margie* and *Apartment For Peggy* alone will keep the bosses of 20th Century-Fox in new Cadillacs for some time to come. And so Jeanne, doing the sweet-little-girl jobs in Zanuckland, has just gently plopped Gene Tierney down from her satin seat on top of the Fox lady-star heap.

Gene, who's a veteran at 28, was Darryl's pet young dramatic actress for seven years. Now they're hailing a new stand-out star at 20th—and she is, of course, 23-year-old Jeanne. Miss C. is set for *Pinky,* the red-hot controversial treatment of the color problem that Darryl Zanuck is tackling as his prestige-picture follow-up to *Gentleman's Agreement* and *The Snake Pit.*

Gordon MacRae, young and eager, with a heavenly baritone and dying to deliver, works for Warner Brothers. So does Dennis Morgan. Dennis is a big star; Gordon MacRae isn't—yet. And the contrast between their attitudes has been striking.

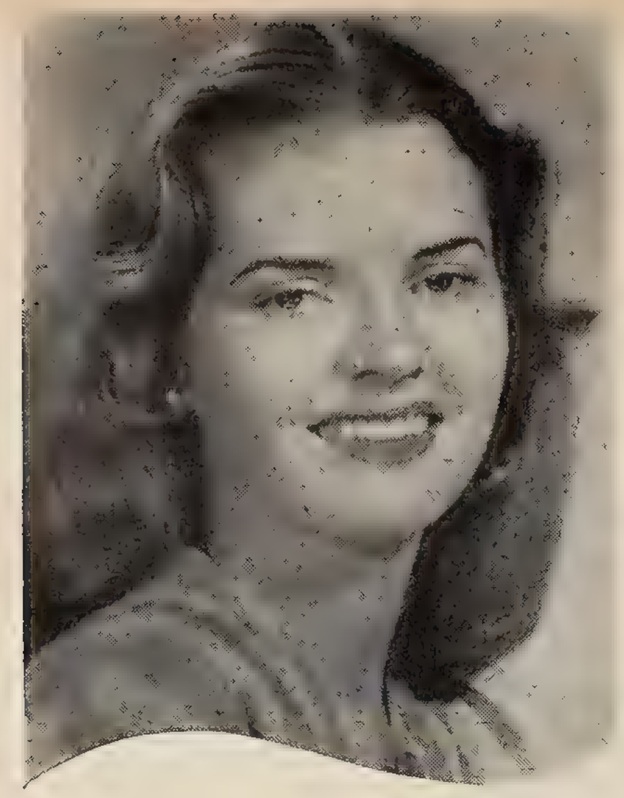
For a time, Dennis Morgan was sitting back on a contract he signed a couple of years ago. It gave him all the money and security he needed, time off for hunting and fishing and just lazing around his mountainside mansion. Denny, who'd formerly liked to work, began to duck and dodge it. He was getting uncooperative about the necessary annoyances of a star's existence—publicity pictures, interviews, extra-curricular appearances. No youngster, he was coasting on the reputation which began brilliantly with *Kitty Foyle.* And in spite of his fat weekly check and his still voluminous fan mail, Dennis, I regret to say, seemed dangerously close to a slide downhill.

But recently, Dennis seems to have seen a great light. And he's been given important co-starring assignments with Jane Wyman (*The Octopus and Mrs. Smith*) and Ginger Rogers (*Perfect Strangers*).

That young, ambitious, talented, friend-making guy I mentioned a minute ago, Gordon MacRae—who's being voice-coached by John Charles Thomas, no less—is sure of being a big hit with June Haver in *Look for the Silver Lining.* If Dennis Morgan hadn't snapped out of his unfortunate lethargy, who do you think would have been getting the romantic singing plums at Warners—indifferent Dennis, or this boy with the zing in his sing who's been saying, "Move over, mister," and meaning it?

The pressure in Hollywood is always from below, and when the stars totter on their pinnacles there's always somebody around poised to climb aboard in their stead. Somebody young, eager, ambitious and talented. Youth must be served. And nowadays in Hollywood, it certainly is.

THE END



GLAMOROUS GIRLS
have lovely skin

You don't need perfect features to be beautiful . . . a smooth, soft, glowing skin adds charm and warmth to any personality. Let Stillman's Freckle Cream do for you what it has done for countless other girls . . . its gentle bleaching action beautifies and softens the skin, giving it a youthful appearance. Economically priced. On sale wherever toiletries are sold. Write today to The Stillman Co., Box 2, Aurora, Illinois, for "The Joy of New Personal Charm."

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM 50¢

KOPAL PAINTS ON!
DINGY TEETH
LOOK RADIANT
WHITE
"Be proud and happy to smile"



Before KOPAL... 3 minutes later... After KOPAL



This is a wonderful fact! Now, no matter how blemished your teeth may be—no matter how dull or dingy—in just 3 minutes you can be proud and happy to smile! Yes, Kopal magically covers tooth surfaces—even gold fillings—with the pearl-like luster of movie star smiles. Yes, Kopal is the amazing new cosmetic enamel for the teeth that beauty editors rave about and grateful users call a miracle of *natural*-appearing beauty. Try Kopal for the thrill of your life!

Paints on like nail polish—harmless

A dentist's formula—Kopal is absolutely harmless, tasteless. Goes on easier, quicker than nail polish. Easily wiped off with Kopal Remover. Unaffected by eating, mouth acids, cocktails. SEND NO MONEY. Radiant results guaranteed! Just send name and address on postcard. When Kopal Kit arrives, pay postman $3 plus C.O.D. postage. Or send $3 with order and save postage. Price includes Fed. tax. Money back if not thrilled. Winters & Company, Dept. 32, 1 E. 42 St., New York 17.

KOPAL KIT contains Saf-Enamel Art brush Applicator Remover Directions plus Free Consultation

MOUTH Frostie Winters COSMETICS

SHE NEVER LEFT HOME

(*Continued from page 35*)

upbringing remained unshaken. She'd always managed her boy friends with complete aplomb. For that matter, she'd never been too interested in fellows anyway, because Jean was always ambitious for a career for herself. Until she was 18, she'd never "gone steady" with anyone. And when, for a short while, she finally decided to do so, she picked three friends simultaneously. Furthermore, her dates were planned in advance to the last detail, in a very businesslike manner. Like the time that Johnnie, a neighbor's boy, phoned her for a Saturday night date.

"I'd love to," Jean said, "*if* we'll go to a movie. . . ."

"Sounds swell," Johnnie had agreed.

"And see Tyrone Power in *Crash Dive,*" Jean went on.

"O.K.," said Johnnie.

"And," my daughter insisted, "if I can have an ice-cream soda afterwards."

Johnnie graciously consented on all counts.

"A chocolate ice cream soda with whipped cream and a cherry on top of it," Jean added, sounding very final.

"Sure, sure," Johnnie had conceded. He knew that Peters girl. When you made a date with her, you had to agree in advance to detailed plans for the whole evening. And no deviations would ever be allowed by her.

So, as far as men were concerned I felt positive Hollywood wouldn't change Jean. But there were other fears about Hollywood. "When you're an actress," people told me, "you keep on saying lines from scripts until after a while, you act both on and off the screen, and completely lose your own personality."

Smilingly, I recalled the first time Jean

SEND ONLY **$1 for Any Item**

Balance in easy payments.

Your Money Back if Not Satisfied.

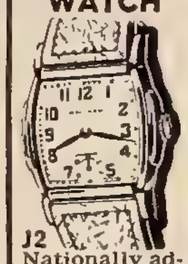
Immediate Delivery



J3

3-genuine-diamond engagement ring and 3-genuine-diamond wedding ring. 14Kt. Gold. Perfectly matched in attractive gift box. **Both for $29.95 tax incl.** 3 diamond ring only $22.95.

MEN'S WRIST WATCH



J2

Nationally advertised watch with written guarantee. Latest model in luxurious gift box. **$24.95 tax incl.** Ladies' Watches at same price.



J4

Bargain of the Month. 14Kt. gold engraved wedding band. White or yellow. **Sale price $4.98 tax incl.** while they last.



J6

Beautiful gold filled Carmen stretch bracelet to enhance her wrist and win her heart. Attractively Boxed. **$7.95 tax incl.**

Send for Big FREE 48 page Catalog. Full line Genuine Diamond Rings. Nationally Known Watches. Lowest Prices. Best Terms Guaranteed.
HOW TO ORDER: Send only $1. Balance in Easy Payments. State age, occupation. No extra charge. No red tape. Orders filled promptly. ORDER TODAY.

ATLAS JEWELERS, Inc.

Dept. M-4, 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

is a Pimple-Free Face worth $2.00 to You?

At last! You can do something to really help rid your face of pimples and regain your natural, lovely complexion. Pleasant-to-use JOT is the same new compound used by leading skin specialists for treating acne. What a thrill to see ugly pimples disappear! Send $2.00 for 2-oz. jar and free diet and cleansing instructions.



Must please you or your money back!

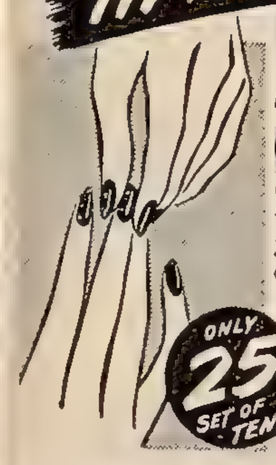
ACT NOW! WRITE TODAY!

GALEN LABORATORIES

Dept. 7 P.O. Box 1 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lovely NAILS in A FLASH... with NU-NAILS

ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS and QUICK-DRYING GLUE



Cover short, broken, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy with our amazing *new quick-drying glue.* Can be worn any length . . . polished any shade. Help overcome nail-biting habit. Set of ten . . . only 25c. At all dime stores.

NU-NAILS CO., Dept. 15-G
5251 W. Harrison, Chicago 44.

AMAZING CREAM REMOVES UNSIGHTLY HAIR *QUICKLY*, SAFELY



Acts Below "Razor Line" Without Cutting or Scraping Legs

The modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with *Neet*® Cream Depilatory. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. Safer too from razor cuts and scratches. Neet leaves tender skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. Just apply Neet like any cream, then rinse off and hair disappears like magic.

had "lost" her own personality. She'd been eight then. It was a Friday morning, and I had told her to clean up her room. But even at eight, Jean couldn't be occupied doing just mechanical work, her mind had to accomplish something too.

She always did a good job of cleaning her room, but she always found ways to get in at least a few minutes of reading while doing it. She had books hidden everywhere throughout her room, where they could easily be put back should I come in unexpectedly—under the pillow, beneath the mattress, in her bureau drawers. When she'd hear me coming, she'd pop back the book and, with an angelic expression, outdo herself giving the floor a brisk scrubbing or dusting the shelves or making her bed.

But that Friday morning, when I walked into her room, Jean was slumped on the bed, quietly weeping.

Drying her tears, I tried to imagine what was bothering her. To get her mind off whatever it was, I suggested, "Jean, why don't you go out in the garden and pick some berries for lunch?"

Her only response was a violent burst of tears.

I hoped that leaving her alone for a while might help. Half an hour later, Jean came into the kitchen, still looking very woebegone.

"How about setting the table, darling?"

The weeping started all over again. I had to get to the bottom of this. "Just what *is* the matter, Jean?"

"She's dying, Mother," Jean sobbed. "She's dying and there's nothing I can do about it."

"Who's dying? I didn't know anyone was sick."

"Beth, Mother. Beth's dying . . ." The tears came in a flood.

"Beth?" Suddenly it dawned on me I'd seen Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women" on Jean's bed. So that was it! My Jean had identified herself completely with Beth. Her sympathy was so intense she couldn't control her emotions.

And a similar incident, though not so dramatic, happened after Jean had read her first Zane Grey story. Dressed in overalls and a checked shirt, with my husband's leather belt slung loosely around her waist,



critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

In spite of a John Steinbeck story and screen play, *The Red Pony* is little more than just another sick horse fiction . . . Steinbeck observes the traditions, but his human relationships are much too sketchy. It is a vague piece which comes out clothed only in a flimsy chemise of pathos.

Otis Guernsey
N. Y. Herald Tribune

John Steinbeck was in a tender mood when he rearranged the original *Red Pony* collection into this scenario. He has made no important changes in his material, simply arranged his events into a sequence better suited to movie purposes. His warm, salty dialogue, the eager dreams of childhood and a boy's ecstasy in animal comradeship all have been affectionately caught in the picture.

Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram



Eliminates basting!

Hold rick-rack or braid in place for sewing with "Scotch" Cellophane Tape. Sew right through the tape, then peel it off. A roll of cellophane tape in every room will save you many steps every day.

GET THE TAPE HABIT... *it's thrifty!*



For quality, insist on —

REG. U S PAT OFF

SCOTCH BRAND

Cellophane Tape

SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING
TRANSPARENT AS GLASS

ANOTHER 3M COMPANY PRODUCT

MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO.
ST. PAUL 6, MINN. © 1949 3M CO.

EXCITING LOVE TALES

ALL 4 for Only $1.00

Reprints of Regular $2 Books at this special price



THE HARD BOILED BLONDE By Glen Watkins

Nine out of ten of the men who came to the "Golden Goose" to hear Patricia Brownell, the blonde torch singer, were eager to seduce her, and were foredoomed to failure. When she had been sixteen, she had been swept off her feet by a man who set her senses to singing. But never again.

STUDIO LOVERS By Lee Jacquin

After a searing experience among the so-called "nice people" who were her own class, Leila Saunders came to Greenwich Village to try a new life. Young, vibrant and with beauty like a flame, Leila quickly became part of the mad whirl of Bohemia.

WAYWARD GIRL By Carlotta Baker

Separated from the man she loved, married to a man she hated, Susan Price could be excused for being slightly wayward.

A LITTLE SIN By Ralph Carter

John Roderick, being a persistent young man, continued to love Mary Blake even when she stopped being a very proper secretary and became a very improper mistress.

These four books are so thrilling that they were "best-sellers" at $2.00 each. Each one is packed with romance, passion and thrills, each book is complete and bound separately. Not one word left out. Hours of exciting reading. Mailed postpaid if you send order with $1.00 or sent C.O.D. plus postage (as C.O.D. fees are minimum of 38c, best send payment with order). Money Back Guarantee.

KNICKERBOCKER PUBS. INC., Dept. N12A
26 East 21st St New York 10, N. Y.

AMAZING!! NEW!!

"DEW"

SPRAY DEODORANT

IN THE MAGICAL "SELF-ATOMIZING" BOTTLE



STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR TROUBLES! Keeps you daintily pure, socially secure.

DAINTIER THAN CREAMS! "Dew" never touches hands. Not messy. Squeeze flexible bottle, spray on gentle mist.

ONLY DEODORANT CONTAINING "RETSELANE" to stop perspiration trouble, avoid perspiration stains on clothes. Removes odor.

WON'T ROT CLOTHES! Can't irritate normal skin.

SAVES MONEY! Full year's supply only **98¢** Plus tax. Less than 2¢ a week

SQUEEZE FLEXIBLE BOTTLE!

"DEW" ®

SPRAYS ITSELF ON!

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



"CASACION"

IMPERIALS

5 matched simulated diamonds . . . gold finish . . . exquisite charm . . . challenging classic beauty . . . created by masters. **CASACION** Diamonds are so real only experts can tell the difference. Worn on right hand as well as engagement ring. First time for only $2.95 plus tax. $3.54 prepaid. No C.O.D.'s Please.

Return in five days for refund if not delighted.

RAY-MAR CO. DEPT. C-9

4501 OAKMONT ST. PHILADELPHIA 36, PA.

HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS Pain

RELIEVED

incredibly fast

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend—

ANACIN ®



Here's why

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients. Get Anacin Tablets today.

Jean strolled into the kitchen where I was baking a cake.

"Howdy, podner!" she began in a slow drawl, reaching for the gun holster that wasn't there.

"Howdy yourself," I came back to please her, not too busy to notice that she was furiously chewing away on some straw.

"How's everything on the Bar-M, podner?" she went on.

"Look, podner," I said, "how about going out to the yard and gathering some eggs? Or is that below a cowhand's dignity?"

"Shore, podner, I'll gather them eggs right gladly!"

She strode out of the kitchen—but "howdy, podner" went on until Jean was through with her Zane Grey stories.

By this time I knew I had a young actress on my hands who already was mastering the difficult art of "living the part" she was to act. . . .

So, as for Jean's losing her own personality in Hollywood—why couldn't it have happened just as easily right here in East Canton after a high-school play, or at the University of Michigan or Ohio State where she went to college? She threw herself into her roles, of course, but of course she never really "lost her own personality" any more than she really had when absorbed in "Little Women" and Zane Grey. So why on earth should such a thing happen to her in Hollywood?

new worlds . . .

But I *was* concerned about one situation in particular that might arise. Jean was perhaps too open and trusting. Like many friendly girls from the country, she'd be apt to accept people at face value.

So I was concerned about the people Jean was going to meet, work with, play with. Actors, producers, directors—people from all over the world, from all walks of life, with all kinds of different standards.

My daughter was used to the kindly neighbors, whose simple evening pleasures consisted of playing Monopoly, or just visiting and discussing the weather, farm prices, and livestock, or attending an occasional square dance.

"Well," I told myself, furiously wiping the last of my breakfast dishes, "she'll be all right. She's a Peters!"

But I couldn't deny that I felt relieved to know that Jean would have somebody to look after her when she first arrived in Hollywood. Two years before, Mr. and Mrs. Fink, our former neighbors and good friends, whose son had gone to school with Jean for several years, had moved to Los Angeles. They'd offered to have Jean live with them till my sister Melba could go to California to keep house for Jean.

Neverthless, I used to send Jean newspaper clippings about unhappy people who had got their names in lurid headlines—just to remind my daughter what could happen, and to caution her never to become like that.

An additional worry was the possible influence of all this hullabaloo on her 13-year-old sister, Shirley. Jean had always been Shirley's ideal. Whatever she did was right. And Shirley had always tried to copy her. If Jean should change in Hollywood, Shirley might go through the very same change in East Canton. Already, two weeks after Jean had left, Shirley felt the first reaction of her sister's new career. Whenever she did anything wrong in school, anything out of the ordinary, her classmates were quick to surmise, "She thinks she's different, just because her sister's in Hollywood." But her classmates soon got used to Jean's new status. And, when that happened, Shirley's school associations returned to normal.

So, as the months went by, East Can-

Learn here the TRUTH about

PSORIASIS

IS IT A **SKIN** DISEASE OR **INTERNAL?**

For the past several years a number of Physicians have reported amazing success in treating Psoriasis with LIPAN—a new medical wonder taken *internally*. LIPAN (registered U.S. Patent Office) is a combination of glandular substances that treat certain internal disorders which many medical men now agree to be the cause of Psoriasis. Clinical results show LIPAN successful in over 90% of the cases treated. Even stubborn lesions are alleviated to a degree almost beyond belief. *Absolutely harmless!* Ask your druggist for LIPAN, or write direct for free booklet. Or send for month's supply (180 tablets), enclosing check or money order for $8.50.

SPIRT & COMPANY, Dept. DM-6, Waterbury, Conn.



LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. F-39, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

High School Course at Home — **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, HA-14, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

BROKEN JEWELRY WANTED

All kinds. Highest cash prices paid for rings, jewelry, spectacles, gold teeth, diamonds, broken and usable watches, etc. Cash mailed promptly. Write for FREE shipping container.

LOWE'S, Dept. MS

Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Marvel

$3.50 WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE for Women

At DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Free Booklet, Marvel Co., 606 East St., New Haven, Ct.



LIKE to DRAW?

Use spare time at home preparing for profitable art career. A complete home study course with money back agreement. For details and talent test give age and occupation.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL ART

DIVISION D, BOX 8066 . DALLAS 5, TEXAS

...Train At Home For This WELL PAID PROFESSION-

PRACTICAL NURSING



Help fill the urgent need for **Trained Practical Nurses.** If you are between 18 and 55, it's easy to train at home in your spare time to take your place in this respected calling. Many earn while learning. High school is not needed. Nurse's equipment included. Mail this ad today for FREE Facts.

Wayne School Of Practical Nursing, Inc., 2525 Sheffield Ave., Desk K-41, Chicago 14, Ill.

Please rush FREE FACTS and Sample Lesson Pages.

NAME_____ Age_____

Full Address_____

ton got used to the idea that the Peters girl was in Hollywood."

Then came that fateful day when the movie, *Captain from Castile* was shown. The town was a little shocked that Jean was photographed to look so sexy, that her gowns were cut so low. "We told you so!" I heard over and over again. "She couldn't play a part like that unless she had changed."

For six more months I heard "unless"—for six more months I kept sending Jean clippings and motherly advice. Finally, I decided to go to California to find out for myself if I'd been right in letting my girl go to Hollywood—or if I should have listened to that well-meant neighborly advice.

When I arrived in Westwood, where Jean had moved when my sister Melba had joined her, I found that their home is no different from the usual home anywhere in Ohio. No swimming pool. No servants. No tennis courts. No stables or elaborate gardens. Just an ordinary, two-bedroom home in a nice, residential district of Los Angeles, out near the campus of the big University of California.

Jean still had her 1940 sedan. There was no flashy convertible, such as most people seem to expect a movie actress to have. Jean still dressed simply, and, as before, made most of her own clothes.

Also, Jean's social life is as unpretentious as it ever was. Still no wild parties or going to night clubs six times a week. Jean's idea of a binge is to have a few, intimate friends over for dinner, play charades or Monoply, just as she used to in East Canton, or go to the movies, a habit she hasn't outgrown, even in Hollywood. And Jean still attends church regularly.

There are no romantic implications in Jean's life. Even the much-publicized "romance" with Howard Hughes, about which I had read so much back in East Canton, and followed with more than a little anxiety, must have sprung from the fertile imagination of columnists and publicity men. Certainly, Jean has gone out with Mr. Hughes. But she has gone out with other famous men as well. Probably the cause for all the comment has been the fact that, while she appears so very seldom at nightclubs and almost never at Big Hollywood parties, she has been seen dining with Mr. Hughes a few times. But there's absolutely no foundation to these marriage rumors. For that matter, Jean feels she's too young to get married. Like the little girl of eight, she still wants to concentrate on her career for the next few years. And when Jean makes up her mind about something, she sticks to it. She's a Peters.

But just as I suspected, Jean is still a very open and trusting girl. Yet, surprisingly, it has proved an asset rather than a liability—it has helped her popularity at her studio immensely. Since Jean loves to meet people, she quickly makes the acquaintance of everyone on the set of her current picture. She knows their names, their problems, their likes and dislikes. "After all, Mother," Jean has told me, "a studio is really just like a small town. Sure there's gossip. There's bound to be. But what about East Canton? Didn't you used to talk about Mrs. Somebody's new dress, and why young So-and-So used to lose job after job? How Mr. and Mrs. Such-and-Such were having a struggle with five children to support? But you knew them, and you helped them when they needed you. And it's just the same way out here."

it takes teamwork . . .

As a matter of fact, Jean has a much better chance to make friends on the set than under any other circumstances she's encountered so far. When you work with people all day, when your whole acting career depends on their helpfulness and cooperation—the way your co-actors feed you lines, the way the make-up man does his job, the way the lighting and props and so forth are handled—then you really know what friendship means. A star doesn't build himself. That's done by the cooperation of the director and the grip, the make-up man and the electrician, the designer and the cameraman. And if you want cooperation, you have to be a friend.

Jean's relationship with studio workers isn't confined to work alone. She sponsors a baseball team on the lot made up of carpenters and grips, actors and clerks and other employees of 20th Century-Fox—who are very much like the crowd back home. They get together about twice a week for practice or games with other teams on the lot. And Jean's right in there, pitching madly, catching worse! She's very proud of her team. And although I'm Jean's mother, I think they're kind of proud of her, too.

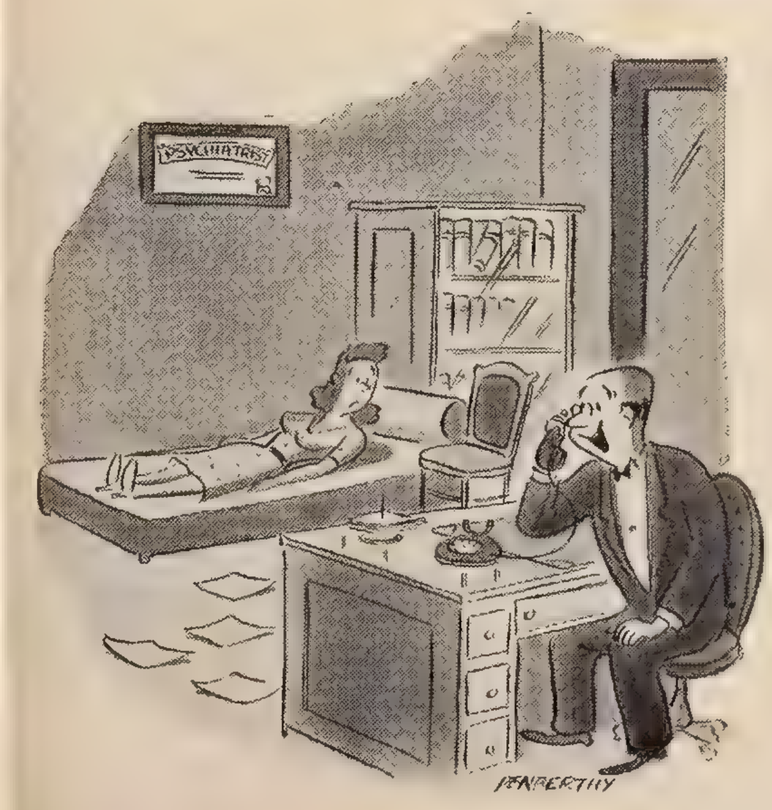
I remember one game not long ago when the "Peters Team" was playing the "Rex Harrison Team." Jean was cheering furiously, but in vain. I hate defeat, so I left. But my Jean stayed till the bitter end. She came home as heartbroken as the day when East Canton High lost against Canton Township.

No—my Jean hasn't changed in Hollywood.

Sure, there are occasional scandals in Hollywood. There are temptations there, just as there are temptations anywhere in the world. But for girls like my Jean, girls with the proper upbringing, the right ideals and home training and a sufficient amount of common sense, Hollywood is no better and no worse than any other town in this whole country. And, just like my Jean, who'd been thrust into a position of prominence and attention, other girls can remain themselves no matter how much fame comes their way. Jean has changed her viewpoint only in that where previously she wanted to become a good school teacher, she now wants to become a good actress.

Wherever I hear another mother express the popular misconception that Hollywood is a good place to stay away from, or if a militant critic cries that Hollywood is a nest of sin, I can only be thankful that I didn't succumb to those false ideas and stand in the way of my daughter's going to Hollywood. For there she's remained her own natural, sweet self—my daughter, Jean. THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"Hello, Mammoth pictures? Boy, have I got a story for you!"

PRIVATE MESSAGE for WIVES!

enjoy this 'extra' advantage in

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Easier, Less Embarrassing

YET ONE OF THE Most Effective Methods!



Greaseless Suppository Assures Continuous Medication For Hours

You'll bless the day you started to use Zonitors. This higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness is one of the MOST EFFECTIVE METHODS ever discovered. And Zonitors are by far more convenient and less embarrassing to use—SO POWERFULLY GERMICIDAL yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues. They are positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-smarting.*

Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. They are *not* the type that quickly melt away. Instead, they instantly begin to release powerful germicidal and deodorizing properties and *continue to do so for hours.* They never leave any sticky residue.

Leave No Tell-Tale Odor

Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They destroy it! Help guard against infection. Zonitors immediately kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can FEEL CONFIDENT that Zonitors kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

Zonitors



(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMR-69, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

WOVEN SEERSUCKER UNIFORM

Smart Sweetheart Neckline



SENSATIONALLY LOW-PRICED!

ONLY

3.98

THE WEAVE IS GUARANTEED TO STAY IN PERMANENTLY! IT WON'T WASH OUT!

A few dips in good hot suds, a quick rinse, out on the line, and soon ready to wear. Positively no shrinkage. No ironing necessary.

#773—Illustrated. Sizes 12 to 20.
#722—Square neckline. Side Button Coat Style. Sizes 12 to 20.
#777—V Neckline. Tailored Collar, Coat Style. Sizes 12 to 42.

- REMOVABLE SHANK BUTTONS
- SET-IN YOKE BELT
- SHORT SLEEVES ONLY
- TWO ROOMY POCKETS SET IN SKIRT

We Pay Postage Anywhere!

GALLANT'S UNIFORM CENTER Dept. S-1
438 BALDWIN AVE., JERSEY CITY 6, N. J.
Please send me.....uniforms, style No..... ...
..... Sizes .....
Enclosed is $.....in full payment.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE .....STATE.....

feminine daintiness



. . . how to make sure of it!

Intimate feminine daintiness is vital to your charm. To be sure . . . syringe regularly. Faultless Feminine Syringes are designed specifically for this hygienic care, their gentle flushing action cleansing thoroughly, quickly. Modern, convenient, no accessories to handle, easy to put away. $1 to $2.98 at drug stores.

send for this free personal booklet

"Facts You Should Know About Intimate Feminine Care." Written by a registered physician. Sent in plain envelope.

Feminine Products Div., Dept. MS-69
The Faultless Rubber Co., Ashland, Ohio.

Faultless
feminine syringes

ROCK-A-BYE BOGEY

(*Continued from page 22*)

went on with sudden decision: "I'll tell you what I think of it. I think most people think too much of it. What's so remarkable about having a baby? People have them every day. Why, right now it seems like half the people Betty and I know are having babies. Why the fuss? I tell Betty that the American Indian had the right idea. When her time came, the squaw stepped a few feet off the trail, had her baby, and pretty soon got back on the trail. The quicker she got back, the shorter the distance she had to cover to catch up to her old man. Especially if he were riding the family horse."

But the rough-and-grumble exterior wouldn't have fooled anyone. It failed completely to cover up the simple fact that Bogey was frightened by the prospect of parenthood. His fear was elemental. He knew nothing about children, so he was afraid of them.

When he realized the source of his fear, and made an effort to get acquainted with the children of friends, he no longer was frightened. He was terrified. But that came later.

pleasant dream-world . . .

At the outset, he was told that life was to go on just as usual. The doctor had a large part in the creation of this pleasant dream-world in which Bogey lived for a few months.

When they are in Hollywood, which ordinarily is only when they are working, the Bogarts are home folks. Sunset Strip night clubs may be having a tough time now, but they would have been in trouble long ago if they'd had to rely on Betty and Bogey for business. The house they bought a couple of years ago was designed for family life. The former home of Hedy Lamarr, it included a nursery, a feature that must have caught Betty's eye when they were house hunting.

As the doctor said it would, life went on as usual. A couple of nights a week, they showed a movie at home. They rarely get out to a movie theater, for the first show at seven is too early for them, and the second at 10 is too late. There were evenings, not necessarily quiet, with friends like Ida Lupino and Collier Young, or Peter Lorre, or Paul Douglas, or Dutch Leonard, the veteran baseball pitcher. Or Bogey played chess with Mike Romanoff, another game in a long tournament in which Mike, at last count, was a game up.

By day, Betty continued to play tennis and to plunge from the diving board into the swimming pool that's just outside the front door. She was then under a studio suspension, not because she was going to have a baby, but because she didn't like a part the studio wanted her to play.

When they're not in Hollywood, which ordinarily is the instant they wind up work in a picture, the Bogarts head for Newport Harbor, a boating community some 50 miles down the California coast from the film city. There they have a second home in a 55-foot yawl named, like Bogey's recently-formed producing company, the *Santana*.

The yacht is just the place for a Shoeless Joe life. It's as complete and comfortable, in its slip, as what passes today for a three-room apartment in New York or Los Angeles. It even has an extension phone in the main cabin that can be plugged into an outlet on the slip so a Beverly Hills beachcomber can keep in touch with the world without putting on sneakers and going ashore.

It was in this salt-water Eden that Bogey felt the first pangs of approaching fatherhood, detected the first fault in his dream world.

A few days earlier, the doctor had repeated in his beguiling purr his counsel that Betty was to continue her normal, routine existence. Except, he added this time, she should not go on the boat. There was something about the motion, the rhythm of a boat, he said profoundly, that made her presence there inadvisable in the circumstances.

Then Bogey finished work in *Knock on Any Door*, lowered himself into his underslung convertible, and headed down the coast highway. More tired than usual at the end of a picture, he was looking for a lot of quiet in which to relax. But he wasn't looking for all the quiet, and loneliness, too, that he discovered the boat offered without Betty. A solitary figure in a fireman-red shirt and old blue trousers, he prowled and growled from bow to stern. He beat down every impulse to telephone home. He had a feeling he'd look silly, grabbing for a phone when he'd been gone only a few hours and was a mere 55 miles away. Finally he had an idea: If he put the call through by way of London, a round trip of 12,000 miles, it would not seem silly at all, but rather inspired. But the operator at the Claridge Hotel in London wouldn't cooperate. She wouldn't send back to California a call originating in California. She told Bogey he was being silly.

That was the first thing Bogey learned about being a dad, even a prospective one: He could expect some lonely moments. After that, he began to learn other things fast. Things began to happen fast.

Then, late one night, Betty woke him to say that she thought they should redecorate the butler's pantry. Friends had warned him to expect odd requests at two o'clock in the morning, had warned him that expectant mothers had midnight whimsies and yearned for things like ice cream and pickles or peanut butter-and-marshmallow sandwiches. But he wasn't prepared for a call to redecorate the butler's pantry. The pantry looked O.K. to him, and he said so, and asked why she wanted a new paint job. He was advised, with quiet finality, that the pantry was the wrong color for a home that was going to have a baby in it.

architect at night . . .

That was the first of a series of middle-of-the-night sessions that resulted in a large part of the house being done over.

"At first, maybe because I was sleepy, I didn't pay much attention," Bogey recalled afterward. "I didn't protest too much, even though it was the first I knew kids ought to wake up according to a color scheme. I still don't know which are the right colors, but I sure feel sorry for Hedy Lamarr's kid waking up to the wrong color all that time. Well, it wasn't as though she was asking me to crawl out of a warm bed to go to the ice box. I didn't feel any pain —until I saw the bills."

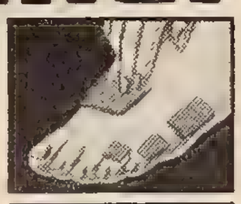
Once the house was redecorated, Betty moved on to gadgets. She proposed a photo-electrically operated gate in the canyon driveway. She wondered about the possibilities of having a canopy that would slide over the sunny part of the patio at the push of a button. Some of the suggestions were so fantastic Bogey was not sure whether she was awake or dreaming.

He'd noticed that for some time there

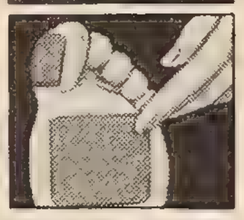
Foot Relief

Instant-Acting, Soothing, Cushioning Foot Plaster

To instantly relieve painful corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, tender spots, burning on bottom of feet—use Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. You cut this soothing, cushioning, flesh color, superior moleskin to any size or shape. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ stores.







Dr Scholl's KURotex



A REAL MIDGET RADIO!

CARRY IT IN YOUR POCKET



Works on new diode—Needs No Tubes, Batteries or Electric "Plug-Ins." Plays years for nothing! In Beautiful Red Plastic.

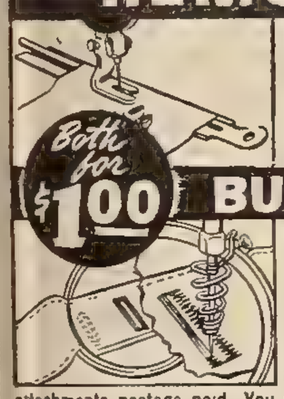
Guaranteed to Work on local stations

SEND ONLY $1.00

(bill, ck, mo) and pay postman $2.99 C.O.D. plus postage or send $3.99 and we pay postage. SENT COMPLETE, READY TO PLAY on simple attachment. LISTEN AT HOME, IN BED, ON FARMS, SCHOOL, MOST ANYWHERE ANYTIME! Wonderful gifts for anyone Amazingly low-priced! Order Now!

MIDWAY CO. Dept. TMM-6 KEARNEY, NEBR.

HEMSTITCHER



Hemstitch on any sewing machine with this handy attachment. Does two piece, criss-cross, inlaid, circular and hemstitching for pleats; also tucking, smocking and picoting. Makes rugs, comforters, slippers, etc. out of any material. Easy directions included

Both for $1.00

BUTTON HOLER

Makes button holes on your sewing machine instead of by hand. Also darns stockings, sews buttons, zippers; and can be used for quilting. Sews in any direction—front, back or sideways. **SEND NO MONEY**—Merely send your name, address and pay postman $1.00 plus postage on arrival. Or, send $1.00 with order, and we mail attachments postage paid. You risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed or $1.00 back

LELANE CO. Dept. DM-69 Box 571 Kansas City 10, Mo.

DESTROY UNWANTED HAIR FOREVER



MAHLER'S, INC., Dept. 36-G, Providence 15, R.I.



BE A Nurse

MAKE $35-$45 A WEEK

Practical nurses are needed in every community... doctors rely on them... patients appreciate their cheerful, expert care. You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. 50th yr. Earn while learning. High School not required. Men, women, 18 to 60. Trial plan. Write now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 236, 41 East Pearson Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____
City_____ State_____ Age_____

had been a growing stack of strange magazines piling up in the library. For no reason at all, he had had a notion they were magazines of instruction, probably on child feeding, or how to bring babies up alive. Now he investigated, and what he learned drove him to a hurry call to Morgan Maree, his business manager.

"She's reading all the wrong kind of books," he reported. "Books about how to build bigger houses and gardens, and how to equip them like the house of the day after tomorrow. You better take over."

So Maree took over. After that, when Betty suggested some new gadget, Bogey agreed heartily, and suggested she consult the business manager about it.

"Maree was really tough," Bogey says. "A couple of times he held out for as long as a month before giving in."

Along about now, if everything has gone on schedule, Bogey and Maree should be delivering their final token of surrender: It's a model of the refinished house, including all the changes made by Betty.

mysterious moppets . . .

With Maree relieving him of the business phase of approaching fatherhood, Bogey found time for the soul-searching whereby he concluded that the reason he was afraid of children was that he knew nothing about them. His life had been wrapped up in show business. He could give a learned opinion on anything even remotely connected with movie-making. He could see Jimmy Stewart and Gabby Hayes lunching together and tell the plot of their next picture. But he could not answer a child's simplest, "Why, Daddy?" There'd been nothing in his three previous marriages, all childless, to equip him for that.

So he set out to learn something about youngsters. He began by consulting friends who had children and by spending more time in their homes.

"At first, talking with the kids of friends, I tried to bluff," he says. "And that's when they really terrified me. You can't fool a kid. There's something about his eyes. He looks you straight in the eye when you're trying to pull a fast one, discovers you're a liar and walks out on you.

"No kid of *mine* is going to have a chance to do that to me if I can help it. Anytime the boy comes around to me with a question, I'm going to tell him, 'Ask your mother. She's smarter than I am.'"

On January 11, when he was five days old, Stephen Humphrey Bogart moved from the hospital into the house in the canyon. Bogey was there to welcome the baby, who'd been named after him not once, but twice: Humphrey for Humphrey, Steve for the character Bogey played in *To Have or Have Not*, in which he met Betty on and off screen.

For a month, the baby never opened his mouth except for food, never opened his eyes at all when Bogey was in the house.

"It's a shame you ever have to open your eyes at all, the world being what it is," Bogey told his son. "But as for keeping your mouth closed, howl your head off. Don't worry about me, junior. My room's at the other end of the house."

That night, Bogey roused to a cry that came from no hillside coyote. When he shook the bewilderment out of his head, he realized it was the baby, at the far end of the house, that he was hearing—thanks to one of Betty's gadgets. She'd had his room wired for sound, adjustable so that the baby's faintest whisper could be made to carry to Bogey's room like a rising storm.

Bogey grinned. Life at the Bogarts' would be going on as usual. As usual, that is, as in millions of other homes newly equipped with a baby. Very happily, he roused himself from his warm bed and padded down the hall. THE END

BE SENSIBLE, MOTHER!

Give Your Child

This Pleasant Laxative

LAXATIVE TIME can be a happy time when you give your child *pleasant-tasting* Ex-Lax. Children *love* its delicious chocolate taste.

You can *trust* Ex-Lax! For over 40 years, millions of mothers have given Ex-Lax with perfect confidence to their children. And Ex-Lax is the *dependable* laxative many doctors use in their practice.

Ex-Lax is effective in a *gentle*, comfortable way. Ex-Lax is the family favorite. It is equally good for grown-ups and children. Ex-Lax is still only 10¢. There is *no better laxative at any price.*

When Nature 'forgets'... remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

PENNIES WANTED



WE Pay $10.00 EACH for certain LINCOLN Pennies

Indian Heads $50.00—ALL U.S. coins Wanted.
Send 10¢ for catalogue listing prices we pay.
FRANKLIN COIN CO. MISHAWAKA 58, IND.

GET HEP . . . ORDER BY MAIL TODAY

GET . . . Be-BoPs



LOOK ONLY $2.75

SIZES 4 to 12

MEDIUM NARROW WIDE

Summer sandals so soft you can flex them double in one hand with springy cork platforms, built up arches and genuine leather soles. Sturdy suede finish in black, blue, red, green and white, gold colored eyelets and laces.

NORMANDY SHOES, Haverhill, Mass. D

Please send me.....pairs Be-Bops at $2.75
Size..... Width..... Color.....
2nd Color Choice .....
Name (print) .....
Address .....
City..... Zone... State.....
(charges)
Check ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D. (extra) ☐
Send me free catalog of additional styles... ☐

A NEW FACE a new future



How Plastic Surgery easily takes years off the prematurely aged face, quickly reshapes an ugly nose and corrects other facial blemishes is told and illustrated with 88 before-and-after pictures in fascinating book, YOUR NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE, written by famous Plastic Surgeon. Yours, post-paid in plain wrapper — only 25¢

FRANKLIN HOUSE *Books*
1102 Fox Bldg., Phila., Pa., Dept. 4-R

Never-Tel
LIQUID *PERFUMED* DEODORANT



Dancing, walking, working, playing . . . there's no better way to fresh, sweet underarm daintiness than NEVER-TEL. It combines a really dependable deodorant and finely-scented, delicate perfume. Gives two-way protection that lasts *far longer*—yet is harmless—does *not* stop perspiration or injure clothing or skin. At drug counters, or write for generous FREE SAMPLE bottle, to

NEVER-TEL—Dept. 6A, Kansas City 6, Mo.

PREPARE FOR DANGER!

WOMEN—Learn how to repulse and overpower thugs, attackers and fiendish degenerates. Why be helpless when the strongest man can be at your mercy? Here are simple, practical, easily-mastered, lightning-quick methods to enable YOU to protect yourself and loved ones. Send for "SELF DEFENSE FOR WOMEN", by Harriet Kent, containing full instructions for numerous defenses in any situation or position. **Every woman should have a copy.** Only $1.00 postpaid.

SAVANT COMPANY
Dept. F6, Box 666 Los Angeles 25, Calif.

CORNS



Removed by Mosco, also Calluses. Quick, easy, economical. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

MOSCO ★CORN★ REMOVER

NOW ODORLESS!
The NEW
ZiP
CREAM
HAIR REMOVER

For satin-smooth legs and arms. Removes every trace of hair. Easy. Quick. Pleasant. Keeps skin alluring . . . 25c, 49c.

SPECIAL: Large 89c size of *ZiP* Cream Hair Remover sold in combination with 50c container of AB-SCENT Cream Deodorant . . . Both for 89c

Use a proven hair remover, not an ordinary cosmetic. Insist on *ZiP*.

MOVIE REVIEWS

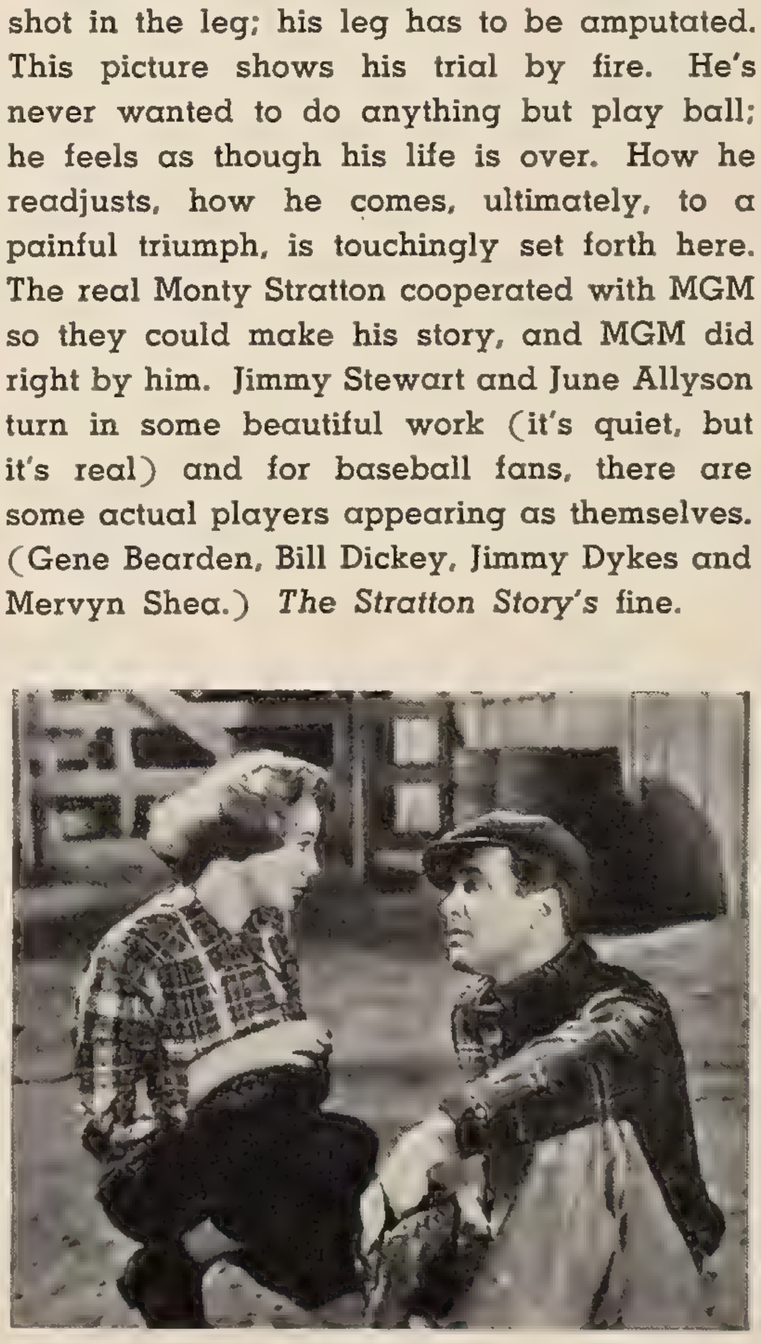
(*Continued from page 21*)

arrive and pin the robbery on them. But Janis reckons without the *un*-kidnapped brothers. These two foil the robbery, and then there's a slam-bang wind-up in which the Youngers are paroled, only to be chased by Ryckman and a Ryckman-incited posse taking the law into their own hands. The Youngers triumph, in a thoroughly satisfying finish. This is a fast, cheerful Western, with proper performances from everybody. I regret to add that Wayne Morris is getting powerful fat. He also has the yellowest hair that's ever been seen in Technicolor.

THE STRATTON STORY

Cast: James Stewart, June Allyson, Frank Morgan, Agnes Moorehead, Bill Williams.
MGM

The Stratton Story is less mawkish and much simpler than most film biographies of famous-people-who-have-suffered. You meet Monty Stratton (Jimmy Stewart), a farm boy who wants to play big-league baseball. He works hard, he dreams of being a pitcher. He meets a run-down old character who used to be in the game, the run-down old character (Frank Morgan) thinks he's wonderful; they hitch-hike to California, Stratton tries out for the Chicago White Sox (in training there) and in a little while he's on the team. He meets a girl named Ethel (June Allyson), they fall in love, they get married. Stratton becomes a star, they have a baby. They spend off-seasons back on the farm with Stratton's mother (Agnes Moorehead). And in one off-season, when Stratton's out hunting, he's shot in the leg; his leg has to be amputated. This picture shows his trial by fire. He's never wanted to do anything but play ball; he feels as though his life is over. How he readjusts, how he comes, ultimately, to a painful triumph, is touchingly set forth here. The real Monty Stratton cooperated with MGM so they could make his story, and MGM did right by him. Jimmy Stewart and June Allyson turn in some beautiful work (it's quiet, but it's real) and for baseball fans, there are some actual players appearing as themselves. (Gene Bearden, Bill Dickey, Jimmy Dykes and Mervyn Shea.) *The Stratton Story's* fine.



The Stratton Story: James Stewart is baseball hero Monty Stratton who made a comeback after losing his leg. June Allyson plays his wife.

FREE ENLARGEMENT *of your favorite photo*



NEW SILK FINISH • GOLD TOOLED FRAME

Just to get acquainted, we will make you a FREE 5x7 enlargement of any picture or negative and mount it in a handsome gold tooled frame. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes, and clothing for information on having this enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil.

SEND NO MONEY. Send your most cherished photo or negative now, accept your beautifully framed enlargement when it arrives, and pay postman only 19c for frame plus small handling and mailing charge. If you are not completely satisfied, return the enlargement within 10 days and your money will be refunded. **But you may keep the handsome frame as a gift for promptness.** Limit 2 to a customer. Originals returned.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. M137, Hollywood 38, Cal.

Lovely Cluster Ring "GIVEN AWAY"

Made special in 1/30 10k **Gold** plate. *Fully Guaranteed.*



A ring you will admire for years to come. Has filigree shank set with simulated ruby center, surrounded by eight sparkling brilliants, and **GIVEN** for selling only 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25¢ a box, returning $1.00. **Order 4 salve**—Send No Money. (Or we will mail Ring and 4 salve **NOW** if you send $1.00 with order) State size of ring desired.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 30, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND



ITCHY
Checked in a *JIFFY*

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

Be an ARTIST

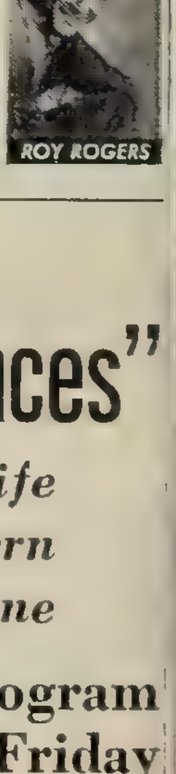


LEARN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME!
Trained artists are capable of earning $65, $80 and more a week. By our practical method we teach you **COMMERCIAL ART, DESIGNING** and **CARTOONING** all in ONE course. **FREE BOOK**—"Art for Pleasure & Profit" describes training and opportunities in art. STATE AGE.
Course G.I. Approved

STUDIO 806-R, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115—15th ST., N. W., WASHINGTON 5, D. C.

FREE PHOTO DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD

LARGE SIZE OF YOUR FAVORITE
MOVIE STAR
(DELUXE TYPE — Suitable for Framing)
SPECIAL OFFER—FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY
With Photo, you will also receive FREE CATALOG listing ALL stars plus 14 ADDITIONAL PICTURES of popular stars on cover. Also tells how to get ADDRESSES, BIRTHDAYS, and photos of STARS' HOMES. Send name of your favorite star and only 15c for handling.
HOLLYWOOD FILM STAR CENTER
Box 2309 Dept. L-69 Hollywood 28, Calif.



Listen to
"Modern Romances"
exciting true-to-life stories from Modern Romances magazine

A new half-hour program every Monday thru Friday on your American Broadcasting Co. (ABC) station

SUFFERERS FROM **PSORIASIS** (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE **SPOT TEST**

Use **DERMOIL**



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE.** Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c, (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test." Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today** for your test bottle. **Caution:** Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 3925 Strathmoor Station, Dept. 2609, Detroit 27, Michigan.**

Do You Want to Make Men OBEY YOU?

愛

Do you want to make him love you wildly, fiercely? Do you want to make him say, "Darling, I adore you. I worship you. I'll do ANYTHING for YOU!" Do you want to make him OBEY your every command? Then use CHEZ-ELLE (What a Perfume) to help you CONTROL Men. One woman told me that CHEZ-ELLE is the STRONGEST perfume she ever used. Another woman told us that she blesses the day she first used CHEZ-ELLE, because now her husband comes home at night to help her.

Just send me your name and address and I will rush a Trial Bottle of CHEZ-ELLE (What a Perfume) to you. When the postman delivers CHEZ-ELLE in a plain package, deposit only $2 plus postage (3 for $5) with him on this GUARANTEE. Use CHEZ-ELLE for 10 days. If you don't agree that CHEZ-ELLE is the most POWERFUL perfume you ever used, return it and I'll send your $2 right back. Write NOW to

TRULOVE, 58 Walker St., Dept. 102-BC, New York 13



TRUE LOVE BRIDAL SET

$1.95 Each → BOTH PERFECT MATCHED *Gorgeous* TRUE LOVE *Pattern* **$2.95**

Exquisite Engagement and Wedding Rings set with Gleaming Brilliant imitation Diamonds. Extra Large White Center Brilliant. Genuine STERLING SILVER Mounting. **SEND NO MONEY.** Send size or string. Pay postman C. O. D. on delivery plus 20% tax and postage.

WORLD WIDE DIAMOND CO., Dept. B-909
2451 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE - CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS



Stunning modern Lucite purse ornament that doubles as a handy safety light. Connected by flexible cloth-covered wire to miniature long-life battery tucked away inside your handbag. Flick concealed switch for soft light to find gloves, locate keyholes, read programs, etc.

Nice Price! $2

FIHE ENTERPRISES
1023 Victory Pl
Burbank Calif.

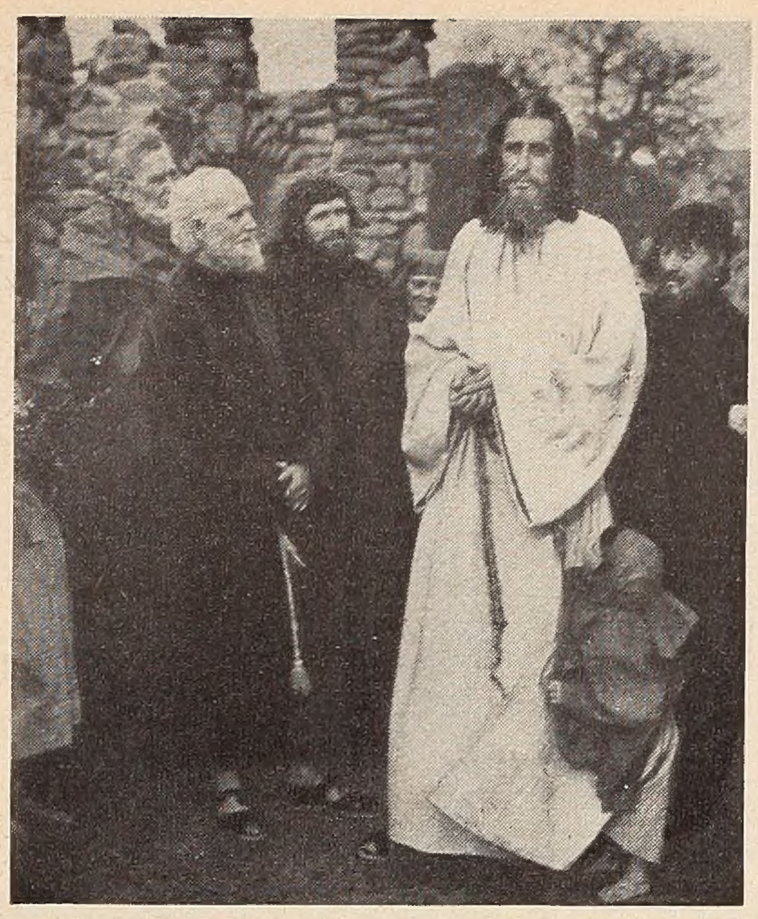
Fihe Enterprises, Dept. MR
1023 Victory Place, Burbank, Cal.
Gentlemen: Send. Dream Beam lights, @ $2.00 each.

☐ Cash, check or M. O. enclosed ☐ Send C.O.D. (Charges extra)

Name

Address

City State



The Lawton Story: The sincerity of performers makes the enactment of the life of Christ (Millard Coody, above) a moving experience.

THE LAWTON STORY

Cast: Ginger Prince, Millard Coody, Forrest Taylor, Gwyn Shipman
Hallmark.

This is basically a documentary about the annual Easter Pageant at Lawton, Oklahoma. As such, it has moments of majesty and beauty made even more impressive by Cinecolor. But someone decided that the yearly religious ritual in the Wichita Mountains wasn't, by itself, box-office. So for box-office, there's six-year-old Ginger Prince, a cute little Margaret O'Brien, who has two uncles. The uncles aren't so cute. They don't talk to each other (haven't passed a word in 20 years). One uncle is Mark Wallock (Forrest Taylor), a minister. He started the idea of the Pageant, but this year he's ailing and can't make it. The other uncle is the town banker who's not interested in anything but his debtors. This Ginger, though, she can sing and she can act and she can bring her uncles together—all of which she does. She leads Uncle Banker to the Pageant and it has an effect on him. Makes him forget his cash balance. Practically drives him to the bedside of his sick brother where all is forgiven. That's it. The Pageant, itself, filmed in the dawn against a natural setting of mountains, is stirring. The cast, for the most part, is composed of citizens of Lawton who know and love their Bibles better than their profiles. It's the sincerity of their non-professional acting which comes across, and turns the enactment of the life of Christ (played by Millard Coody) into a moving experience.

MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE

Cast: Clifton Webb, Shirley Temple, Tom Drake, Alan Young, Jessie Royce Landis.
20th Century-Fox.

Mr. "Sitting Pretty" Belvedere (Clifton Webb) is back, and this time he's going to college. Seems he can collect a certain $10,000 literary award only if he holds a university degree. (The kindergarten where once he spent two nauseating weeks didn't give degrees, and those two weeks comprised the whole of Belvedere's formal education. He

GET Coets

PERFECT FOR POWDER PUFFS



HANDY COTTON SQUARES
DOZENS OF COSMETIC USES
LARGE PACKAGE 29¢



WIN CASH CONTESTS

WIN next contest you enter. CONTEST BULLETIN has helped others win. Big winners tell secrets, teach you how to win BIG PRIZES. Magazine lists current contests.

SEND 25c FOR SAMPLE COPY.

GENERAL CONTEST BULLETIN
1609 East 5th St. Dept. 104-F Duluth 5, Minn.

Does GARLIC Relieve GAS?

ALLIMIN relieves distressing symptoms of heaviness after meals, belching, bloating and colic due to gas in stomach and intestines. ALLIMIN has been clinically tested by doctors and found highly effective. ALLIMIN is the largest selling garlic tablet in the world. For sale at drug stores everywhere. Ask for

ALLIMIN *Garlic Tablets*

STAMMER?

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 48 years. **Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 4910, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.**

Here's The Way To A More GLAMOROUS FIGURE



A few minutes a day spent with Coil-Tension Developer pays off big—in a more glamorous-appearing bust line. Coil-Tension Developer makes this possible by developing underlying flabby chest muscles the safe—scientific way to natural bust line beauty. Ask your own physician. Coil-Tension Developer, together with Exercise Chart and Free Manual for Bust Beauty Care sent postpaid for $5.95. 30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. If not positively delighted return for full refund.

HOUSE OF KAZ

210 FIFTH AVE. DEPT. 3 NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

intends to rectify this tragedy by completing a four-year course in 12 months, and collecting his cash.) Belvedere runs into some trouble because war-widow-with-a-baby Shirley Temple, who works on the college paper, insists on following him around, quoting his off-the-record remarks in her articles, and snapping his picture at various ridiculous moments. Also, sophomore-who-sniffles Alan Young hazes our hero roundly. Well, they can haze him, but they can't faze him. Belvedere knows how to speak 11 languages, cooks in all of them, gives lessons in manners and dancing to young ladies, holds the world's pole-vaulting record, is an accomplished musician, can stand on his head for hours, and pals around with J. Edgar Hoover. How could Shirley Temple hurt *him*? Before he's finished, Belvedere even straightens out Shirl's personal life. The man she loves (Tom Drake) thinks he doesn't like children, doesn't know she's a widow with a child, etc. Mr. Belvedere's willingness to turn the other cheek provides a happy ending. (Fox seems to be currently fascinated by the idea of adults in college. They sent Loretta "Mother Is a Freshman" Young to school first, and here's Clifton hot on her heels. Now how about Lionel Barrymore in *Grandad at Yale*?)



Look For The Silver Lining: June Haver portrays Marilyn Miller and Ray Bolger is Jack Donahue in this musical biography of the famous dancer.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING

Cast: June Haver, Ray Bolger, Gordon MacRae, Charlie Ruggles, Rosemary De Camp. *Warners.*

After eight years of searching for the "right girl" to play the late Marilyn Miller, Warner Brothers finally ended up with Fox's June Haver, and, incidentally, a very Fox-like Technicolor musical, complete with huge new production numbers from huge old productions. Story starts with young Marilyn joining her parents and two sisters in a mediocre vaudeville act and takes her to the heights. There are several pleasant things in this picture. Ray Bolger, to mention most of them. In the role of Jack Donahue, the famous dancer, he's not only superb in the dance department, but strong on acting, too. In the scene where he explains to the 15-year-old Marilyn (who's bursting with puppy love for him) that he's happily married, but terribly flattered by her affection, he achieves a sweetness and a tenderness few actors could match. As Frank Carter, the lad Marilyn marries, Gordon MacRae sings well, has an agreeable personality and a nice face. (His forehead's a little low for an ideal Hollywood hero, but if he sticks around out there, they'll probably fix it. They fixed Rita Hayworth's.) Whether June Haver satisfies you as Marilyn depends on how highly you value authenticity. Miss Miller was considered the greatest dancer-actress of her day, which Miss Haver is not, by any means. But she works awfully hard, and she's very pretty, so why complain?

also showing . . .

capsule criticisms of films previously reviewed

THE ACCUSED (Para.)—The accused is Loretta Young, and she's accused of killing Douglas Dick—as indeed she had when his affectionate nature got out of hand. Wendell Corey is the detective who brings her to trial. Robert Cummings is her lawyer. Well done and entertaining.

ALIAS NICK BEAL (Para.)—A heavy-handed drama about an ambitious but good-hearted politician who gets places by selling his soul to the devil. With Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell, George Macready and Audrey Totter.

BAD BOY (Allied Artists)—The reformation of a young criminal at the Boys' Ranch in Texas. Audie Murphy, as the delinquent, is very good in his first big role. A good, interesting movie. With Lloyd Nolan, Jane Wyatt and Jimmy Gleason.

THE BRIBE (MGM)—G-Man Robert Taylor goes to Central America to look into crooked export business and finds Ava Gardner innocently involved with the villains he's after—Vincent Price, John Hodiak and Charles Laughton. Pretty implausible, but exciting and well acted.

BRIDE OF VENGEANCE (Para.)—A costume thing about the Borgias, full of sinister intrigue. It's all a bit on the silly side. With John Lund, Paulette Goddard and Macdonald Carey.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Para.)—The world's greatest entertainer—Bing Crosby, of course—sings some pretty good songs, says and does some funny things, and is assisted by a fine cast including William Bendix, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Rhonda Fleming. Yet you keep expecting more to happen than ever does. Still, this *is* a pleasant and lavish Technicolor item.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS (20th-Fox)—Dean Stockwell is inducted into his family's maritime tradition on a whaling ship skippered by his stern grandpa, Lionel Barrymore, with Richard Widmark as the helpful first mate. An authentic sea story, with lots of excitement and drama.

EL PASO (Para.)—John Payne finishes fighting the Civil War and takes on a nest of coyotes who've been running things their own evil way in El Paso. A swell, gunsmoke-wreathed Western, in Cinecolor. With Gail Russell, Sterling Hayden, Dick Foran, Gabby Hayes and Henry Hull.

THE FAN (20th-Fox)—A fine production and excellent performances by Jeanne Crain, George Sanders, Madeleine Carroll and Richard Greene make this version of Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* something sure to please the ladies.

FORCE OF EVIL (MGM)—A brisk study of the numbers racket, with John Garfield, Beatrice Pearson and Thomas Gomez. It's fair.

JOAN OF ARC (RKO)—You know—Ingrid Bergman, Technicolor and eight million bucks. Of course you'll see it. Who wants to be a social outcast?

KISS IN THE DARK (Warners)—Concert pianist David Niven has his eyes opened to the facts of life and hot jazz by Jane Wyman. A moderately good comedy. With Victor Moore, Wayne Morris and Broderick Crawford.

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR (Col.)—Newcomer John Derek as a youthful criminal and Humphrey Bogart as his lawyer with a social conscience, are excellent in this outstanding film which once more points the dismal truth that poverty breeds crime.

LITTLE WOMEN (MGM)—A charming version of the tear-drenched old novel, beautifully produced in Technicolor and superbly acted. June Allyson as Jo and Margaret O'Brien as Beth are remarkably good in a gilt-edged cast that includes Elizabeth Taylor, Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford, Mary Astor, Lucile Watson, Sir C. Aubrey Smith and Rossano Brazzi.

MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN (20th-Fox)—Loretta Young, to get funds for herself and spoiled daughter Betty Lynn, goes to college with her on a $3,000 scholarship. Professor Van Johnson, whom Betty adores, falls for Loretta. All in all, a bright comedy. With Rudy Vallee, Barbara Lawrence, Bob Arthur and Technicolor.

MY DREAM IS YOURS (Warners)—Jack Carson makes a radio star of Doris Day despite typical musical comedy complications. A highly enjoyable Technicolor musical, with good songs and relaxing merriment. Doris Day is wonderful and Jack Carson, Lee Bowman, Adolphe Menjou, Eve Arden and Cuddles Sakall also entertain expertly.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES (RKO)—Made in 1942, this moving film biography of Lou Gehrig, the great first baseman, is now being reissued. By all means see it if you missed it the first time. Gary Cooper plays Lou and Babe Ruth appears as himself. With Teresa Wright and Walter Brennan.

RED CANYON (Univ)—Ann Blyth's romance with cowpoke Howard Duff hits a snag when her old man, George Brent, learns that Howard's a member of a family he hates like poison. A very superior Technicolor Western.

SHOCKPROOF (Col.)—Patricia Knight, a murderess paroled in the tender custody of parole officer Cornel Wilde, goes and gets mixed up with a shady gambler, John Baragrey. Nicely performed, but it's shoddy stuff.

STREETS OF LAREDO (Para.)—Outlaw chief Macdonald Carey stirs up lots of trouble for ex-lieutenants William Holden and William Bendix when they join the Texas Rangers. A good Western. It's in Technicolor, natch. With Mona Freeman.

THE UNDERCOVER MAN (Col.)—Treasury agent Glenn Ford tracks down an underworld czar who's been holding a big city in the palm of his vicious hand. An exciting, well acted, realistic thriller.

WAKE OF THE RED WITCH (Rep.)—An action-packed tale of the South Seas, with John Wayne as a rugged skipper in the thick of the battle for a fortune in pearls. Gail Russell, Adele Mara and Henry Daniell are also present.

WE WERE STRANGERS (Col.)—A story of Cuban revolutionists in the early 1930's, this great film blends nightmarish horror and poetic beauty into a tremendous cinematic experience. Jennifer Jones, John Garfield, Pedro Armendariz, Gilbert Roland and every other performer in it are magnificent. Directed by John Huston, this is a giant among motion pictures.

1881

ROGERS*

SILVERPLATE
by
ONEIDA LTD.
SILVERSMITHS

Here's value! This quality-name Silverplate

Ever since you were a child you've heard these silver-wise old names. Here's elegant silverware that will take 3-times-a-day use, year after year, with nary a sign of wear! Stop in at your jeweler's today and arrange to own this luxurious silverware service. Choose from the four distinguished patterns shown below: 55 pieces, with chest, for only $49.75! Also 72-piece service in chest, $69.75; 5-piece place setting, $4.50. No federal tax.

*Plantation

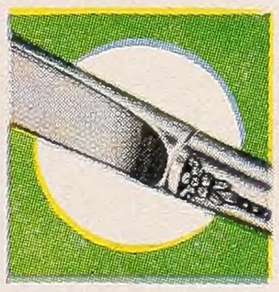
*Del Mar

*Capri

EXTRA QUALITY 5 WAYS



Extra silver for longer life!



Exclusive *contour* knife design!



Perfect balance you can FEEL!



Richly handsome patterns!



Flawless finish you can SEE!

*Surf Club



Handsome anti-tarnish chest contains: 16 Teaspoons, 8 Soup Spoons, 8 Hollow Handle Knives (mirror-stainless blades), 8 Forks, 8 Salad Forks, 3 Table Spoons, 1 Cold Meat Fork, 1 Gravy Ladle, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Spoon.

55-piece
Service for eight
ONLY
$49.75

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE WHO TAKE PRIDE IN LIVING NICELY

*Trade Mark. Copyright, 1949, Oneida, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

Mrs. Orson Munn Jr.



One of New York's most glamorous debutantes of 1947... and now one of the most charming hostesses in the younger married set.



"I smoked Camels, and only Camels, for 30 straight days," Mrs. Munn will tell you. "They're so mild.. the very mildest cigarette I've ever smoked. And I always have cartons handy. For parties, you know."

"Pat" Munn made the Camel 30-Day Mildness Test, and then she said:

"Camels are the mildest cigarette I ever smoked"

She's a girl who likes to make up her own mind about things. The clothes she wears. The horses she rides. And... the cigarette she smokes.

And she found out about cigarette mildness for herself. Camels have always been famous for mildness. And she made the test that confirmed how deserved that fame is!

If you've never given Camel a real, day-by-day trial, make the same test she did.

Smoke Camels for 30 days. Let *your* own "T-Zone" (T for Taste and Throat) tell *you* how mild a cigarette can be. And how rich in flavor! Start the 30-day test *today!*

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel.

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!

Camels for Mildness



R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.